

THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF THE  
WORKS  
OF

*Mr. Francis Rabelais,*  
Doctor in Physick.

Containing the Heroick Deeds of  
*Pantagruel the Son of Gargantua.*

Now faithfully Translated into *English,*  
by the unimitable Pen of

*Sir Thomas Urwbart, Kt. & Bar.*

The Translator of the Two First  
BOOKS.

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THE  
THIRD BOOK

OF THE  
WORLD

OF THE  
MANKIND

Containing a Description of the  
Manners and Customs of the  
People of the several Kingdoms  
Now inhabited in the World

Sir Thomas Browne, Bart.  
The Author of the  
Pseudodoxia Epidemica

LONDON  
Printed for R. and J. W. at the  
Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church

*Francis Rabelais to the Soul of  
the deceased Queen of Na-  
warre.*

**A** Bstracted Soul, raviſh'd with extaſies,  
Gone back, and now familiar in the Skies.  
Thy former Hoſt, thy Body, leaving quite,  
Which to obey thee always took delight;  
Obſequious, ready. Now from motion free,  
Senſeleſſ, and as it were, in Apathy.  
Wouldſt thou not iſſue forth, for a ſhort ſpace,  
From that Divine, Eternal, Heavenly place,  
To ſee the third part, in this earthy Cell,  
Of the brave Acts of good Pantagruel.

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*The Third Book of the Heroick  
Deeds and Sayings of the good  
Pantagruel.*

*The AUTHOR's Prologue.*

**G**OOD People, moſt Illuſtrious  
Drinkers, and you thrice preci-  
ous gouty Gentlemen. Did you  
ever ſee Diogenes the Cynick Philoſopher, if

you have *seen* him, you then had your Eyes in your Head, or I am very much out of my Understanding and Logical Sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of (Wine, Gold) the Sun. I'll be judged by the blind born so renowned in the Sacred Scriptures ; who having at his choice to ask whatever he would from him who is Almighty, and whose Word in an Instant is effectually performed, asked nothing else but that he might *see*. *Item* you are not young, which is a competent Quality for you to Philosophat more than Physically in *Wine* (not in vain) and henceforwards to be of the *Bacchick* Council ; to the end that *opining* there, you may give your *Opinion* faithfully of the Substance, Colour, excellent Odour, Eminency, Propriety, Faculty, Vertue, and effectual Dignity of the said blessed and desired Liquor.

If you have not *seen* him (as I am easily induced to believe that you have not) at least you have heard some talk of him. For through the Air, and the whole extent of this Hemisphere of the Heavens hath his Report and Fame, even until this present time, remained very memorable and renowned. Then all of you are derived from the *Phrygian* Blood (if I be not deceived) if you have not so many

ny Crowns as *Midas* had, yet have you something (I know not what) of him, which the *Persians* of old esteemed more of in all their *Oracasts*, and which was more desired by the Emperor *Antonine*; and gave occasion thereafter to the *Basilisco* at *Roban* to be Surnamed *Goodly ears*. If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a Story to make your Wine relish: Drink then, so, to the purpose; hearken now whilst I give you notice (to the end that you may not like Infidels be by your simplicity abused) that in his time he was a rare Philosopher, and the chearfullest of a thousand: If he had some Imperfection, so have you, so have we; for there is nothing (but God) that is perfect: Yet so it was, that by *Alexander* the Great (although he had *Aristotle* for his Instructor and Domestick) was he held in such Estimation, that he wish'd if he had not been *Alexander* to have been *Diogenes* the *Sinopian*.

When *Philip* King of *Macedon* enterprised the Siege and Ruine of *Corinth*, the *Corinthians* having received certain Intelligence by their Spies, that he with a numerous Army in Battel Rank was coming against them, were all of them (not without cause) most terribly afraid; and therefore were not neglective of their

Duty, in doing their best Endeavours to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his Hostile Approach, and defend their own City.

Some from the Fields brought into the Fortify'd Places their Moveables, Bestial, Corn, Wine, Fruit, Victuals, and other necessary Provision.

Others did fortify and rampire their Walls, set up little Fortresses, Bastions, squared Ravelins, digged Trenches, cleaned Countermines, fenced themselves with *Gabions*, contrived Platforms, emptied *Casemates*, barricado'd the false *Brayes*, erected the *Cavalliers*, repaired the *Contrescarfes*, plaister'd the *Courtines*, lengthned *Ravelins*, stopped *Parapets*, mortaised *Barbacans*, assured the *Port-culleys*, fastned the *Herfes*, *Sarazinesks* and *Cataracks*, placed their Centries, and doubled their *Patrouille*.

Every one did watch and ward, and not one was exempted from carrying the Basket.

Some polish'd Corselets, varnished Backs and Breasts, clean'd the Head-pieces, Mail-Coats, *Brigandins*, *Salads*, Helmets, Mur-rions, Jacks, Gushets, *Gorgetts*, *Hoguines*, *Brassars*, and *Cuissars*, *Corseletts*, *Hauber-geons*, Shields, Bucklers, *Targuets*, *Greves*, Gantlets and Spurs.

Others



Others made ready Bows, Slings, Cross-bows, Pellets, *Catapults*, *Migrames* or Fireballs, Firebrands, *Balists*, Scorpions, and other such Warlike Engines, *expugnatorie*, and destructive to the *Hellepolists*.

They sharpened and prepared Spears, Staves, Pikes, Brown Bills, Halberts, Long Hooks, Lances, *Zagages*, Quarterstaves, Eelspears, Partisans, Troutstaves, Clubs, Battle-axes, Maces, Darts, Dartlets, Glaves, Javelins, Javelots, and Trunchions.

They set Edges upon Cimeters, Cutlasses, *Badelans*, Back-swords, Tucks, Rapiers, Bayonets, Arrow-heads, Dags, Daggers, *Mandousians*, Poigniards, Whinyards, Knives, Skenes, Sables, Chipping Knives, and *Raillons*.

Every Man exercis'd his Weapon, every Man scowred off the Rust from his natural Hanger: Nor was there a Woman amongst them (tho' never so reserv'd or old) who made not her Harnish to be well furnished; as you know the *Corinthian* Women of old were reputed very courageous Combatants.

*Diogenes* seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the Magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously (for many days together, without speaking one Word) con-

sider, and contemplate the Countenance of his Fellow-Citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a Martial Spirit, he girded his Cloak, scarf-ways, about his Left Arm, tucked up his Sleeves to the Elbow, trussed himself like a Clown gathering Apples, and giving to one of his old Acquaintance his Wallet, Books, and *Opisthographs*, away went he out of Town towards a little Hill or Promontory of *Corinth* called *Cranie*; and there on the Strand, a pretty level place, did he roul his Jolly Tub, which serv'd him for an House to shelter him from the Injuries of the Weather : Thee, I say, in a great Vehemency of Spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, whirl it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, joul it, juggle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jert it, shock it, shake it, tosse it, throw it, overthrow it up-side down, topsiturvy, arsiturvy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, found it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again in a mighty bustle he bandy'd it, flubber'd it, hack'd it, whittled it, way'd it, darted it, hurled it, stagger'd it,  
it,

it, reel'd it, swing'd it, brangled it, totter'd it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigur'd it, transpos'd it, transplaced it, reared it, raised it, hoisted it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinsed it, nailed it, settled it, fastned it, shackled it, fetter'd it, level'd it, block'd it, tugg'd it, tew'd it, carry'd it, bedash'd it, beray'd it, parch'd it, mounted it, broach'd it, nick'd it, notch'd it, bespatter'd it, deck'd it, adorn'd it, trimmed it, garnished it, gaged it, furnish'd it, board it, pierc'd it, trap'd it, rumbled it, slid it down the Hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the *Cranie*; then from the foot to the top (like another *Sisyphus* with his Stone) bore it up again, and every way so bang'd it and belabour'd it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

Which when one of his Friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his Body, perplex his Spirit, and torment his Tub? The Philosopher's Answer was, That not being employed in any other Charge by the *Republick*, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his *Tub*, that amongst a People so fervently busie, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loytering Slug

and lasie Fellow. To the same purpose may I say of my self,

*Tho I be rid from Fear,  
I am not void of Care.*

For perceiving no Account to be made of me towards the Discharge of a Trust of any great Concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble Kingdom of *France*, both on this and on the other side of the *Mountains*, every one is most diligently exercised and busied ; some in the fortifying of their own Native Country, for its Defence ; others, in the repulsing of their Enemies by an Offensive War ; and all this with a Policy so excellent, and such admirable Order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby *France* shall have its Frontiers most *magnifically* enlarged, and the *Frenches* assured of a long and well-grounded Peace, that very little withholds me from the Opinion of good *Heraclitus*, which affirmeth *War to be the Father of all good things* ; and therefore do I believe that *War* is in *Latin* called *Bellum*, not by *Antiphrasis*, as some Patchers of old rusty *Latin* would have us to think ; because in *War* there is little Beauty to be seen, but absolutely and simply ; for that  
in

in *War* appeareth all that is *good* and graceful, and that by the *Wars* is purged out all manner of Wickedness and Deformity. For Proof whereof the wise and pacifick *Solomon* could no better represent the unspeakable Perfection of the Divine Wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of *an Army in Battel Array, well provided and ordered.*

Therefore by reason of my Weakness and Inability, being reputed by my Compatriots unfit for the *Offensive* part of Warfare; and on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the *Defensive*, although it had been but to carry Burthens, fill Ditches, or break Clods, either whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an *Idle Spectator* of so many valorous, eloquent and warlike Persons, who in the view and sight of all *Europe* act this notable *Interlude* or *Tragicomedy*, and not make some Effort towards the Performance of this, *nothing at all* remains for me to be done. In my Opinion, little Honour is due to such as are meer *Lookers on*, liberal of their Eyes, and of their Purse parsimonious; who conceal their Crowns, and hide their Silver; scratching their Head with one Finger like grumbling Puppies, gaping at the Flies like

Titb-



*Tithe Calves*; clapping down their Ears like *Arcadian* Asses at the Melody of Musicians, who with their very Countenances in the depth of silence express their Consent to the *Prosopopeie*.

Having made this Choice and Election, it seemed to me that my Exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set agoing my *Diogenical* Tub, which is all that is left me safe from the Shipwreck of my former Misfortunes.

At this dingle dangle wagging of my Tub, what would you have me to do? By the *Virgin* that tucks up her Sleeve, I know not as yet: Stay a little till I suck up a Draught of this Bottle, it is my true and only *Helicon*; it is my *Caballine* Fountain; it is my sole *Entousiasm*. Drinking thus I meditate, discourse, resolve and conclude. After that the *Epilogue* is made, I laugh, I write, I compose, and drink again. *Cynius* drinking wrote, and writing drank. *Aeschylus* (if *Plutarch* in his *Symposiaes* merit any Faith) drank composing, and drinking composed. *Homer* never wrote fasting, and *Cato* never wrote till after he had drunk. These Passages I have brought before you, to the end you may not say that I live without the Example of Men well praised, and better.

prised

# Book III. WORKS.

11

prised. It is good and fresh enough, even (as if you would say) it is entring upon the Second Degree. God the good God *Sabaoth* (that is to say, the *God of Armies*) be praised for it eternally. If you after the same manner would take one great Draught, or two little ones, whilst you have your Gown about you. I truly find no kind of Inconveniency in it, provided you send up to God for all some small scantling of Thanks.

Since then my Luck or Destiny is such as you have heard, for it is not for every body to go to *Corinth*, I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set my self to serve the one and the other sort of People, amongst the *Diggers*, Pioniers and Rampire-builders, I will do as did *Neptune* and *Apollo* at *Troy* under *Laomedon*, or as did *Renault* of *Mountauban* in his latter days: I will serve the *Masons*, I'll set on the Pot to boyl for the Bricklayers; and whilst the minced Meat is making ready at the sound of my small Pipe, I'll measure the Muzzle of the mus- sing Dotards. Thus did *Amphion* with the Melody of his Harp, found, build and finish the great and renowned City of *Thebes*.

For

For the use of the *Warriours* I am about to broach off new my Barrel to give them a taste, (which by two former Volumes of mine, if by the deceitfulness and falshood of Printers they had not been jumbled, marred and spoiled, you would have very well relish'd) and draw unto them of the growth of our own trippery Pastimes, a gallant third part of a Gallon, and consequently a jolly chearful Quart of *Pantagruelick* Sentences, which you may lawfully call (if you please) *Diogenical*; and shall have me (seeing I cannot be their *Fellow-Soldier*) for their faithful *Butler*, refreshing and cheering, according to my little power, their return from the Alarms of the Enemy; as also for an indefatigable *Extoller* of their Martial Exploits and Glorious Atchievements. I shall not fail therein *par lapathium acutum de dieu*, if *Mars* fail not in *Lent*, which the cunning *Lecher* (I warrant you) will be loath to do.

I remember nevertheless to have read, that *Ptolomee* the Son of *Lagus* one day, amongst the many Spoils and Booties, which by his Victories he had acquired, presenting to the *Egyptians* in the open view of the People, a *Bactrian* Camel all black, and a party-coloured *Slave*, in such sort, as that the one half of his Body was black,

black, and the other white, not in partition of breadth by the *Diaphragma*, as was that Woman consecrated to the *Indian Venus*, whom the *Tyanean* Philosopher did see between the River *Hydaspes*, and mount *Caucasus*, but in a perpendicular Dimension of Altitude; which were things never before that seen in *Egypt*. He expected by the show of these Novelties to win the love of the People. But what hapned thereupon? At the production of the *Camel* they were all affrighted, and offended at the sight of the party-coloured Man: Some scoffed at him as a detestible Monster brought forth by the Errour of Nature. In a word, of the Hope which he had to please these *Egyptians*, and by such means to encrease the Affection which they naturally bore him, he was altogether frustrate and disappointed; understanding fully by their Deportments, that they took more pleasure and delight in things that were proper, handsome and perfect, than in mishapen, monstrous and ridiculous Creatures; since which time he had both the *Slave* and the *Camel* in such dislike, that very shortly thereafter, either through Negligence, or for want of ordinary Sustenance, they did exchange their Life with Death.

This

This Example, My Cake will be Dough, and for my *Venus* I shall have but some deformed Puppy, putterh me in a suspence between hope and fear, misdoubting that for the Contentment which I aim at, I will but reap what shall be most distastful to me; instead of serving them, I shall but vex them, and offend them whom I purpose to exhilarate; resembling in this dubious Adventure *Euclion's* Cook, so renowned by *Plautus* in his *Pot*; and by *Ausonius* in his *Gripbon*, and by divers others; which Cook, for having by his scraping, discovered a Treasure, had his Hide well curry'd. Put the case I get no Anger by it, though formerly such things fell out, and the like may occur again: Yet, by *Hercules*, it will not. So I perceive in them all one, and the same specifical Form, and the like individual Proprieties, which our Ancestors called *Pantagruelism*; by vertue whereof they will bear with any thing that floweth from a good, free, and loyal Heart. I have seen them ordinarily take good will in part of payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better. Having dispatched this point, I return to my Barrel.

Up



Up my Lads, to this Wine, spare it not ; drink Boys, and trowl it off at full Bowls ; if you do not think it good, let it alone. I am not like those officious and importunate Sots, who by Force, Outrage and Violence constrain an easie good-natur'd Fellow to whistle, quaff, carouse, and what is worse. All honest Tiplers, all honest gouty Men, all such as are a-dry, coming to this little Barrel of mine, need not drink thereof, if it please them not ; but if they have a mind to it, and that the Wine prove agreeable to the Tastes of their worshipful Worshipps, let them drink frankly, freely and boldly, without paying any thing, and welcome. This is my Decree, my Statute and Ordinance ; and let none fear there shall be any want of Wine as at the Marriage of *Cana in Galilee* ; for how much soever you shall draw forth at the *Faucet*, so much shall I tun in at the *Bung*. Thus shall the *Barrel* remain inexhaustible ; it hath a lively Spring and perpetual Current. Such was the Beverage contained within the Cup of *Tantalus*, which was figuratively represented amongst the *Bracman* Sages. Such was in *Iberia* the *Mountain of Salt* so highly written of by *Caro*. Such was the *Branch of Gold* consecrated to the *subterranean Goddess*, which *Virgil* treats of  
so

so sublimely. It is a true *Cornu-copia* of Merriment and *Railery*. If at any time it seem to you to be emptied to the very Lees, yet shall it not for all that be drawn wholly dry ; good Hope remains there at the bottom, as in *Pandora's* Bottle ; and not despair, as in the Punction of the *Danaids*. Remark well what I have said, and what manner of People they be whom I do invite ; for to the end that none be deceived, I (in imitation of *Lucilius*, who did protest that he wrote only to his own *Tarentias* and *Consentius*, have not pierced this Vessel for any else, but you honest Men, who are Drinkers of the *First Edition*, and gouty Blades of the highest degree. The great *Dorophages*, Bribe-mongers, have (on their hands) occupation enough, and enough on the Hooks, for their *Venison*. There may they follow their Prey ; here is no Garbage for them. You Pettifoggers, *Garbellers*, and Masters of *Chicanery*, speak not to me I beseech you, in the name of, and for the Reverence you bear to the *Four Hips* that ingendred you, and to the *Quickning Peg* which at that time conjoined them. As for *Hypocrites*, much less ; although they were all of them unsound in Body, pockify'd, scurfie, furnish'd with unquenchable Thirst, and insatiable Eating ; because indeed they

they are not of good but of evil, and of that evil, from which we daily pray to God to deliver us. And albeit we see them sometimes counterfeit Devotion, yet never did Old Age make pretty Moppet. Hence Mastiffs, Dogs in a Doublet, get you behind, aloof Villains, out of my Sunshine; Curs, to the Devil. Do you jog hither, wagging your Tails, so pant at my Wine, and bepiss my Barrel? Look here is the Cudgel, which Diogenes, in his last Will, ordained to be set by him after his Death, for beating away, crushing the Reins, and breaking the Backs of these Bustuary Hobgoblins, and Cerberian Hell-bounds. Pack you hence therefore you Hypocrites to your Sheep-dogs, get you gone you Dissemblers to the Devil. Hay! What, are you there yet? I renounce my part of Papimanie. If I snatch you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrr. Avant, Avant, will you not be gone? May you never shit till you be soundly lash'd with Stirrup Leather, never piss but by the Strapado, nor be otherways warmed, than by the Bastinado.

## C H A P. I.

*How Pantagruel transported a Colony  
of Utopians into Dypsodie.*

**P***antagruel* having wholly subdued the Land of *Dypsodie*, transported thereunto a Colony of *Utopians*, to the number of 9876543210 Men, besides the Women and little Children, Artificers of all Trades, and Professors of all Sciences ; to people, cultivate and improve that Country, which otherways was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a meer Desert and Wilderness ; and did transport them so much for the excessive multitude of Men and Women which were in *Utopia*, multiplied ( for number ) like Grasshoppers upon the face of the Land. You understand well enough, nor is it needful further to explain it to you, that the *Utopian* Men had so rank and fruitful Genetories, and that the *Utopian* Women carried Matrixes so ample, so gluttonous, so tenaciously retentive, and so *Architectonically cellulated*, that  
at

at the end of every Ninth Month Seven Children at the least (what Male what Female) were brought forth by every Married Woman, in imitation of the People of *Israel* in *Egypt*, if *Anthony de Lira* be to be trusted. Nor yet was this Transplantation made so much for the Fertility of the Soil, the Wholsomness of the Air, or Commodity of the Country of *Dypsodie*, as to retain that Rebellious People within the bounds of their Duty and Obedience, by this new Transport of his ancient and most faithful Subjects, who from all time out of mind, never knew, acknowledged, owned or served any other *Sovereign Lord* but him; and who likewise from the very instant of their Birth, as soon as they were entred into this World, had, with the *Milk* of their Mothers and Nurses, sucked in the Sweetness, Humanity and Mildness of his Government, to which they were all of them so nourished and habituated, that there was nothing surer, than that they would sooner abandon their Lives, than swerve from this singular and primitive Obedience *naturally* due to their Prince, whithersoever they should be dispersed or removed.

And



And not only should they, and their Children successively descending from their Blood, be such, but also would keep and maintain in this same *Fealty*, and obsequious Observance, all the Nations lately annexed to his Empire; which so truly came to pass, that therein he was not disappointed of his intent. For if the *Utopians* were before their Transplantation thither dutiful and faithful Subjects, the *Dypsodes*, after some few days conversing with them, were every whit as (if not more) *loyal* than they; and that by vertue of I know not what *natural* Fervency incident to all Humane Creatures at the beginning of any labour wherein they took delight; solemnly attesting the *Heavens*, and supreme *Intelligences* of their being only sorry, that no sooner unto their knowledge had arrived the great Renown of the good *Pantagruel*.

Remark therefore here (honest Drinkers) that the manner of preserving and retaining Countries newly Conquered in Obedience, is not (as hath been the Erronious Opinion of some *Tyrannical* Spirits to their own Detriment and Dishonour) to pillage, plunder, force, spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruine and destroy the People, ruling, governing and keeping them in awe with *Rods of Iron*; and,

and (in a word) *eating* and *devouring* them, after the fashion that *Homer* calls an unjust and wicked King, *Ἰνυόβορον*, that is to say, *a Devourer of his People*.

I will not bring you to this purpose the Testimony of Ancient Writers; it shall suffice to put you in mind of what your Fathers have seen thereof, and your selves too, if you be not very Babes. New-born, they must be given suck to, rocked in a Cradle, and dandled. Trees newly planted must be supported, underpropped, strengthened and defended against all Tempests, Mischiefs, Injuries and Calamities. And one lately saved from a long and dangerous Sicknes, and new upon his Recovery, must be forborn, spared and cherished, in such sort, that they may harbour in their own Breasts this Opinion, that there is not in the World a King or a Prince, who does not desire fewer Enemies, and more Friends.

Thus *Osiris* the great King of the *Egyptians*, conquered almost the whole Earth, not so much by Force of Arms, as by *eating* the People of their Troubles, teaching them how to *live well*, and honestly giving them *good Laws*, and using them with all possible Affability, Curtesie, Gentleness and Liberality: Therefore was he by all Men deservedly Entituled, The Great

Great King *Evergetes* (that is to say *Benefactor*) which Style he obtained by virtue of the Command of *Jupiter* to *Pamyla*.

And in effect, *Hesiod*, in his *Hierarchy* placed the good Demons (call them *Angels* if you will, or *Geniuses*) as *Intercessors* and *Mediators* betwixt the Gods and Men, they being of a degree inferiour to the Gods, but superiour to Men; and for that through their Hands the Riches and Benefits we get from Heaven are dealt to us; and that they are continually doing us good, and still protecting us from evil. He saith, that they exercise the Offices of *Kings*; because to do always good, and never ill, is an Act most singularly Royal.

Just such another was the Emperor of the Universe, *Alexander the Macedonian*. After this manner was *Hercules* Sovereign Possessor of the whole Continent, relieving Men from monstrous Oppressions, Exactions and Tyrannies; governing them with Discretion, maintaining them in Equity and Justice, instructing them with seasonable Policies and wholesome Laws, convenient for, and suitable to the Soil, Climate and Disposition of the Country, supplying where was wanting, abating what was superfluous, and pardoning all that was past, with a sempiternal

ternal forgetfulness of all preceding Offences, as was the *Amnestie* of the *Athenians*, when by the Prowess, Valour and Industry of *Thrasylus*, the Tyrants were exterminated; afterwards at *Rome* by *Cicero* exposed, and renewed under the Emperor *Aurelian*. These are the Philtres, Allurements, Synges, Inveiglements, Baits, and Enticements of *Love*, by the means whereof that may be peaceably revived, which was painfully acquired. Nor can a Conqueror Reign more happily, whether he be a Monarch, Emperor, King, Prince or Philosopher, than by making his Justice to second his Valour. His Valour shows it self in Victory and Conquest; his Justice will appear in the good Will and Affection of the People, when he maketh Laws, publisheth Ordinances, establisheth Religion, and doth what is right to every one, as the noble Poet *Virgil* writes of *Octavian Augustus*.

——— *Victorque volentes*  
*Per populos dat jura.*

Therefore is it that *Homer* in his *Iliads* calleth a good Prince and great King *κατασκευασταυ*, that is, *The Ornament of the People*.

Such was the Consideration of *Numa Pompilius* the Second King of the *Romans*, a just Politician and wise Philosopher, when he ordained that to God *Terminus*, on the day of his Festival called *Terminales*, nothing should be Sacrificed that had died; teaching us thereby, that the Bounds, Limits and Frontiers of Kingdoms should be guarded, and preserved in Peace, Amity and Meekness, without polluting our Hands with Blood and Robbery: Who doth otherways, shall not only lose what he hath gained, but also be loaded with this Scandal and Reproach, That he is an unjust and wicked Purchaser, and his Acquests perish with him, *Juxta illud male parta, male dilabuntur*. And although during his whole Life-time, he should have peaceable possession thereof; yet if what hath been so acquired moulder away in the Hands of his Heirs the same Opprobry, Scandal and Imputation will be charged upon the Defunct, and his Memory remain accursed for his unjust and unwarrantable Conquest, *Juxta illud, de male quaesitis vix gaudet tertius haeres*.

Remark, likewise, Gentlemen, you Gouty Feoffees in this main Point worthy of your Observation, how by these means *Pantagruel* of one *Angel* made two, which was a Contingency opposite to the Council



Council of Charlemaine, who made two Devils of one, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders, and the Flemings into Saxony. For not being able to keep in such Subjection the Saxons, whose Dominion he had joyned to the Empire, but that ever and anon they would break forth into open Rebellion, if he should casually be drawn into Spain, or other remote Kingdoms: He caused them to be brought unto his own Country of Flanders, the Inhabitants whereof did naturally obey him; and transported the Haynaults and Flemings, his ancient loving Subjects, into Saxony, not mistrusting their Loyalty, now that they were transplanted into a strange Land. But it happened that the Saxons persisted in their Rebellion and primitive Obstinacy; and the Flemings dwelling in Saxony did imbibe the stubborn Manners and Conditions of the Saxons.

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## C H A P. II.

*How Panurge was made Laird of Salmygoudin in Dyplodie, and did waste his Revenüe before it came in.*

**W**Hilst Pantagruel was giving Order for the Government of all Dyplodie, he assigned to Panurge the Lairdship of Salmygoudin, which was yearly worth 6789106789 Ryals of certain Rent, besides the uncertain Revenue of the Locusts and Periwinkles, amounting one year with another to the value of 435768, or 8435769 French Crowns of Berry. Sometimes it did amount to 1230554321 Seraphs when it was a good Year, and that Locusts and Periwinkles were in request; but that was not every Year.

Now his Worship, the new Laird, husbanded this his Estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than fourteen days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain Revenue of his Lairdship for three whole Years: Yet did

not

not he properly dilapidate it, as you might say, in founding of Monasteries, building of Churches, erecting of Colledges, and setting up. of Hospitals, or casting his Bacon-Flitches to the Dogs; but spent it in a thousand little Banquets and jolly Collations, keeping open House for all Comers and Goers; yea, to all good Fellows, young Girls, and pretty Wenches; felling Timber, burning the great Logs for the Sale of the Ashes, borrowing Money before-hand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his Corn (as he were) whilst it was but Grass.

*Pantagruel* being advertised of this his Lavishness, was in good sooth no way offended at the matter, angry nor sorry; for I once told you, and again tell it you, that he was the best, little, great Goodman that ever girded a Sword to his Side; he took all things in good part, and interpreted every Action to the best Sence: He never vexed nor disquieted himself with the least preence of Dislike to any thing; because he knew that he must have most grossly abandoned the Divine Mansion of Reason, if he had permitted his Mind to be never so little grieved, afflicted or altered at any occasion whatsoever. For all the Goods that the *Heaven* covereth, and that the *Earth* containeth in

all their Dimensions of Heighth, Depth, Breadth and Length, are not of so much worth, as that we should for them disturb or disorder our Affections, trouble or perplex our Senses or Spirits.

He drew only *Panurge* aside, and then making to him a sweet Remonstrance and mild Admonition, very gently represented before him in strong Arguments, That if he should continue in such an unthrifty course of living, and not become a better *Mesnagier*, it would prove altogether impossible for him, or at least hugely difficult at any time to make him rich. Rich! answered *Panurge*, Have you fixed your Thoughts there? Have you undertaken the Task to enrich me in this World? Set your Mind to live merrily in the Name of God and good Folks, let no other Cark nor Care be harboured within the *Sacro sanctified Domicile* of your Celestial Brain. May the Calmness and Tranquility thereof be never incommodated with, or over-shadowed by any frowning Clouds of sullen Imaginations and displeasing Annoyance. For if you live joyful, meery, jocund and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Every body cries up *thrift, thrift*, and good Husbandry; but many speak of *Robin Hood* that never shot in his Bow; and talk of that

that Vertue of *Mefnagery*, who know not what belong to it. It is by me that they must be advifed. From me therefore take this Advertifement and Information, that what is imputed to me for a Vice, hath been done in imitation of the *University* and Parliament of *Paris*, places in which is to be found the true Spring and Source of the lively *Idea* of *Panteology*, and all manner of Juftice. Let him be counted an *Heretick* that doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it: Yet they in one day eat up their *Bifhop*, or the Revenue of the *Bifhoprick* (is it not all one) for a whole year; yea, fometimes for two. This is done on the day he makes his Entry, and is *installed*: Nor is there any place for an Excufe; for he cannot avoid it, unlefs he would be houted at and ftoned for his *Parfimony*.

It hath been alfo efteemed an act flowing from the Habit of the Four *Cardinal* Vertues. Of *Prudence* in borrowing Money before-hand; for none knows what may fall out; who is able to tell if the World fhall laft yet three years? But although it fhould continue longer, is there any Man fo foolifh, as to have the Confidence to promife himfelf three years?

*What fool so confident to say,  
That he shall live one other day?*

Of *Commutative Justice*, in buying dear (I say upon trust) and selling good cheap, (that is, for ready Money) what says *Cato* in his Book of *Husbandry* to this purpose? The *Father of a Family* (says he) *must be a perpetual Seller*; by which means it is impossible but that at last he shall become rich, if he have of vendible Ware enough still ready for sale.

Of *Distributive Justice* it doth partake, in giving Entertainment to good (remark good) and gentle Fellows, whom Fortune had Shipwrack'd (like *Ulysses*) upon the Rock of a hungry Stomach without provision of Sustenance: And likewise to the good (remark the good) and young Wenches: For according to the Sentence of *Hippocrates*, Youth is impatient of Hunger, chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolick, brisk, stirring and bouncing; which wanton Lasses willingly and heartily devote themselves to the pleasure of Honest Men; and are in so far both *Platonick* and *Ciceronian*, that they do acknowledge their being *born* into this World, not to be *for themselves alone*, but that in their proper Persons their Acquaintance may  
claim



claim one share, and their Friends another.

The Vertue of *Fortitude* appears therein by the cutting down and overthrowing of the great Trees, like a second *Milo* making Havock of the dark Forests, which did serve only to furnish Dens, Caves, and Shelter to Wolves, wild Boars and Foxes; and afford Receptacles, withdrawing Corners and Refuges to Robbers, Thieves and Murtherers; lurking holes and sculking places for Cut-throat Assassimators; secret obscure Shops for Coiners of false money, and safe Retreats for *Hereticks*, laying them even and level with the plain Champaign Fields and pleasant Heathy Ground, at the sound of the Hau-bois and Bagpipes playing, reeks with the high and stately Timber, and preparing Seats and Benches for the Eye of the dreadful day of Judgment.

I gave thereby proof of my *Temperance* in eating my Corn whilst it was but Grass, like an *Hermit* feeding upon Sallets and Roots, that so affranchising my self from the Yoak of sensual Appetites to the utter disclaiming of their Sovereignty, I might the better reserve somewhat in store, for the relief of the lame, blind, cripple, maimed, needy, poor and wanting Wretches.



In taking this course I save the Expence of the *Weed-grubbers*, who gain Money; of the *Reapers* in Harvest-time, who drink lustily, and without Water; of *Gleaners*, who will expect their Cakes and Bannocks of *Threshers*, who leave no Garlick, Scallions, Leeks nor Onyons in our Gardens, (by the Authority of *Thestylus* in *Virgil*) and of the *Millers*, who are generally Thieves; and of the *Bakers*, who are little better; is the small Saving or Frugality; besides the mischief and damage of the *Field-mice*, the decay of *Barns*, and the destruction usually made by *Weefils* and other Vermin.

Of *Corn* in the Blade. You may make good green Sauce of a light Concoction, and easie Digestion, which recreates the Brain, and exhilarates the Animal Spirits, rejoyceth the Sight, openeth the Appetite, delighteth the taste, comforteth the Heart, tickleth the Tongue, cheareth the Countenance, striking a fresh and lively Colour, strengthening the Muscles, tempers the Blood, disburthens the Mirk, refresheth the Liver, disobstructs the Spleen, easeth the Kidneys, suppleth the Reins, quickens the Joynts of the Back, cleanseth the Urine-Conduits, dilates the Spermatick Vessels, shortens the *Cremasters*, purgeth the Bladder, puffeth up the Geni-

Genitories, correcteth the prepuce, hardens the Nut, and rectifies that Member. It will make you have a current Belly to trot, fart, dung, piss, sneeze, cough, spit, belch, spew, yawn, snuff, blow, breath, snort, sweat, and set taunt your *Robin*, with a thousand other rare advantages. I understand you very well (says *Pantagruel*) you would thereby infer, that those of a mean Spirit and shallow Capacity, have not the skill to spend much in a short time: You are not the first in whose Conceit that *Herésie* hath entred: *Nero* maintained it, and above all Mortals admired most his Unkle *Caius Caligula*, for having in few days, by a most wonderfully pregnant Invention, totally spent all the Goods and Patrimony which *Tiberius* had left him.

But instead of observing the *Sumptuous Supper-curbing Laws* of the Romans, to wit, the *Orchia*, the *Fannia*, the *Didia*, the *Licinia*, the *Cornelia*, the *Lepidiana*, the *Antia*, and of the *Corimbians*; by the which they were inhibited, under pain of great punishment, not to spend more in one year than their annual Revenue did amount to. You have offered up the Oblation of *Protervia*, which was with the Romans such a Sacrifice as the *Paschal Lamb* was amongst the Jews, wherein all that was eatable was to be eaten, and the remainder

mainder to be thrown into the Fire, without reserving any thing for the next day. I may very justly say of you, as *Cato* did of *Albidius*, who after that he had by a most extravagant Expence wasted all the Means and Possessions he had to one only House, he fairly set it on Fire, that he might the better say, *Consummatum est*. Even just as since his time *St. Thomas Aquinas* did when he had eaten up the whole Lamprey, although there was no necessity in it.

### CHAP. III.

*How Panurge praiseth the Debtors and Borrowers.*

**B**UT, quoth *Pantagruel*, when will you be out of Debt? At the next ensuing Term of the *Greek Calends*, answered *Panurge*, when all the World shall be content, and that it be your Fate to become your own Heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of Debt, as if, indeed, I could not be trusted. *Who leaves*

not some Leaven over night, will hardly have  
paste the next morning.

Be still indebted to some body or other,  
that there may be some body always to  
pray for you ; that the Giver of all good  
things may grant unto you a blessed, long,  
and prosperous Life, fearing if Fortune  
should deal crossly with you, that it might  
be his chance to come short of being paid  
by you ; he will always speak good of  
you in every Company, ever and anon  
purchase new Creditors unto you ; to the  
end that through their means you may  
make a shift by borrowing from *Peter* to  
pay *Paul*, and with other folks Earth fill  
up his Ditch. When of old in the Re-  
gion of the *Gauls*, by the Institution of  
the *Druids*, the Servants, Slaves and Bond-  
men were burnt quick at the Funerals and  
Obsequies of their Lords and Masters ;  
had not they fear enough, think you, that  
their Lords and Masters should die ? for  
*per force*, they were to die with them for  
Company. Did not they uncessantly send  
up their Supplications to their great God  
*Mercury*, as likewise unto *Dia* the Father  
of Wealth, to lengthen out their days,  
and preserve them long in health ? Were  
not they very careful to entertain them  
well, punctually to look unto them, and  
to attend them faithfully and circumspect-  
ly ?

ly? For by those means were they to live together at least until the hour of Death. Believe me, your Creditors with a more fervent Devotion will beseech Almighty God to prolong your Life, they being of nothing more afraid than that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the Sleeve than the Arm, and love Silver better than their own Lives; as it evidently appeareth by the Usurers of *Landerouffe*, who not long since hanged themselves, because the price of the Corn and Wines was fallen, by the return of a gracious Season. To this *Pantagruel* answering nothing, *Panurge* went on in his Discourse, saying, Truly, and in good sooth (Sir,) when I ponder my Destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my Plunges, and have me at a Bay in twitting me with the Reproach of my Debts and Creditors; And yet did I, in this only respect and consideration of being a Debtor, esteem myself worshipful, reverend and formidable. For against the Opinion of most Philosophers, that of *nothing ariseth nothing*; yet without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the *First Matter*, did I out of *nothing* become such *Maker* and *Creator*, that I have created, what? a gay number of fair and jolly Creditors. Nay,  
Creditors



*Creditors* (I will maintain it, even to the very *Fire* it self exclusively) are fair and goodly *Creatures*. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked *Creature*, and an accursed *Imp* of the Infernal Old Nick. And there is made, what? *Debts*: A thing most precious and dainty, of great Use and Antiquity. *Debts* (I say) surmounting the number of Syllables which may result from the Combinations of all the Consonants, with each of the Vowels heretofore projected, reckoned and calculated by the Noble *Xenocrates*. To judge of the perfection of *Debtors* by the Numerosity of their *Creditors*, is the readiest way for entering into the Mysteries of *Practical Arithmetick*.

You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every Morning I perceive my self environed and surrounded with Brigades of *Creditors*; humble, fawning, and full of their Reverences: And whilst I remark, that as I look more favourably upon, and give a chearfuller Countenance to one than to another, the Fellow thereupon buildeth a Conceit that he shall be the first Dispatched, and the foremost in the Date of Payment; and he valueth my Smiles at the rate of ready Money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the God of the Passion of Samure,



mure, accompanied with his Angels and Cherubims.

These are my Flatterers, my Soothers, my Claw backs, my Smoothers, my Parasites, my Saluters, my Givers of good Morrows, and perpetual Orators; which makes me verily think, that the supremest Height of *Heroick* Vertue, described by *Hesiod*, consisteth in being a *Debtor*, wherein I held the first *degree* in my *Commencement*. Which Dignity though all Humane Creatures seem to aim at, and aspire thereto, few nevertheless, because of the difficulties in the way, and incumbrances of hard Passages are able to reach it, as is easily perceivable by the ardent desire and vehement longing harboured in the Breast of every one, to be still creating more *Debts*, and the new *Creditors*.

Yet doth it not lie in the power of every one to be a *Debtor*. To acquire *Creditors* is not at the Disposal of each Man's Arbitriment. You nevertheless would deprive me of this sublime Felicity. You ask me when I will be out of Debt. Well, to go yet further on, and possibly worse in your Conceit, may *Sanct Bablin*, the good *Sanct*, snatch me; if I have not all my Life-time held *Debt* to be as an Union, or Conjunction of the Heavens with the Earth, and the whole Cement whereby the

the Race of Mankind is kept together; yea, of such Vertue and Efficacy, that, I say, the whole Progeny of *Adam* would very suddenly perish without it. Therefore, perhaps, I do not think amiss, when I repute it to be the great Soul of the *Universe*, which (according to the Opinion of the *Academicks*) vivifyeth all manner of things. In Confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, represent unto your self, without any prejudicacy of Spirit, in a clear and serene Fancy, the *Idea* and Form of some other World than this; take if you please, and lay hold on the *thirtieth* of those which the Philosopher *Metbrodorus* did enumerate, wherein it is to be supposed there is no *Debtor* or *Creditor*, that is to say, a World without Debts.

There amongst the Planets will be no regular Course, all will be in Disorder, *Jupiter* reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto *Saturn*, will go near to detrude him out of his Sphere, and with the *Homeric* Chain will be like to hang up the *Intelligences*, Gods, Heavens, Demons, Heroes, Devils, Earth and Sea together with the other Elements. *Saturn* no doubt combining with *Mars* will reduce that so disturbed World into a Chaos of Confusion.

*Mercury*

*Mercury* then would be no more subjected to the other Planets ; he would scorn to be any longer their *Camillus*, as he was of old termed in the *Ettrurian* Tongue ; for it is to be imagined that he is no way a Debtor to them.

*Venus* will be no more Venerable, because she shall have lent nothing. The *Moon* will remain bloody and obscure : For to what end should the *Sun* impart unto her any of his Light ? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the *Sun* shine upon the *Earth*, nor the *Stars* send down any good Influence, because the *Terrestrial Globe* hath desisted from sending up their wonted Nourishment by Vapours and Exhalations, wherewith *Heracitus* said the *Stoicks* proved *Cicero* maintained they were cherished and alimented. There would likeways be in such a World no manner of *Symbolization*, *Alteration*, nor *Transmutation* amongst the Elements ; for the one will not esteem it self obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. *Earth* then will not become *Water*, *Water* will not be changed into *Air*, of *Air* will be made no *Fire*, and *Fire* will afford no Heat unto the *Earth* ; the *Earth* will produce nothing but Monsters, Titans, Giants ; no Rain will descend upon it, nor Light shine thereon ;

thereon ; no Wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any Summer or Harvest. *Lucifer* will break loose, and issuing forth of the depth of Hell, accompanied with his Furies, Fiends and Horned Devils, will go about to unneſtle and drive out of Heaven all the Gods, as well of the greater as of the *leſſer Nations*. Such a World without *lending*, will be no better than a Dog-kennel, a place of Contention and Wrangling, more unruly and irregular than that of the Rector of *Paris* ; a Devil of an Hurly-burly, and more diſordered Confuſion, than that of the Plagues of *Danay*. Men will not then ſalute one another ; it will be but loſt labour to expect Aid or Succour from any, or to cry, *Fire, Water, Murder*, for none will put to their helping Hand. Why ? He lent no *Money* ; there is nothing due to him. No body is concerned in his Burning, in his Shipwrack, in his Ruine, or in his Death ; and that becauſe he hitherto had lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent any thing. In ſhort, *Faith, Hope* and *Charity* would be quite baniſh'd from ſuch a World ; for Men are *born to relieve and aſſiſt one another* ; and in their ſtead ſhould ſucceed and be introduced *Deſiance, Diſdain* and *Rancour*, with the moſt execrable Troop of all Evils, all Imprecations

precations and all Miseries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiss, that *Pandora* had there spilt her unlucky Bottle. Men unto Men will be Wolves, Hob-thrusters and Goblins, (as were *Lycaon*, *Bellorophon*, *Nebuchodemosor*) Plunderers, High-way Robbers, Cut-throats, Rappe-rees, Murtherers, Payloners, Assassimators, lewd, wicked, malevolent, pernicious Haters, set against every body, like to *Ismael*, *Metabus*, or *Timon* the *Athenian*, who for that cause was named *Misanthropos*; in such sort, that it would prove much more easie in Nature to have Fish entertained in the Air, and Bullocks fed in the bottom of the Ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally Rabble of People that will not *Lend*. These Fellows (I vow) do I hate with a perfect Hatred; and if conform to the pattern of this grievous, peevish and perverse *World* which *lendeth* nothing, you figure and liken the little *World*, which is Man, you will find in him a terrible jostling Coyle and Clutter: The Head will not lend the sight of his Eyes to guide the Feet and Hands; the Legs will refuse to bear up the Body; the Hands will leave off working any more for the rest of the Members; the Heart will be weary of its continual Motion for the beating of the Pulse, and will no longer



ger lend his Assistance ; the Lungs will withdraw the use of their Bellows ; the Liver will desist from conveying any more Blood through the Veins for the good of the whole ; the Bladder will not be indebted to the Kidneys, so that the Urine thereby will be totally stopped. The Brains, in the interim, considering this unnatural course, will fall into a raving Dotage, and with-hold all feeling from the Sinews, and Motion from the Muscles : Briefly, in such a *World* without Order and Array, *owing* nothing, *lending* nothing, and *borrowing* nothing, you would see a more dangerous Conspiracy than that which *Esape* exposed in his *Apolo- gue*. Such a World will perish undoubtedly ; and not only perish, but perish very quickly. Were it *Asculapius* himself, his Body would immediately rot, and the chafing Soul full of Indignation take its Flight to all the Devils of Hell after my Money.



## C H A P. IV.

*Panurge continueth his Discourse in the  
praise of Borrowers and Lenders.*

**O**N the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your Fancy another World, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth, all are Debtors, and all Creditors. O how great will that Harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular Motions of the Heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as ever Plato did. What Sympathy will there be amongst the Elements? O how delectable then unto Nature will be our own Works and Productions? Whilst Ceres appeareth loaden with Corn, Bacchus with Wines, Flora with Flowers, Pomona with Fruits, and Juno fair in a clear Air, wholesome and pleasant: I lose my self in this high Contemplation.

Then will among the Race of Mankind Peace, Love, Benevolence, Fidelity, Tranquility, Rest, Banquets, Feasting, Joy, Gladness, Gold, Silver, single Money, Chains,

Chains, Rings, with other Ware, and Chaffer of that nature be found to trot from hand to hand; no Suits at Law, no Wars, no Strife, Debate, nor wrangling; none will be there an Usurer, none will be there a Pinch-penny; a Scrape-good Wretch, or churlish hard-hearted Refuser. Good God! Will not this be the Golden Age in the Reign of *Saturn*? The true Idea of the Olympick Regions, where in all Vertues cease; Charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth and triumpheth? All will be fair and goodly People there, all just and virtuous.

O happy World! O People of that World most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that People! I think in very deed that I am amongst them, and swear to you, by my good Forsooth, that if this glorious aforesaid World had a Pope, abounding with Cardinals, that so he might have the Association of a Sacred Colledge, in the space of very few years you should be sure to see the Sancts much thicker in the Roll, more numerous, wonder-working and mirrifiick, more Services, more Vows, more Staves and Wax-Candles than are those in the Nine Bishopricks of *Britany*, *St. Ives* only excepted. Consider (Sir) I pray you, how the noble *Parolin*, having a mind

mind to Deity, and extol even to the Third Heavens the Father of *William Jofseume*, said no more but this, *And he did lend his Goods to those who were desirous of them.*

O the fine Saying! Now let our *Microcosm* be fancied conform to this Model in all its Members; *lending, borrowing and owing*, (that is to say) according to its own Nature: For Nature hath not to any other end created Man, but to *owe, borrow and lend*; no greater is the Harmony amongst the Heavenly Spheres, than that which shall be found in its well-ordered Policy. The Intention of the Founder of this Microcosm is, to have the Soul therein to be entertained, which is lodged there, as a Guest with its Host, it may live there for a while. Life consisteth in Blood, Blood is the Seat of the Soul; therefore the chiefest Work of the Microcosm, is, to be making Blood continually.

At this Forge are exercised all the Members of the Body; none is exempted from Labour, each operates apart, and doth its proper Office. And such is their Hierarchy, that perpetually the one *borroweth* from the other, the one *lends* the other, and the one is the others *Debtor*. The stuff and matter convenient which Nature giveth

giveth to be turned into Blood is *Bread* and *Wine*. All kind of nourishing Vi-  
 ctuals is understood to be comprehended  
 in these two, and from hence in the *Go-  
 thish* Tongue is called *Companage*. To find  
 out this Meat and Drink, to prepare and  
 boil it, the Hands are put to Work, the  
 Feet do walk and bear up the whole Bulk  
 of the Corporal Mass; the Eyes guide  
 and conduct all; the Appetite in the Ori-  
 fice of the Stomach, by means of little  
 sowerish black Humour (called Melancho-  
 ly) which is transmitted thereto from the  
 Milt, giveth warning to shut in the Food.  
 The Tongue doth make the first Essay,  
 and tastes it; the Teeth do chew it, and  
 the Stomach doth receive, digest and chy-  
 lise it; the Mesaraick Veins suck out of  
 it what is good and fit, leaving behind  
 the Excrements, which are, through spe-  
 cial Conduits for that purpose, voided by  
 an expulsive Faculty; thereafter it is car-  
 ried to the Liver, where it being changed  
 again, it by the vertue of that new  
 Transmutation becomes *Blood*. What  
 Joy, conjecture you, will then be found  
 amongst those Officers, when they see  
 this *Rivulet of Gold*, which is their sole Re-  
 sultative? No greater is the Joy of Alchi-  
 mists, when after long Travel, Toil and  
 Expence, they see in their Furnaces the

C

Trans-

Transmutation: Then is it that every Member doth prepare it self, and strive a-new to purifie and to refine this Treasure. The Kidneys through the emulgent Veins draw that Aquosity from thence which you call Urine, and there send it away through the Ureters to be sifted downwards; where, in a lower Recepticle, and proper for it, (to wit, the Bladder) it is kept, and stayeth there until an opportunity to void it out in his due time. The Spleen draweth from the *Blood* its Terrestrial part, viz. The Grounds, Lees or thick Substance settled in the bottom thereof, which you term *Melancholy*: The Bottle of the Gall substracts from thence all the superfluous *Choler*, whence it is brought to another Shop or Work-house to be yet better purified and fined, that is, the Heart, which by its agitation of *Diastolick* and *Systolick* Motions so neatly subtilizeth and inflames it, that in the *right side* Ventricle it is brought to perfection, and through the Veins is sent to all the Members; each parcel of the Body draws it then unto its self, and after its own fashion is cherished and alimented by it: Feet, Hands, Thighs, Arms, Eyes, Ears, Back, Breast, yea, all; and then it is, that who before were *Lenders*, now become *Debtors*. The Heart doth



in its *left side* Ventricle so thinnifie the Blood, that it thereby obtains the Name of *Spiritual*; which being sent through the *Arteries* to all the Members of the Body, serveth to warm and winnow the other Blood which runneth through the Veins: The Lights never cease with its Lappets and Bellows to cool and refresh it; in acknowledgment of which good the Heart through the Arterial Vein imparts unto it the choicest of its Blood: At last it is made so fine and subtle within the *Rete Mirabilis*, that thereafter those *Animal Spirits* are framed and composed of it; by means whereof the Imagination, Discourse, Judgment, Resolution, Deliberation, Ratrocination and Memory have their Rise, Actings and Operations.

Cops body, I sink, I drown, I perish, I wander astray, and quite fly out of my self, when I enter into the Consideration of the profound Abyss of this World, thus *lending*, thus *owing*. Believe me, it is a Divine thing to *lend*, to *owe* an Heroick Vertue. Yet is not this all; this little World thus *lending*, *owing* and *borrowing*, is so good and charitable, that no sooner is the above-specified Alimentation finished, but that it forthwith projecteth, and hath already forecast, how it shall *lend* to those who are not as yet born, and by



that Loan endeavour, what it may, to eternize it self, and multiply in Images like the Pattern, that is, Children. To this end every Member hath of the choicest and most precious of its Nourishment, pare and cut off a Portion, then instantly dispatcheth it downwards to that place, where Nature hath prepared for it very fit Vessels and Receptacles, through which descending to the Genitories by long Ambages, Circuits and Flexuosities, it receiveth a competent Form, and Rooms apt enough both in the Man and Woman for the future Conservation and perpetuating of Humane kind. All this is done by *Loans* and *Debts* of the one unto the other; and hence have we this word, the *Debt of Marriage*. Nature doth reckon Pain to the Refuser, with a most grievous Vexation to his Members, and an outrageous Fury amidst his Senses. But on the other part, to the *Lender* a set Reward, accompanied with Pleasure, Joy, Solace, Mirth and merry Glee.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

*How Pantagruel altogether abhorreth  
the Debtors and Borrowers.*

I Understand you very well, (quoth  
Pantagruel) and take you to be very  
good at Topicks, and thoroughly affection-  
ed to your own Cause: But preach it up,  
and patrocinate it; prattle on it, and de-  
fend it as much as you will, even from  
hence to the next *Whitsuntide*, if you  
please so to do, yet in the end will you  
be astonish'd to find how you shall have  
gained no ground at all upon me, nor  
perswaded me by your fair Speeches and  
smooth Talk to enter never so little into  
the Thralldom of Debt. You shall owe to  
none (saith the Holy Apostle) any thing  
save Love, Friendship and a mutual Bene-  
volence.

You serve me here, I confess, with fine  
*Graphides* and *Diatypoſes*, Descriptions and  
Figures, which truly please me very well:  
But let me tell you, if you will represent  
unto your Fancy an impudent blustering  
Bully and an importunate Borrower, en-  
tering

tring afresh and newly into a Town already advertised of his Manners, you shall find that at his Ingress the Citizens will be more hideously affrighted and amazed, and in a greater terror and fear, dread and trembling, than if the Pest it self should step into it in the very same Garb and Accoutrement wherein the *Tyanean* Philosopher found it within the City of *Ephesus*. And I am fully confirmed in the Opinion, that the *Persians* erred not, when they said, That *the Second Vice was to Lie*, the first being that of *owing Money*. For in very truth, *Debts* and *Lying* are ordinarily joyned together. I will nevertheless not from hence infer, that none must *owe* any thing, or *lend* any thing. For who so rich can be, that sometimes may not *owe*; or who can be so poor, that sometimes may not *lend*?

Let the occasion notwithstanding in that case (as *Plato* very wisely sayeth, and ordaineth in his *Laws*) be such, that none be permitted to draw any Water out of his Neighbour's Well, until first, they by continual digging and delving into their own proper Ground, shall have hit upon a kind of *Potters Earth*, which is called *Ceramite*, and there had found no source or drop of Water; for that sort of Earth, by reason of its Substance, which

is fat, strong, firm and close ; so retaineth its Humidity, that it doth not easily evaporate it by any outward excursion or evaporation.

In good sooth, it is a great shame to choose rather to be still *borrowing* in all places from every one, than to work and win. Then only in my Judgment should one *lend*, when the diligent, toiling and industrious Person is no longer able by his labour to make any Purchase unto himself, or otherwise, when by mischance he hath suddenly fallen into an unexpected loss of his Goods.

Howsoever let us leave this Discourse, and from henceforwards do not hang upon *Creditors*, nor tie your self to them ; I make account for the time past to rid you freely of them, and from their Bondage to deliver you. The least I should in this point, (quoth *Panurge*) is to thank you, though it be the most I can do : And if Gratitude and Thanksgiving be to be estimated and prized by the Affection of the Benefactor, that is to be done infinitely and sempiternally ; for the love which you bear me of your own accord, and free Grace, without any merit of mine, goeth far beyond the reach of any price or value ; it transcends all weight, all number, all measure, it is endless and

everlasting ; therefore should I offer to commensurate and adjust it, either to the size and proportion of your own noble and gracious Deeds, or yet to the Contentment and Delight of the obliged Receivers, I would come off but very faintly and flaggingly. You have verily done me a great deal of good, and multiplied your Favours on me more frequently than was fitting to one of my condition. You have been more bountiful towards me than I have deserved, and your Courtesies have by far surpassed the extent of my merits, I must needs confess it. But it is not, as you suppose, in the proposed matter : For there it is not where I itch, it is not there where it fretteth, hurts or vexeth me ; for henceforth being *quit* and out of *Debt*, what Countenance will I be able to keep ? You may imagine that it will become me very ill, for the first month, because I have never hitherto been brought up or accustomed to it, I am very much afraid of it. Furthermore, there shall not one hereafter, Native of the Country of *Salmigondy*, but he shall level the Shot towards my Nose ; all the back-cracking Fellows of the World, in discharging of their Postern Petarades, use commonly to say, *Voila pour les quitters* ; that is, *For the quit*. My  
Life



Life will be of very short continuance, I do foresee it, I recommend to you the making of my Epitaph; for I perceive I will die confect'd in the very stinch of Farts. If at any time to come, by way of restorative to such good Women as shall happen to be troubled with the grievous pain of the Wind-Cholick, the ordinary Medicaments prove nothing effectual, the Mummy of all my befarred Body will streight be as a present Remedy appointed by the Physicians; whereof they taking any small *Modicum*, it will incontinently for their Ease afford them a Rattle of Burn-shot, like a Sal of Muskets.

Therefore would I beseech you to leave me some few Centuries of *Debts*; as King *Louis* the Eleventh, exempting from Suits in Law the Reverend *Milles d' Illiers*, Bishop of *Chartre*, was by the said Bishop most earnestly sollicit'd to leave him some few for the Exercise of his mind. I had rather give them all my Revenue of the *Periwinkles*, together with the other Incomes of the *Locusts*, albeit I should not thereby have any parcel abated from off the principal Sums which I owe. Let us wave this matter (quoth *Panagruel*) I have told it you over again.



## C H A P. VI.

*Why new Married Men were priviledged  
ed from going to the Wars.*

**B**UT, in the Interim, asked *Panurge*, by what Law was it constituted, ordained and established, that such as should plant a new Vineyard, those that should build a new House, and the new married Men should be exempted and discharged from the Duty of Warfare for the first year? By the Law (answered *Pantagruel*) of *Moyse*. Why (replyed *Panurge*) the lately married? As for the Vine-Planters, I am now too old to reflect on them; my Condition, at this present, induceth me to remain satisfied with the care of Vintage, finishing and turning the Grapes into Wine: Nor are these pretty new Builders of *Dead Stones* written or pricked down in my Book of Life; it is all with *Live Stones* that I set up, and erect the Fabricks of my Architecture, to wit, Men. It was (according to my Opinion, quoth *Pantagruel*) to the end, First, That the fresh married Folks should for the first year

year-reap a full and compleat Fruition of their Pleasures in their mutual exercise of the act of Love, in such sort, that in waiting more at leisure on the production of Posterity, and propagating of their Progeny, they might the better encrease their Race, and make Provision of new Heirs. That if in the years thereafter the Men should, upon their undergoing of some Military Adventure, happen to be killed, their Names and Coats of Arms might continue with their Children in the same Families: And next that, the Wives thereby, coming to know whether they were barren or fruitful (for one years Trial, in regard of the maturity of Age, wherein; of old, they married, was held sufficient for the Discovery) they might pitch the more suitably, in case of their first Husbands Decease, upon a *Second Match*. The fertile Women to be wedded to those who desire to multiply their Issue; and the sterile ones to such other Mates, as misregarding the storing of their own Lineage, choose them only for their Vertues, Learning, Genteel Behaviour, Domestick Consolation, management of the House, and Matrimonial Conveniences and Comforts, and such like. The Preacher of *Varrennes* (saith *Panurge*) detest and abhor the *Second Marriages*, as altogether scoldish and dishonest.

Fool-

Foolish and dishonest, (quoth *Pantagruel*) a plague take such Preachers! Yea but (quoth *Panurge*) the like Mischief also befal the Friar, *Charmes*, who in a full Auditory, making a Sermon at *Perille*, and therein abominating the Reiteration of Marriage, and the entring again in the Bonds of a Nuptial Tie, did swear and heartily give himself to the swiftest Devil in Hell, if he had not rather choose, and would much more willingly undertake the *unmaiding* or *depucelating* of a hundred Virgins, than the simple Drudgery of one Widow. Truly I find your Reason in that point right good, and strongly grounded.

But what would you think, if the Cause why this Exemption or Immunity was granted, had no other Foundation, but that, during the whole space of the said first year, they so lustily bobbed it with their Female Consorts, (as both Reason and Equity require they should do) that they had drained and evacuated their Spermatick Vessels; and were become thereby altogether feeble, weak, emasculated, drooping and flaggingly pithless; yea, in such sort, that they in the day of Battel, like Ducks which plunge over Head and Ears, would sooner hide themselves behind the Baggage than in the Company of valiant Fighters and daring Military

Military Combatants, appear where stern *Bellona* deals her Blows, and moves a bustling Noise of Thwacks and Thumps. Nor is it to be thought that under the Standard of *Mars* they will so much as once strike a fair Stroke, because their most considerable Knocks have been already jerked and whirrited within the Curtines of his Sweet-heart *Venus*.

In confirmation whereof, amongst other Relicks and Monuments of Antiquity, we now as yet often see, that in all great Houses, after the expiring of some few days, these young married Blades are readily sent away to visit their *Uncles*, that in the Absence of their Wives, reposing themselves a little, they may recover their decayed Strength by the Recruit of a fresh Supply, the more vigorous to return again, and face about to renew the duelling Shock and Conflict of an amorous Dalliance: Albeit (for the greater part) they have neither *Uncle* nor *Aunt* to go to.

Just so did the King *Crackhart*, after the Battle of the Cornets, not cashier us, (speaking properly) I mean me and the *Quailecaller*, but for our Refreshment remanded us to our Houses; and he is as yet seeking after his own. My Grandfather's Godmother was wont to say to me when I was a Boy,

*Patonisters & Oraisons*

*Sont pour ceux-la qui les retiennent.*

*Un fiffre en frenaisons*

*Est plus fort que deux qui en viennent.*

*Not Orisons nor Patrenotres*

*Shall ever disorder my Brain.*

*One Cader, to the Field as he flutters,*  
*Is worth two when they end the*  
*Campaign.*

That which prompteth me to that Opinion, is, that the Vine-Planters did seldom eat of the Grapes, or drink of the Wine of their Labour, till the first year was wholly elapsed: During all which time also the Builders did hardly inhabit their new structured Dwelling places, for fear of dying suffocated through want of Respiration; as *Galen* hath most learnedly remarked, in the Second Book of the *Difficulty of Breathing*. Under favour, Sir, I have not asked this Question without Cause causing, and Reason truly very ratiocinant. Be not offended I pray you.

CHAP.



## C H A P. VII.

*How Panurge had a Flea in his Ear,  
and forbore to wear any longer his  
magnificent Codpiece.*

PAnurge the day thereafter, caused pierce his right Ear, after the *Pewish* Fashion, and thereto clasped a little Gold Ring, of a Fearnly-like kind of Workmanship, in the Beazil or Collet whereof was set and inchased a *Flea*; and to the end you may be rid of all Doubts, you are to know that the Flea was black. O what a brave thing it is, in every case and circumstance of a matter, to be thoroughly well informed! The Sum of the Expence hereof, being cast up, brought in, and laid down upon his Council-board Carpet, was found to amount to no more quarterly than the Charge of the Nuptials of a *Hircanian Tigress*; even as you would say 600000 *Maravedis*. At these vast Costs and excessive Disbursements, as soon as he perceived himself to be out of Debt, he fretted much; and afterwards,



wards, as Tyrants and Lawyers use to do, he nourish'd and fed her with the Sweat and Blood of his Subjects and Clients.

He then took four *French* Ells of a course brown Russet Cloth, and therein apprelling himself, as with a long, plain-seemed and single-fitched Gown, left off the wearing of his Breeches, and tied a pair of Spectacles to his Cap. In this Equipage did he present himself before *Pantagruel*; to whom this Disguise appeared the more strange, that he did not, as before, see that goodly, fair and stately Cod-piece, which was the sole Anchor of Hope, wherein he was wonted to rely, and last Refuge he had 'midst all the Waves and boysterous Billows, which a stormy Cloud in a cross Fortune would raise up against him. Honest *Pantagruel*, not understanding the Mystery, asked him by way of interrogatory, what he did intend to personate in that new-fangled *Prosopopeia*? I have (answered *Panturge*) a Flea in mine Ear, and have a mind to marry. In a good time (quoth *Pantagruel*) you have told me joyful Tidings; yet would not I hold a red hot Iron in my hand for all the Gladness of them. But it is not the fashion of Lovers to be accoutred in such dangling Vestments, so as to have their Shirts flapping down over their

their Knees, without Breeches, and with a long Robe of a dark brown mingled Hue, which is a Colour never used, in *Tartarian* Garments amongst any Persons of Honour, Quality or Vertue. If some *Heretical* Persons and Schismatical Sectaries have at any time formerly been so arrayed and cloathed, (though many have imputed such a kind of Dress to Cosenage, Cheat, Imposture, and an Affectation of Tyranny upon credulous Minds of the rude Multitude) I will nevertheless not blame them for it, nor in that point judge rashly or sinistrously of them; every one overflowingly aboundeth in his own Sense and Fancy: Yea, in things of a Foreign Consideration, altogether extrinsical and indifferent, which in and of themselves are neither commendable nor bad, because they proceed not from the Interior of the Thoughts and Heart, which is the Shop of all Good and Evil. Of Goodness, if it be upright, and that its Affections be regulated by the pure and clean Spirit of Righteousness; and on the other side, of Wickedness, if its Inclinations, straying beyond the bounds of Equity be corrupted and depraved by the Malice and Suggestions of the Devil. It is only the Noveky and new-fangledness thereof which I dislike, together with the Con-tempt.

tempt of common Custom, and the Fashion which is in use.

The Colour (answered *Panurge*) is convenient, for it is conform to that of my Council-Board Carpet, therefore will I henceforth hold me with it, and more narrowly and circumspectly than ever hitherto I have done, look to my Affairs and Business. Seeing I am once out of *Debt*, you never yet saw Man more unpleasing then I will be, if God help me not. Lo here be my Spectacles. To see me afar off, you would readily say, that it were Eryar *Burges*, I believe certainly, that in the next ensuing Year, I shall once more preach the *Croisade*, *Bounce Buckram*. Do you see this *Ruffet*? doubt not but there lurketh under it some hid Property and occult Vertue, known to very few in the World. I did not take it on before this Morning, and nevertheless, am already in a rage of Lust, mad after a Wife, and vehemently hot upon untying the Codpiece-point, I itch, I tingle, I wriggle, and long exceedingly to be married; that without the danger of Cudgel-blows, I may labour my Female Copes-mate with the hard push of a Bull-horned Devil. O the provident and thrifty Husband that I then will be! After my Death, with all Honour and Respect due to my Frugality,

will

will they burn the Sacred Bulk of my Body, of purpose to preserve the Ashes thereof, in memory of the choicest Pattern that ever was, of a perfectly wary, and compleat Housholder. Cops-body, this is not the Carpet whereon my Treasurer shall be allowed to play false in his Accounts with me, by setting down an X for an V, or an L for an S; for in that case, should I make a hail of Fisti-cuffs to fly into his face. Look upon me (Sir) both before and behind, it is made after the manner of a *Toge*, which was the ancient fashion of the *Romans* in time of Peace. I took the Mode, Shape, and Form thereof in *Trajan's Column* at *Rome*, as also in the Triumphant Arch of *Septimus Severus*. I am tired of the Wars, weary of wearing Buff-coats, Cassocks, and Hoquetons. My Shoulders are pitifully worn, and bruised with the carrying of Harness; let Armour cease, and the Long Robe bear sway: at least it must be so for the whole space of the succeeding Years. If I be married as yesterday, by the *Mosaick* Law, you evidenced, in what concerneth the Breeches: my great Aunt *Laurence* did long ago tell me, that the Breeches were only ordained for the use of the Codpiece, and to no other end; which I, upon a no less forcible consequence, give Credit to,

every

every whit as well, as to, the Saying of the fine Fellow *Galen*, who in his Ninth Book *Of the Use, and Employment of our Members*, alledgeth, That the *Head was made for the Eyes*: for Nature might have placed our Heads in our Knees or Elbows, but having before-hand determined that the Eyes should serve to discover things from afar, she for the better enabling them to execute their designed Office, fixed them in the Head (as on the top of a long Pole) in the most eminent part of all the Body: no otherwise then we see the *Phares*, or high Towers erected in the Mouths of Havens, that Navigators may the farther off perceive with ease the Lights of the nightly Fires and Lanterns. And because I would gladly, for some short while (a Year at least) take a little rest and breathing time from the toylsome Labour of the Military Profession; that is to say, be married, I have desisted from wearing any more a Codpiece, and consequently have laid aside my Breeches: for the Codpiece is the principal and most especial Piece of Armour that a Warriour doth carry; and therefore do I maintain even to the Fire (exclusively, understand you me) that no *Turks* can properly be said to be armed Men, in regard that Codpieces are by their Law forbidden to be worn.



C H A P. VIII.

*Why the Codpiece is held to be the chief piece of Armour amongst Warriors.*

**W**ill you maintain (quoth *Pantagruel*) that the Codpiece is the chief piece of a Military Harness? It is a new kind of Doctrine very paradoxical: for we say at Spurs begins the arming of a Man. Sir, I maintain it, (answered *Panurge*) and not wrongfully do I maintain it. Behold how Nature having a fervent desire after its Production of Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Herbs, Sponges, and plant Animals, to eternize, and continue them unto all Succession of Ages (in their several Kinds, or Sorts at least, although the Individuals perish) unruinable, and in an everlasting Being, hath most curiously armed and fenced their Buds, Sprouts, Shoots, and Seeds, wherein the above-mentioned perpetuity consisteth, by strengthening, covering, guarding, and fortifying them with an admirable Industry, with Husks, Cases, Scurfs, and Swads, Hulls,



Hulls, Cods, Stones, Films, Cartels, Shells, Ears, Rinds, Barks, Skins, Ridges, and Prickles, which serve them instead of strong, fair, and *natural* Codpieces : as is manifestly apparent in Pease, Beans, Favales, Pomegranates, Peaches, Cottons, Gourds, Pumpions, Melons, Corn, Lemons, Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts, and Chestnuts ; as likewise in all Plants, Slips, or Sets whatsoever, wherein it is plainly and evidently seen, that the *Sperm* and *Semene* is more closely veiled, overshadowed, corroborated, and thoroughly harnessed than any other part, portion, or parcel of the whole.

Nature nevertheless did not after that manner provide for the sempiternizing of Human Race : but on the contrary created Man naked, tender, and frail, without either offensive or defensive Arms ; and that in the Estate of Innocence, in the first Age of all, which was the Golden Season ; not as a Plant, but living Creature, born for Peace, not War, and brought forth into the World with an unquestionable Right and Title to the plenary fruition and enjoyment of all Fruits and Vegetables ; as also to a certain calm and gentle Rule and Dominion over all Kinds of Beasts, Fowls, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects. Yet afterwards it hapning in the

time

time of the Iron Age, under the Reign of *Jupiter*, when to the multiplication of mischievous Actions, wickedness and malice began to take root and footing within the then perverted Hearts of Men, that the Earth began to bring forth Nettles, Thistles, Thorns, Bryars, and such other stubborn and rebellious Vegetables to the Nature of Man; nor scarce was there any Animal, which by a fatal disposition did not then revolt from him, and tacitly conspire, and covenant with one another to serve him no longer, (nor in case of their ability to resist) to do him any manner of Obedience, but rather (to the uttermost of their power) to annoy him with all the hurt and harm they could. The Man then, that he might maintain his primitive Right and Prerogative, and continue his Sway and Dominion over all, both Vegetable and Sensitive Creatures; and knowing of a truth, that he could not be well accommodated as he ought, without the servitude and subjection of several Animals, bethought himself, that of necessity he must needs put on Arms, and make provision of Harness against Wars and Violence. By the holy Saint *Babingoose*, (cried out *Pantagrue*) you are become, since the last Rain, a great *Lisre losre*, *Philosopher*, I should say. Take Notice, Sir,

Sir, (quoth *Panurge*) when Dame Nature had prompted him to his own Arming, what part of the Body it was, where, by her Inspiration, he clapped on the first Harnes: It was forsooth by the double pluck of my little Dog the *Ballock*, and good *Senor Don Priapos Stabo-stando*, which done, he was content, and sought no more. This is certified by the Testimony of the great Hebrew Captain Philosopher *Moyse*, who affirmeth, That he fenced that Member with a brave and gallant Codpiece, most exquisitely framed, and by right curious Devices of a notably pregnant Invention, made up and composed of *Fig-tree-leaves*, which by reason of their solid stiffness, incisory notches, curled frissing, sleeked smoothness, large ampleness, together with their colour, smell, vertue, and faculty, were exceeding proper, and fit for the covering and arming of the Sachels of Generation, the hideously big *Lorram Cullions* being from thence only excepted; which swaggring down to the lowermost bottom of the Breeches, cannot abide (for being quite out of all order and method) the stately fashion of the high and lofty Codpiece, as is manifest, by the Noble *Valentin Vignardiere*, whom I found at *Nancie*, on the First Day of *May* (the more flauntingly

to gallantrize it afterwards ) rubbing his Ballocks, spread out upon a Table after the manner of a *Spanish* Cloak. Wherefore it is, that none should henceforth say, who would not speak improperly, when any Country-Bumpkin hyeth to the Wars, *Have a care*, (my Roysters, of the *Wine-pot*, that is the Scull, but *have a care* (my Royster) of the *Milk-pot* ; that is, the Testicles. By the whole Rabble of the horned Fiends of Hell, the Head being cut off, that single Person only thereby dieth : but if the Ballocks be marred, the whole Race of Humane Kind would forthwith perish, and be lost for ever.

This was the motive which incited the goodly Writer *Galen*, *Lib. 1. De Spermate*, to aver with boldness, *That it were better* (that is to say, a less evil) *to have no Heart at all, than to be quite destitute of Genitories* : for there is laid up, conserved, and put in store, as in a Secessive Repository, and Sacred Warehouse, the *Semenæ*, and Original Source of the whole Off-spring of Mankind. Therefore would I be apt to believe, for less than a hundred Franks, that those are the very same Stones, by means whereof *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* restored the Humane Race, in peopling with Men and Women the World, which a little before that, had been drowned in

the overflowing Waves of a Poetical Deluge. This stirred up the valiant *Justinian*, L. I. 4. *De Cagotis tollendis*, to collocate his *Summum Bonum*, in *Braguibus*, & *Braguetis*. For this, and other Causes, the Lord *Humphry de Merville*, following of his King to a certain Warlike Expedition, whilst he was in trying upon his own Person a new Suit of Armour, for of his old rusty Harness he could make no more use, by reason that some few Years since, the Skin of his Belly was a great way removed from his Kidneys, his Lady thereupon in the profound musing of a contemplative Spirit, very maturely considering that he had but small care of the Staff of Love, and Packet of Marriage, seeing he did no otherways arm that part of the Body, then with Links of Mail, advised him to shield, fence, and gabionate it with a big tilting Helmet, which she had lying in her Closet, to her otherways utterly unprofitable. On this Lady was penned these subsequent Verses; which are extant in the Third Book of the *Shitbrana* of paultry Wenches.

*When Yoland saw her Spouse, equipt for  
Fight,*

*And, save the Codpiece, all in Armour  
dight,*

*My Dear, she cry'd, Why, pray, of all  
the rest*

*Is that expos'd, you know I love the best?*

*Was she to blame for an ill-manag'd fear?*

*Or rather pious, conscionable Care:*

*Wise Lady, She! in burly-burly Fight,*

*Can any tell where random Blows may  
bit?*

Leave off then (Sir) from being astonish-  
ed, and wonder no more at this new  
manner of decking and trimming up of  
my self as you now see me.

D 2

CHAP.



## C H A P. IX .

*How Panurge asketh Counsel of Pantagruel whether he should marry, Yea, or No.*

**T**O this *Pantagruel* replying nothing, *Panurge* prosecuted the Discourse he had already broached, and therewithal fetching, as far from the bottom of his Heart, a very deep sigh, said, My Lord and Master, you have heard the Design I am upon, which is to marry, if by some disastrous mischance, all the Holes in the World be not shut up, stopped, closed, and bush'd. I humbly beseech you for the Affection which of a long time you have born me, to give me your best Advice therein. Then (answered *Pantagruel*) seeing you have so decreed, taken deliberation thereon, and that the matter is fully determined, what need is there of any further Talk thereof, but forthwith to put it into execution what you have resolved. Yea, but (quoth *Panurge*) I would be loath to act any thing therein without your Counsel  
had

had thereto. It is my Judgment also (quoth *Pantagruel*) and I advise you to it. Nevertheless (quoth *Panurge*) if I understood aright that it were much better for me to remain a Batchellor as I am, than to run headlong upon new hair-brain'd Undertakings of Conjugal Adventure, I would rather choose not to marry, quoth *Pantagruel*. Then do not marry. Yea, but (quoth *Panurge*) would you have me so solitarily drive out the whole Course of my Life, without the Comfort of a Matrimonial Consort? You know it is written, *Vix soli*, and a single Person is never seen to reap the Joy and Solace that is found with married Folks. Then marry, in the Name of God, quoth *Pantagruel*. But if (quoth *Panurge*) my Wife should make me a Cuckold; as it is not unknown unto you, how this hath been a very plentiful Year in the production of that kind of Cattel; I would fly out, and grow impatient, beyond all measure and mean. I love Cuckolds with my Heart, for they seem unto me to be of a right honest Conversation, and I, truly, do very willingly frequent their Company: but should I die for it, I would not be one of their number, that is a Point for me of a two-fold prickling Point. Then do not marry (quoth *Pantagruel*) for without all controversie, this

Sentence of *Seneca* is infallibly true, *What thou to others shalt have done, others will do the like to thee.* Do you (quoth *Panurge*) aver that without all exceptions? Yes, truly, (quoth *Pantagruel*) without all exception. Ho, ho (says *Panurge*) by the Wrath of a little Devil, his meaning is, either *in this World*, or *in the other*, which *is to come*. Yet seeing I can no more want a Wife, then a blind Man his Staff, the Funnel must be in agitation, without which manner of Occupation I cannot live. Were it not a great deal better for me to apply and associate my self to some one honest, lovely, and vertuous Woman, then (as I do) by a new change of Females every Day, run a hazard of being Bastinadoed, or (which is worse) of the Great Pox, if not of both together: For never (be it spoken, by their Husbands leave and favour) had I enjoyment yet of an honest Woman. Marry then in God's Name, quoth *Pantagruel*. But if (quoth *Panurge*) it were the Will of God, and that my Destiny did unluckily lead me to marry an honest Woman who should beat me, I would be stor'd with more than two third parts of the Patience of *Job*, if I were not stark mad by it, and quite distracted with such rugged Dealings: for

it hath been told me, that those exceeding honest Women have ordinarily very wicked Head-pieces; therefore is it that their Family lacketh not for good Vinegar. Yet in that case should it go worse with me, if I did not then in such sort bang her Back and Breast, so thumpingly bethwack her Gilets, to wit, her Arms, Legs, Head, Lights, Liver, and Milt, with her other Intrails, and mangle, jag, and slash her Coats, so after the Cross billet fashion, that the greatest Devil of Hell should wait at the Gate for the reception of her damned Soul. I could make a shift for this Year to wave such molestation and disquiet, and be content to lay aside that trouble, and not to be engaged in it.

Do not marry then, answered *Pantagruel*. Yea, but (quoth *Panurge*) considering the Condition wherein I now am, out of Debt and Unmarried; mark what I say, free from all Debt, in an ill hour (for were I deeply on the Score, my Creditors would be but too careful of my Paternity) but being quit, and not married, no Body will be so regardful of me, or carry towards me a Love like that which is said to be in a Conjugal Affection. And if by some mishap I should fall sick, I would be lookt to very waywardly.

The wife Man saith, *Where there is no Woman* (I mean the Mother of a Family, and Wife in the Union of a lawful Wedlock) *the Crazy and Diseased are in danger of being ill used, and of having much brabbling and strife about them*: as by clear Experience hath been made apparent in the Persons of Popes, Legates, Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Priests and Monks: but there, assure your self, you shall not find me. Marry then in the Name of God, answered *Pantagruel*. But if (quoth *Panurge*) being ill at ease, and possibly thro that Distemper, made unable to discharge the Matrimonial Duty that is incumbent to an active Husband, my Wife, impatient of that drooping Sickness, and faint Fits, of a pining Languishment, should abandon and prostitute herself to the Embraces of another Man, and not only then not help and assist me in my extremity and need, but withal flout at, and make sport of that my grievous Distress and Calamity; or peradventure, (which is worse) imbezzle my Goods, and steal from me, as I have seen it oftentimes besal unto the lot of many other Men, it were enough to undo me utterly, to fill brimfull the Cup of my Misfortune, and make me play the Mad-pate Reeks of *Bedlam*. Do not marry then (quoth *Pan-*



*Pantagruel*). Yea, but (saith *Panurge*) I shall never by any other means come to have lawful Sons and Daughters, in whom I may harbour some hope of perpetuating my Name and Arms, and to whom also I may leave and bequeath my Inheritances and purchased Goods, (of which latter sort you need not doubt, but that in some one or other of these Mornings, I will make a fair and goodly show.) that so I may chear up and make merry, when otherways I should be plunged into a pievish fullen Mood of pensive fullennesse, as I do perceive daily by the gentle and loving Carriage of your kind and gracious Father towards you; as all honest Folks use to do at their own Homes, and private Dwelling-houses. For being free from Debt, and yet not married, if casually I should fret and be angry, although the cause of my Grief and Displeasure were never so just, I am afraid instead of Consolation, that I should meet with nothing else but Scoffs, Frumps, Gibes, and Mocks at my disastrous Fortune. Marry then in the Name of God, quoth *Pantagruel*.



## C H A P. X.

*How Pantagruel representeth unto Panurge the difficulty of giving Advice in the matter of Marriage; and to that purpose mentioneth somewhat of the Homerick and Virgilian Lotteries.*

**Y**OUR Counsel (quoth Panurge) under your Correction and Favour, seemeth unto me not unlike to the Song of Gammer Yeabynay; it is full of Sarcasms, Mockqueries, bitter Taunts, nipping Bobs, derisive Quips, biting Jerks, and contradictory Iterations, the one part destroying the other. I know not (quoth Pantagruel); which of all my Answers to lay hold on; for your Proposals are so full of *ifs* and *buts*, that I can ground nothing on them, nor pitch upon any solid and positive Determination satisfactory to what is demanded by them. Are not you assured within your self of what you have a mind to? the chief and main point of the whole matter lieth there; all the rest

is meerly casual, and totally dependeth upon the fatal Disposition of the Heavens.

We see some so happy in the fortune of this Nuptial Encounter, that their Family shineth (as it were) with the radiant Effulgency of an Idea, Model or Representation of the Joys of Paradice; and perceive others again to be so unluckily match'd in the Conjugal Yoak, that those very basest of Devils, which tempt the Hermits that inhabit the Deserts of *Thebaida* and *Montserrat*, are not more miserable than they. It is therefore expedient, seeing you are resolv'd for once to take a trial of the state of Marriage, that, with shut Eyes, bowing your Head, and kissing the Ground, you put the business to a Venture, and give it a fair hazard in recommending the success of the residue to the disposal of Almighty God. It lieth not in my power to give you any other manner of Assurance, or otherways to certifie you of what shall ensue on this your Undertaking. Nevertheless (if it please you) this you may do, Bring hither *Virgil's* Poems, that after having opened the Book, and without Fingers sever'd the Leaves thereof three several times, we may, according to the number agreed upon betwixt our selves, explore

plore the future Hap of your intended Marriage: For frequently, by a *Homerick* Lottery, have many hit upon their Destinies; as is testified in the Person of *Socrates*, who, whilst he was in Prison, hearing the Recitation of this Verse of *Homer* said of *Achilles*, in the Ninth of the *Iliads*,

Ἥματι κεν τεῖσ' αἴω φθίνω εἰβυλων ἰκούμεν.

*We, the third day, to fertile Pthia came.*

Thereby foresaw that on the third subsequent day he was to die: Of the truth whereof he assured *Aschines*, as *Plato*, in *Critone*; *Cicero*, in *primo de Divinatione*; *Diogenes Laertius*, and others, have to the full recorded in their Works. The like is also witnessed by *Opilius Macrinus*, to whom, being desirous to know if he should be the *Roman* Emperor, befell, by chance of Lot, this Sentence in the eighth of the *Iliads*,

ὦ γέρον ἢ μάλα δὴ σε δέοι τρίγου μαχήλαι,  
Σὴ δέ τίμιν λελυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάζει.

*Dotard, new Warriours urge thee to be gone.  
Thy Life decays, and old Age weighs thee down.*

In

In Fact, he being then somewhat Ancient, had hardly enjoyed the Sovereignty of the Empire for the space of Fourteen Months, when by *Heliogabulus* (then both young and strong) he was disposess'd thereof, thrust out of all, and killed. *Brutus* also doth bear witness of another Experiment of this nature, who willing, through this exploratory way by Lot, to learn what the Event and Issue should be of the *Pharsalian* Battel, wherein he perished, he casually encountred on this Verse, said of *Patroclus* in the Sixteenth of the *Iliads*,

Ἄλλὰ με μοῖρ' ὅλον, καὶ λήϊός ἐκτανεν υἱός.

Fate, and Latona's Son have shot me dead.

And accordingly *Apollo* was the Field-word in the dreadful Day of that Fight. Divers notable things of old have likewise been foretold and known by casting of *Virgilian* Lots; yea, in matters of no less importance than the obtaining of the Roman Empire, as it happened to *Alexander Severus*, who trying his Fortune at the said kind of Lottery, did hit upon this Verse written in the Sixth of the *Aeneids*,

*Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento.*

*Know, Roman, that thy business is to  
Reign.*

He within very few years thereafter  
was effectually and in good earnest created  
and installed *Roman* Emperor. A seem-  
blable Story thereto is related of *Adrian*,  
who being highly perplexed within him-  
self, out of a longing Humour to know  
in what Accompt he was with the Em-  
peror *Trajan*, and how large the measure  
of that Affection was which he did bear  
unto him, had recourse after the manner  
above specified, to the *Maronian* Lottery,  
which by hap hazard tender'd him these  
Lines out of the Sixth of the *Aeneids*,

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis oliva  
Sacra ferens? nosco crines incanaq; mentis  
Regis Romani.*

*But who is he, conspicuous from afar,  
With Olive Boughs; that doth his Offerings  
bear?*

*By the white Hair and Beard I know him  
plain,  
The Roman King.*

Shortly

Shortly thereafter was he adopted by *Trajan*, and succeeded to him in the Empire. Moreover to the Lot of the praise-worthy Emperor *Claudius* befel this Line of *Virgil*, written in the Sixth of his *Aeneids*,

*Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit æstas,*

*Whilst the third Summer saw him Reign, a  
King  
In Latium.*

And in effect he did not Reign above two years. To the said *Claudian* also, enquiring concerning his Brother *Quintilius*, whom he proposed as a Colleague with himself in the Empire, hapned the Responce following in the sixth of the *Aeneids*,

*Ostendent terris hunc tantam fata.*

— *Whom Fate let us see,  
And would no longer suffer him to be.*

And it so fell out; for he was killed on the Seventeenth day after he had attained unto the management of the Imperial Charge. The very same Lot also, with the like misluck, did betide the Emperor  
*Gordian*.



Gordian the younger. To Claudius Albinus, being very sollicitous to understand somewhat of his future Adventures, did occur this Saying, which is written in the sixth of the *Aeneids*,

*Hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu  
Sistet Eques, &c.*

The Romans boyling with tumultuous rage,  
This Warriour shall the dangerous Storm  
assuage :

With Victories be the Carthaginian mawls,  
And with strong hand shall crush the Rebel  
Gauls.

Likeways when the Emperor D. Claudius, Aurelian's Predecessor, did with great eagerness research after the Fate to come of his Posterity, his hap was to alight on this Verse in the first of the *Aeneids*,

*Hic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempore pono.*

No bounds are to be set, no limits here.

Which was fulfilled by the goodly Genealogical Row of his Race. When Mr. Peter Amy did in like manner explore and make trial, if he should escape the Ambush of the *Hobgoblins*, who lay in wait  
all.

all-to-bemawl him, he fell upon this Verse  
in the third of the *Aeneids*,,

*Hugh fuge credules terras, fuge Littus arva-  
rum!*

*Ob flee the bloody Land, the wicked Shoar!*

Which Counfel he obeying, safe and found  
forthwith avoided all these Ambuscades.

Were it not to shun Prolixity, I could  
enumerate a thousand such like Adven-  
tures, which conform to the Dictate and  
Verdict of the Verse, have by that man-  
ner of Lot-casting encounter befallen to  
the curious Researchers of them. Do not  
you nevertheless imagine, lest you should  
be deluded, that I would upon this kind  
of Fortune flinging Proof infer an uncon-  
trolable, and not to be gainsaid Infallibility  
of Truth.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XI.

*How Pantagruel sheweth the Trial of ones Fortune by the throwing of Dice to be unlawful.*

**I**T would be sooner done (quoth *Panurge*) and more expeditely, if we should trie the matter at the chance of three fair Dice. (Quoth *Pantagruel*) that sort of *Lottery* is deceitful, abusive, illicitous, and exceedingly scandalous; never trust in it; the accursed Book of the *Recreation of Dice* was a great while ago excogitated in *Achaia* near *Bourre*, by that ancient Enemy to Mankind, the Infernal Calumniator, who before the Statue or Massive Image of the *Bourraick Hercules*, did of old, and doth in several places of the World as yet, make many simple Souls to err and fall into his Snares. You know how my Father *Gargantua* hath forbidden it over all his Kingdoms and Dominions, how he hath caused burn the Moulds and Draughts thereof, and altogether suppressed, abolished, driven forth and cast it out

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of the Land, as a most dangerous Plague and Infection to any well-polished State or Commonwealth. What I have told you of *Dice*, I say the same of the Play at *Cockall*. It is a Lottery of the like Guile and Deceitfulness; and therefore do not for convincing of me, alledge in opposition to this my Opinion, or bring in the Example of the fortunate Cast of *Teberinus*, within the Fountain of *Appona*, at the Oracle of *Gerion*. These are the baited Hooks by which the Devil attracts and draweth unto him the foolish Souls of silly People into eternal Perdition.

Nevertheless to satisfy your Humour in some measure, I am content you throw three *Dice* upon this Table, that according to the number of the Blots which shall happen to be cast up, we may hit upon a Verse of that Page, which in the setting open of the Book you shall have pitched upon.

Have you any *Dice* in your Pocket? A whole Bag full, answered *Panurge*, that is Provision against the Devil, as is expounded by *Merlin Coccajus*, Lib. 2. *De Patria Diabolorum*, the Devil would be sure to take me napping, and very much at un-awares, if he should find me without *Dice*. With this the three *Dice* being taken out, produced and thrown, they fell so pat  
u pon

upon the lower Points, that the Cast was *Five, Six and Five*. These are (quoth *Panurge*) *Sixteen* in all. Let us take the *Sixteenth* Line of the Page, the number pleaseth me very well; I hope we shall have a prosperous and happy Chance. May I be thrown amidst all the Devils of Hell, even as a great Bowl cast athwart at a Set of Nine Pins, or Cannon-ball shot among a Batalion of Foot, in case so many times I do not boult my future Wife the first Night of our Marriage. Of that, forsooth, I make no doubt at all: (quoth *Pantagruel*) You needed not to have rapped forth such a horrid Imprécation, the sooner to procure Credit for the Performance of so small a business, seeing possibly the first Bout will be *amiss*, and that you know is, usually at Tennis called *Fifteen*. At the next juggling Turn you may readily amend that Fault, and so compleat your Reckoning of *Sixteen*. Is it so (quoth *Panurge*) that you understand the matter? and must my Words be thus interpreted? Nay, believe me, never yet was any *Solecism* committed by that valiant Champion, who often hath for me in *Belly-dale* stood Centry at the *Hypogastrian* Crany. Did you ever hitherto find me in the Confraternity of the Faulty? Never, I trow; never, nor ever shall, for ever and  
a day.

a day. I do the Feat like a goodly Friar, or Father Confessor without Default: And therein am I willing to be judged by the Players. He had no sooner spoke these Words, than the Works of *Virgil* were brought in: But before the Book was laid open, *Panurge* said to *Pantagruel*, My Heart, like the Furch of a Hart in Rut, doth beat within my Breast. Be pleased to feel and grope my Pulse a little on this Artery of my Left Arm; at its frequent Rise and Fall you would say that they swinge and belabour me after the manner of a Probationer posed, and put to a peremptory Trial in the Examination of his Sufficiency for the Discharge of the Learned Duty of a Graduate in some Eminent Degree in the Colledge of the *Sorbonists*.

But would not you hold it expedient, before we proceeded any further, that we should invoke *Hercules* and the *Tenitian* Goddeffes, who in the Chamber of Lots are said to Rule, sit in Judgment, and bear a Presidential Sway? Neither him nor them, (answered *Pantagruel*) only open up the Leaves of the Book with your Fingers, and set your Nails awork.



## C H A P. XII.

*How Pantagruel doth explore by the Virgilian Lottery what Fortune Panurge shall have in his Marriage.*

**T**Hen at the opening of the Book in the Sixteenth Row of the Lines of the disclosed Page, did Panurge encounter upon this following Verse :

*Nec Deus hunc mensa Dea nec Dignatus  
cubili est.*

*The God him from his Table banished,  
Nor would the Goddess have him in her  
Bed.*

This Response (quoth Pantagruel) maketh not very much for your benefit or advantage : for it plainly signifies and denoteth, that your Wife shall be a Strumpet, and your self by consequence a Cuckold ; the Goddess, whom you shall not find propitious nor favourable unto you, is *Minerva*, a most redoubtable and dreadful

ful Virgin, a powerful and fulminating Goddess, an Enemy to Cuckolds, and effeminate Youngsters, to Cuckold-makers and Adulterers: the God is *Jupiter*, a terrible and Thunder-striking God from Heaven; and withal, it is to be remarked, that conform to the Doctrine of the ancient *Hetrurians*, the *Manubes* (for so did they call the darting Hurls, or slinging Casts of the *Vulcanian Thunderbolts*) did only appertain to her, and to *Jupiter* her Father Capital. This was verified in the Conflagration of the Ships of *Ajax Oileus*, nor doth this fulminating Power belong to any other of the *Olympick* Gods; Men therefore stand not in such fear of them. Moreover, I will tell you, and you may take it as extracted out of the profoundest Mysteries of Mythology, that when the Giants had enterprized the waging of a War against the Power of the Cœlestial Orbs, the Gods at first did laugh at those Attempts, and scorn'd such despicable Enemies, who were in their conceit, not strong enough to cope in Feats of Warfare with their Pages: but when they saw by the Gigantine labour the high Hill *Pelion* set on lofty *Ossa*, and that the Mount *Olympus* was made shake to be erected on the top of both.

Then

Then was it that *Jupiter* held a Parliament, or General Convention, wherein it was unanimously resolved upon, and condescended to by all the Gods, that they should worthily and valiantly stand to their Defence. And because they had often seen Battles lost by the cumbersome lets and disturbing incumbrances of Women, confusedly hudled in amongst Armies, it was at that time Decreed and Enacted, That they should expel and drive out of Heaven into *Egypt*, and the Confines of *Nile*, that whole Crue of Goddeses disguised in the shapes of Weezils, Polcats, Bats, Shrew-Mice, Ferrets, Fulmar's, and other such like odd Transformations, only *Minerva* was reserved to participate with *Jupiter* in the horrick fulminating Power; as being the Goddes both of War and Learning, of Arts and Arms, of Counsel and Dispatch; a Goddes armed from her Birth, a Goddes dreaded in Heaven, in the Air, by Sea and Land. By the *Belly of Saint Buff* (quoth *Panurge*) should I be *Vulcan*, whom the Poet blazons! Nay, I am neither a Cripple, Coyner of false Money, nor Smith as he was.

My Wife possibly will be as comely and handsome as ever was his *Venus*, but not a Whore like her, nor I a Cuckold like him.

The

The crook-leg'd slovenly Slave, made himself to be declared a Cuckold by a definitive Sentence, and Judgment, in the open view of all the Gods: for this cause ought you to interpret the aforementioned Verse quite contrary to what you have said. This Lot importeth, that my Wife will be honest, vertuous, chaste, loyal, and faithful; not armed, furlly, waiwand, cross, giddy, humorous, heady, hallo brain'd, or extracted out of the Brains, as was the Goddess *Pallas*: nor shall this jolly *Jupiter* be my Corrivall, he shall never dip his Bread in my Broath, though we should sit together at one Table.

Consider his Exploits and gallant Actions, he was the manifest Ruffian, Wench, Whoremonger, and most infamous Cuckold-maker that ever breathed: he did always lecher it like a Boar, and no wonder, for he was foster'd by a Sow in the Isle of *Candia*, (if *Agathocles* the *Babylonian* be not a Lyar) and more raminishly lascivious then a Buck, whence it is that he is said by others, to have been suckled and fed with the Milk of the *Alma-bean* Goat. By the vertue of *Atcheton*, he jussed, bulled, and lastaurated in one day the third part of the World, Beasts and People, Floods and Mountains, that was *Europa*.

E

For

For this grand subagitary Archievement, the *Animonians* caused, draw, delineate, and paint him in the figure and shape of a *Ram*, ramming, and horned *Ram*. But I know well enough how to shield and preserve my self from that horned Champion: he will not, trust me, have to deal in my Person, with a sottish, dunfical *Amphytrion*; nor with a silly witless *Argus*, for all his hundred Spectacles; nor yet with the cowardly Meacock *Arifius*; the simple Goosecap *Lyrus* of *Thebes*; the doating Blockhead *Agenor*; the flegmatick Pea-Goose *Aesop*; rough-footed *Lycaon*; the luskish mishapen *Conytus* of *Tuscany*; nor with the large back'd and strong roined *Atlas*: let him alter, change, transform, and metamorphose himself into a hundred various shapes and figures; into a Swan, a Bull, a Satyr, a Showre of Gold, or into a Cuckow, as he did when he unmaiden'd his Sister *Juno*; into an Eagle, Ram, or Dove, as when he was enamoured of the Virgin *Pothia*, who then dwelt in the *Agean* Territory; into Fire, a Serpent; yea, even into a Flea, into *Epicurian* and *Democratical Atomes*, or more *Magistronostrally*, into those fly Intentions of the Mind, which in the Schools are called *Second Nations*, I'll catch him in the nick, and take him napping.

And



And would you know what I would do unto him, even that which to his Father *Cæsum*, *Saturn* did, (*Seneca* foretold it of me, and *Lactantius* hath confirmed it) what the Goddess *Rhea* did to *Ashis*; I would make him two Stone lighter, rid him of his *Cyprian* Cimbals, and cut so close and neatly by the Breech, that there should not remain thereof so much as one——, so clearly would I shave him; and disable him for ever from being Pope; for *Testiculos non habet*. Hold there, said *Pantagruel*, *Hoc*, soft and fair (my Lady) enough of that, cast up, turn over the Leaves, and try your Fortune for the second time. Then did he fall upon this ensuing Verse.

*Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine  
sanguis.*

*His Joints and Members quake, he becomes  
pale,*

*And sudden Fear doth his cold Blood congeal.*

This importeth (quoth *Pantagruel*) that she will soundly bang your Back and Belly. Clean and quite contrary (answered *Panurge*) it is of me that he prognosticates, in saying that I will beat her like a Tyger, if she vex me. Sir *Martin*



*Wagstaff* will perform that Office, and in default of a Cudgel, the Devil gulp him, if I should not eat her up quick, as *Candaul* the *Lydian* King did his Wife, whom he ravened and devoured.

You are very stout, says *Pantagruel*, and couragious, *Hercules* himself durst hardly adventure to scuffle with you in this your raging Fury : nor is it strange ; for the *Jan* is worth two and two in fight against *Hercules* are too too strong. Am I a *Jan* ? quoth *Panurge*. No, no, ( answered *Pantagruel* ) my Mind was only running upon the lurch and tricktrack. Thereafter did he hit, at the third opening of the Book, upon this Verse.

*Femineo Præda, & spoliolum ardebat  
amore.*

*After the Spoil and Pillage (as in Fire)  
He burnt with a strong Feminine Desire.*

This portendeth ( quoth *Pantagruel* ) that she will steal your Goods, and rob you. Hence this, according to these three drawn Lots, will be your future Destiny, (I clearly see it) you will be a Cuckold, you will be beaten, and you will be robbed. Nay, it is quite otherways, (quoth *Panurge*) for it is certain that this Verse  
pre-

presageth, that she will love me with a perfect liking : nor did the Satyr-writing Poet lye in proof hereof, when he affirmed, That a *Woman burning with extream Affection*, takes sometimes pleasure to steal from her *Sweetheart*: And what I pray you ? a Glove, a Point, or some such trifling Toy of no importance, to make him keep a gentle kind of stirring in the research and quest thereof : in like manner these small scolding Debates, and petty brabbling Contentions, which frequently we see spring up, and for a certain space boyl very hot betwixt a couple of high-spirited Lovers, are nothing else but recreative Diversions for their refreshment, spurs to, and incentives of a more fervent Amity than ever. As for example : We do sometimes see Cutlers with Hammers mawl their finest Whetstones, therewith to sharpen their Iron Tools the better.

And therefore do I think, that these three Lots make much for my advantage ; which if not, I from their Sentence totally appeal. There is no *appellation* (quoth *Pantagruel*) from the Decrees of Fate or Destiny, of Lot or Chance : as is recorded by our ancient Lawyers, witness *Baldus, Lib. ult. Cap. de Leg.* The reason hereof is, Fortune doth not acknowledge a Superiour, to whom an Appeal may be

made from her, or any of her Substitutes. And in this case the *Pupil* cannot be restored to his Right in full, as openly by the said Author is alledged in *Elait prætor, Paragrul. H. de minor.*

### CHAP. XIII.

*How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to try the future good or bad luck of his Marriage by Dreams.*

NOW seeing we cannot agree together in the manner of expounding or interpreting the Sense of the *Virgilian* Lots, let us bend our course another way, and try a new sort of *Divination*. Of what kind? (asked *Panurge*.) Of a good Ancient and Authentick Fashion, (answered *Pantagruel*) it is by *Dreams*. For in Dreaming such Circumstances and Conditions being thereto adhibited, as are clearly enough described by *Hippocrates*, in *Lib. II. de insomniis*, by *Plato*, *Plutarch*, *Iamblicus*, *Sinesius*, *Aristotle*, *Xenophon*, *Galene*, *Plutarch*, *Artemidorus*, *Valdianus*, *Herophilus*, *G. Calaper*, *Theocritus*, *Pliny*, *Arbennus*.

*neus*, and others, the Soul doth often times foresee what is to come.

How true this is, you may conceive by a very vulgar and familiar Example; as when you see that at such a time as Suckling Babes, well nourished, fed and fostered with good Milk, sleep soundly and profoundly, the Nurses in the interim get leave to sport themselves, and are licentiated to recreate their Fancies at what Range to them shall seem most fitting and expedient; their Presence, Sedulity and Attendance on the Cradle being, during all that space, held unnecessary.

Even just so, when our Body is at rest, that the Concoction is every where accomplished, and that, till it awake, it lacks for nothing, our Soul delighteth to disport it self, and is well-pleased in that Frolick to take a review of its Native Country, which is the Heavens, where it receiveth a most notable Participation of its first beginning with an Imbuement from its Divine Source, and in Contemplation of that Infinite and Intellectual Sphere, whereof the Center is every where, and the Circumference in no place of the universal World, to wit, God, according to the Doctrine of *Hermes Trismegistus*, to whom no new thing hapneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and

unto whom all things are alike present, remarketh not only what is *preterit*, and gone in the inferiour Course and Agitation of sublunary matters, but withal taketh notice what is to come; then bringing a Relation of those future Events unto the Body by the outward Senses and exterior Organs, it is divulged abroad unto the hearing of others. Whereupon the Owner of that Soul deserveth to be termed a *Vaticinator*, or Prophet.

Nevertheless the truth is, that the Soul is seldom able to report those things in such Sincerity as it hath seen them, by reason of the Imperfection and Fruity of the Corporeal Senses, which obstruct the effectuating of that Office; even as the Moon doth not communicate unto this Earth of ours, that Light which she receiveth from the Sun with so much Splendor, Heat, Vigour, Purity and Liveliness as it was given her. Hence it is requisite for the better reading, explaining and unfolding of these *Somniatory Variations* and Predictions of that nature, that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational and peremptory Expounder or Interpreter be pitched upon, such a one as by the Greeks is called *Oniropolis*, or *Oniropolist*.

For this cause *Heraclitus* was wont to say, that nothing is by Dreams revealed to us, that nothing is by Dreams concealed from us, and that only we thereby have a mystical Signification and secret Evidence of things to come, either for own prosperous or unlucky Fortune, or for the favourable or disastrous Success of another. The Sacred Scriptures testify no less, and profane Histories assure us of it, in both which are exposed to our view a thousand several kinds of strange Adventures, which have befallen pat according to the nature of the Dream, and that as well to the Party Dreamer as to others. The *Atlantick* People, and those that inhabit the Land of *Thasos*, (one of the *Cyclades*) are of this grand Commodity deprived; for in their Countries none yet ever dreamed. Of this sort *Cleon* of *Daulia*, *Thrasymedes*; and in our days the Learned Frenchman *Villanovanus*, neither of all which knew what Dreaming was.

Fail not therefore to morrow, when the jolly and fair *Aurora* with her rose Fingers draweth aside the Curtains of the Night, to drive away the sable Shades of Darknes, to bend your Spirits wholly to the task of sleeping sound, and thereto apply your self. In the mean while you



must denude your Mind of every Humane Passion or Affection, such as are Love and Hatred, Fear and Hope ; for as of old the great Vaticinator, most famous and renowned Prophet *Proteus* was not able in his Disguise or Transformation into Fire, Water, a Tyger, a Dragon, and other such like uncouth Shapes and Visors to presage any thing that was to come, till he was restored to his own first natural and kindly Form. Just so doth Man; for at his reception of the Art of Divination, and Faculty of prognosticating future things, that part in him which is the most Divine, (to wit, the *vis*, or *Mens*) must be calm, peaceable, untroubled, quiet, still, hush, and not imbusied or distracted with Foreign, Soul-disturbing Preoccupations. I am content, (quoth *Pamurge*.) But I pray you, Sir, must I this Evening, ere I go to Bed, eat much or little ? I do not ask this without Cause : For if I sup not well, large, round and amply, my sleeping is not worth a forked Turnep ; all the Night long I then but doze and rave, and in my slumbering Fits talk idle Nonfence, my Thoughts being in a dull brown Study, and as deep in their Dumps as is my Belly hollow.

Not to sup (answered *Panlagruel*) were best for you, considering the state of your Complexion, and healthy Constitution of your Body. A certain very ancient Prophet named *Amphiarauus*, wished such as had a mind by Dreams to be imbued with any Oracles, for Four and Twenty Hours to taste no Victuals, and to abstain from Wine three days together; yet shall not you be put to such a sharp, hard, rigorous and extream sparing Diet.

I am truly right apt to believe, that a Man whose Stomach is repleat with various Cheer, and in a manner surfeited with drinking, is hardly able to conceive aright of Spiritual things; yet am not I of the Opinion of those, who after long and pertinacious Fastings, think by such means to enter more profoundly into the Speculation of Celestial Mysteries. You may very well remember how my Father *Gargantua*, (whom here for Honour sake I name) hath often told us, that the Writings of abstinent, abstemious, and long-fasting *Hermits*, were every whit as saltless, dry, jejune and insipid, as were there Bodies when they did compose them. It is a most difficult thing for the Spirits to be in a good plight, serene and lively, when there is nothing in the Body but a kind of Voidness and Inanity: Seeing  
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the Philosophers with the Physicians jointly affirm, that the Spirits which are styled *Animal*, spring from, and have their constant practice in, and through the *Arterial Blood*, refin'd and purify'd to the Life within the *admirable Nerve*, which wonderfully framed lieth under the *Ventricles* and *Tunnels* of the Brain. He gave us also the Example of the Philosopher, who, when he thought most seriously to have withdrawn himself unto a solitary Privacy, far from the ruffling chuttermens of the tumultuous and confused World, the better to improve his *Theory*, to contrive, comment and ratiocinate, was, notwithstanding his uttermost endeavours to free himself from all untoward noises, surrounded and environ'd about so with the barking of Currs, bawling of Mastiffs, bleating of Sheep, prating of Parrets, tatling of Jackdaws, grunting of Swine, grinning of Boars, yelping of Foxes, mewing of Cats, cheeping of Mice, squeaking of Weasils, croaking of Frogs, crowing of Cocks, keeling of Hens, calling of Partridges, chanting of Swans, chattering of Jays, peeping of Chickens, singing of Larks, creaking of Geese, chirping of Swallows, clucking of Moorfowls, cucking of Cuckows, humming of Bees, rammage of Hawks, chipping of Linots, croaking of Ravens,

Ravens, screeching of Owls, whickling of Pigs, gushing of Hogs, curring of Pigeons, grumbling of Culther-doves, howling of Panthers, cuckling of Quails, chirping of Sparrows, crackling of Crows, nuzzing of Camels, wheening of Whelps, buzzing of Dromedaries, mumbling of Rabets, cricking of Ferrets, humming of Wasps, mioling of Tygers, bruizing of Bears, fuffing of Kitnings, clamring of Scarfes, whimpring of Fullmarts, boing of Buffalos, warbling of Nightingales, quavering of Meavises, drintling of Turkies, coniating of Storks, frantling of Peacocks, clattering of Mag-pyes, murmuring of Stock-doves, crouting of Cormorants, cigling of Locusts, charming of Beagles, guarring of Puppies, snarling of Messens, rantling of Rats, guerieting of Apes, fruttering of Monkeys, pioling of Pelicanes, quecking of Ducks, yelling of Wolves, roaring of Lions, neighing of Horses, crying of Elephants, hissing of Serpents, and wailing of Turtles; that he was much more troubled, than if he had been in the middle of the Crowd at the Fair of *Foxenby* or *Niort*.

Just so is it with those who are tormented with the grievous pangs of Hunger; the Stomach begins to gnaw, (and bark as it were) the Eyes to look dim, and the Veins

Veins, by greedily sucking some refection to themselves from the proper substance of all the Members of a Fleſhy Conſiſtence; violently pull down and draw back that vagrant, roaming Spirit, careleſs and neglecting of his Nurſe and natural Hoſt, which is the Body. As when a Hawk upon the Fiſt, willing to take her Flight by a ſoaring aloft into the open ſpacious Air, is on a ſudden drawn back by a Leath tied to her Feet.

To this purpoſe alſo did he alledge unto us the Authority of *Homer*, the Father of all Philoſophy, who ſaid, that the *Grecians* did not put an end to their mournful mood for the Death of *Patroclus*, the moſt intimate Friend of *Achilles*, till Hunger in a rage declared her ſelf; and their Bellies proteſted to furniſh no more Tears unto their Grief. For from Bodies emptied and macerated by long Faſting, there could not be ſuch ſupply of Moisture and brackiſh Drops, as might be proper on that occaſion.

Mediocrity at all times is commendable; nor in this caſe are you to abandon it. You may take a little Supper; but thereat muſt you not eat of a Hare, nor of any other Fleſh: You are likewiſe to abſtain from Beans, from the *Prank* (by ſome called the *Polyp*), alſo from Cole-  
worts,

worts, Cabbage, and all other such like windy Victuals, which may endanger the troubling of your Brains, and the dimming or casting a kind of Mist over your Animal Spirits: For as a Looking-glass cannot exhibit the Semblance or Representation of the Object set before it, and exposed, to have its Image to the life expressed, if that the polish'd sleekedness thereof be darken'd by gross Breathings, dampish Vapours, and foggy, thick, infectious Exhalations; even so the Fancy cannot well receive the impression of the likeness of those things, which *Divination* doth afford by Dreams, if any way the Body be annoyed or troubled with the fumes Steam of Meat, which it had taken in a while before; because betwixt these two there still hath been a mutual Sympathy and Fellow-feeling, of an indissolubly knit Affection. You shall eat good *Eusebian* and Bergamot-Pears, one Apple of the short-shank Pepin-kind, a parcel of the little Plums of *Tours*, and some few Chermies of the growth of my Orchard: Nor shall you need to fear, that thereupon will ensue doubtful Dreams, salacious, uncertain, and not to be trusted to, as by some *Peripatetick* Philosophers hath been related; for that, say they, Men do more copiously in the Season of Harvest



Harvest feed on Fruitages, then at any other time. The same is mystically taught us by the ancient Prophets and Poets, who alledge, *That all vain and deceitful Dreams lie hid and in covert, under the Leaves which are spread on the ground*: by reason that the Leaves fall from the Trees, in the Autumnal Quarter: for the natural fervour, which abounding in ripe, fresh, recent Fruits, cometh by the quickness of its ebullition, to be with ease evaporated into the Animal parts of the dreaming Person (the Experiment is obvious in *mast*) is a pretty while before it be expired, dissolved, and vanished. As for your Drink, you are to have it of the fair, pure Water of my Fountain.

The Condition (quoth Panurge) is very hard: nevertheless, cost what price it will, or whatsoever come of it, I heartily condescend thereto; protesting, that I shall to morrow break my Fast betimes, after my somniatory Exercitations; furthermore, I recommend my self to *Homer's* two Gates, to *Morpheus*, to *Nelox*, to *Phantassus*, and unto *Phabetor*. If they in this my great need succour me, and grant me that assistance which is fitting, I will, in honour of them all, erect a jolly, gentle Altar, composed of the softest Down. If I were now in *Laconia*, in the Temple of

*Juno*, betwixt *Oetile* and *Ibalamis*, she suddenly would disintangle my Perplexity, resolve me of my Doubts, and chear me up with fair and jovial Dreams in a deep Sleep. Then did he say thus unto *Pantagruel*: Sir, were it not expedient for my purpose, to put a Branch or two of curious *Laurel* betwixt the Quilt and Bolster of my Bed, under the Pillow on which my Head must lean? There is no need at all of that (quoth *Pantagruel*) for besides that it is a thing very superstitious, the Cheat thereof hath been at large discovered unto us, in the Writings of *Serapion*, *Ascalonites*, *Antiphon*, *Philochoerus*, *Artemon*, and *Fulgentius Placiades*. I could say as much to you of the Left Shoulder of a Crocodile, as also of a Camellion, without prejudice be it spoken to the Credit which is due to the Opinion of old *Democritus*; and likewise of the Stone of the *Bactrians*, called *Eumerites*, and of the *Hamonian Horn*: for so by the *Ethiopians* is termed a certain precious Stone, coloured like Gold, and in the fashion, shape, form, and proportion of a Ram's Horn, as the Horn of *Jupiter Hammon* is reported to have been: they over and above assuredly affirming, that the Dreams of those who carry it about them are no less veritable and infallible, than the Truth of the  
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Divine Oracles. Nor is this much unlike to what *Homer* and *Virgil* wrote of these two *Gates of Sleep*: to which you have been pleased to recommend the management of what you have in hand. The one is of *Ivory*, which setteth in confused, doubtful, and uncertain Dreams; for through *Ivory*, how small and slender it soever be, we can see nothing, the density, opacity, and close compactedness of its material parts, hindring the penetration of the visual Rays, and the reception of the Species of such things as are visible; the other is of *Horn*, at which an entry is made to sure and certain Dreams, even as through *Horn*, by reason of the diaphanous splendour, and bright transparency thereof, the Species of all Objects of the sight distinctly pass, and so without confusion appear, that they are clearly seen. Your meaning is, and you would thereby infer (quoth *Fryar John*) that the Dreams of all horned Cuckolds (of which number *Panurge*, by the help of God; and his future Wife, is without controversie to be one) are always true and infallible.

C H A P.

CHAP. XIV.

*Panurge's Dream, with the Interpretation thereof.*

AT Seven a Clock of the next following Morning, *Panurge* did not fail to present himself before *Pantagruel*, in whose Chamber were at that time *Epistemon*, *Fryar John of the Funnels*, *Panocrates*, *Eudemus*, *Carpalin*, and others, to whom, at the entry of *Panurge*, *Pantagruel* said, *Lo, here cometh our Dreamer*. That word (quoth *Epistemon*) in ancient times cost very much, and was dearly sold to the Children of *Jacob*. Then, said *Panurge*, I have been plunged into my dumps so deeply, as if I had been lodged with *Gaffer Noddy* cap: dreamed indeed I have, and that right lustily; but I could take a long with me no more thereof, that I did goodly understand, save only, that I in my Vision had a pretty, fair, young, gallant, handsome Woman, who no less lovingly and kindly treated and entertained me, hugg'd, cherish'd, cocker'd, dandled, and

and made much of me, as if I had been another neat dillidarling Minion, like *Adonis*: never was Man more glad then I was then, my joy at that time was incomparable; she flattred me, tickled me, stroaked me, groped me, frizled me, curled me, kissed me, embraced me, laid her Hands about my Neck, and now and then made jestingly, pretty little Horns above my Forehead: I told her in the like disport, as I did play the Fool with her, that she should rather place and fix them in a little below mine Eyes, that I might see the better what I should stick at, with them. for being so situated, *Momus* then would find no fault therewith, as he did once with the position of the Horns of Bulls. The wanton, toying Girl, notwithstanding any remonstrance of mine to the contrary, did always drive and thrust them farther in: yet thereby (which to me seemed wonderful) she did not do me any hurt at all. A little after, though I know not how, I thought I was transform'd into a *Tabor*, and she into a *Ghough*.

My sleeping there being interrupted, I awaked in a start, angry, displeased, perplexed, chafing, and very wroth. There have you a large Platter-full of Dreams, make thereupon good Chear, and, if you please,

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please, spare not to interpret them according to the Understanding which you may have in them. Come *Carpalin*, let us to Breakfast. To my sence and meaning, (quoth *Pantagruel*) if I have skill or knowledge in the Art of Divination by Dreams, your Wife will not really, and to the outward appearance of the World, plant, or set Horns, and stick them fast in your Forehead, after a visible manner, as Satyrs use to wear and carry them; but she will be so far from preserving herself Loyal in the discharge and observance of a Conjugal Duty, that on the contrary she will violate her plighted Faith, break her Marriage-Oath, infringe all Matrimonial Tyes, prostitute her Body to the Dalliance of other Men, and so make you a Cuckold. This point is clearly and manifestly explained and expounded by *Artemidorus*, just as I have related it. Nor will there be any metamorphosis, or transmutation made of you into a *Drum*, or *Tabor*, but you will surely be as soundly beaten as e're was *Tabor* at a merry Wedding: nor yet will she be changed into a *Chough*, but will steal from you, chiefly in the Night, as is the nature of that thievish Bird. Hereby may you perceive your *Dreams* to be in every jot conform and agreeable to the *Virgilian* Lots. A Cuckold you will be, Beaten  
and



and robbed. Then cryed out Father *John* with a loud Voice : He tells the truth ; upon my Conscience, thou wilt be a Cuckold, an honest one, I warrant thee ; O the brave Horns that will be born by thee ! Ha, ha, ha. Our good Master *De Cornilius*, God save thee, and shield thee ; Wilt thou be pleased to preach but two words of a Sermon to us, and I will go through the Parish-Church to gather up Alms for the poor.

You are (quoth *Panurge*) very far mistaken in your Interpretation ; for the matter is quite contrary to your sence thereof ; my Dream presageth, that I shall by Marriage be stored with plenty of all manner of Goods, the hornifying of me shewing, that I will possess a *Cornucopia*, that *Amalthæan* Horn, which is called, *The Horn of Abundance*, whereof the fruition did still portend the Wealth of the Enjoyer. You possibly will say, that they are rather like to be Satyrs Horns ; for you of these did make some mention. *Amen, Amen, Fiat fiat, ad differentiam papæ.* Thus shall I have my *Touch-her-bone* still ready ; my *Staff of Love* sempiternally in a good case, will, Satyr-like, be never toyled out ; a thing which all Men wish for, and send up their Prayers to that purpose, but such a thing as nevertheless is granted but to a few ; hence doth

doth it follow by a consequence as clear as the Sun-beams, that I will never be in the danger of being made a Cuckold, for the defect hereof is, *Causa sine qua non*; yea, the sole cause (as many think) of making Husbands Cuckolds. What makes poor scoundrel Rogues to beg (I pray you)? Is it not because they have not enough at home, wherewith to fill their Bellies, and their Poaks. What is it makes the Wolves to leave the Woods? Is it not the want of Flesh Meat. What maketh Women Whores? you understand me well enough. And herein may I very well submit my Opinion to the Judgment of learned Lawyers, Presidents, Counsellors, Advocates, Procurers, Attorneys, and other Glossers and Commentators on the venerable Rubrick, *De Frigidis, & maleficiatis*. You are in truth, Sir, as it seems to me (excuse my boldness if I have transgressed) in a most palpable and absurd Error, to attribute my Horns to Cuckoldry: *Diana* wears them on her Head after the manner of a *Gressant*, is she a *Cucquean* for that? How the Devil can she be cuckolded, who never yet was married? Speak somewhat more correctly, I beseech you, least she being offended, furnish you with a pair of Horns, shapen by the Pattern of those which she made for *Actæon*. The  
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goodly *Bacchus* also carries Horns; *Pan*, *Jupiter Hammon*, with a great many others, are they all Cuckolds? If *Jove* be a Cuckold, *Juno* is a Whore: this follows by the Figure *Metalepsis*. As to call a Child in the presence of his Father and Mother, a Bastard, or Whore's Son, is tacitly and under-board, no less than if he had said openly, the Father is a Cuckold, and his Wife a Punk. Let our Discourse come nearer to the purpose: The Horns that my Wife did make me are Horns of Abundance, planted and grafted in my Head for the increase and shooting up of all good things: this will I affirm for truth, upon my Word, and pawn my Faith and Credit both upon it; as for the rest, I will be no less joyful, frolick, glad, cheerful, merry, jolly, and game some then a well-bended *Tabor* in the Hands of a good Drummer, at a Nuptial Feast, still making a noise, still rowling, still buzzing and cracking. Believe me, Sir, in this consisteth none of my least good Fortune. And my Wife will be jocund, feat, companionate, quaint, dainty, trim, trick'd up, brisk, smirke and smug, even as a pretty little *Cornish Chough*: who will not believe this, let Hell or the Gallows be the Burden of his *Christmas Carol*.

I remark (quoth *Pantagruel*) the last point or particle which you did speak of, and having seriously conferred it with the first, find that at the beginning you were delighted with the sweetness of your Dream; but in the end and final closure of it, you startingly awaked, and on a sudden were forthwith vexed in Choler, and annoyed. Yea, (quoth *Panurge*) the reason of that was, because I had fasted too long. Flatter not your self (quoth *Pantagruel*) all will go to ruine: know for a certain truth, that every Sleep that endeth with a starting, and leaves the Person irksome, grieved, and fretting, doth either signifie a present evil, or otherways presageth, and portendeth a future imminent mishap. To signifie an Evil, that is to say, to shew some Sicknes hardly curable, a kind of pestilentious, or malignant Bile, Botch, or Sore, lying and lurking, hid, occult, and latent within the very Center of the Body, which many times doth by the means of Sleep (whose nature is to reinforce, and strengthen the Faculty and Vertue of Concoction) begin according to the Theorems of Physick to declare itself, and moves toward the outward Superficies. At this sad stirring is the Sleeper's rest and ease disturbed and broken, whereof the first feeling and

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stinging smart admonisheth, that he must patiently endure great pain and trouble, and thereunto provide some remedy : as when we say proverbially to incense Hornets, to move a stinking Puddle, and to awake a sleeping Lyon, instead of these more usual expressions, and of a more familiar and plain meaning, to provoke angry Persons, to make a thing the worse by meddling with it, and to irritate a testy cholerick Man when he is at quiet. On the other part, to presage or fore-tell an Evil, especially in what concerneth the Exploits of the Soul, in matter of *Somnial Divinations*, is as much to say, as that it giveth us to understand, that some dismal Fortune or Mischance is destinated and prepared for us, which shortly will not fail to come to pass. A clear and evident Example hereof is to be found in the Dream, and dreadful awaking of *Hecuba*, as likewise in that of *Euridice*, the Wife of *Orpheus*, (neither of which was sooner finished, saith *Cunius* ) but that incontinently thereafter they awaked in a start, and were affrighted horribly ; thereupon these Accidents ensued, *Hecuba* had her Husband *Priamus*, together with her Children, slain before her eyes, and saw then the Destruction of her Country ; and *Euridice* died speedily thereafter, in a most miserable manner.

manner. *Aneas* dreaming that he spoke to *Hector* a little after his Decease, did on a sudden in a great start awake, and was afraid; now hereupon did follow this event; *Troy* that same Night was spoil'd, sack'd, and burnt. At another time the same *Aneas*, dreaming that he saw his familiar *Geniuses* and *Penates*, in a ghastly fright and astonishment awaked, of which terrour and amazement the issue was, that the very next day subsequent, by a most horrible Tempest on the Sea, he was like to have perished, and been cast-away. Moreover, *Turnus* being prompted, instigated, and stirred up, by the fantastick Vision of an infernal Fury, to enter into a bloody War against *Aneas*, awaked in a start much troubled and disquieted in Spirit, in sequel whereof, after many notable and famous Routs, Defeats and Discomfitures in open Field, he came at last to be killed in a single Combat, by the said *Aneas*. A thousand other instances I could afford, if it were needful, of this matter. Whilst I relate these Stories of *Aneas*, remark the saying of *Flavius Pictor*, who faithfully averred, That nothing had at any time befallen unto, was done, or enterprized by him, whereof he preallably had not Notice, and beforehand fore seen it to the full, by sure Predictions, altogether founded on the Ora-



cles of *Somnial Divination*. To this there is no want of pregnant Reasons, no more then of Examples : for if Repose and Rest in Sleeping be a special Gift and Favour of the Gods, as is maintained by the Philosophers, and by the Poet attested in these Lines :

*Then Sleep, that heavenly Gift, came to refresh,*

*Of humane Labourers, the wearied Flesh.*

Such a Gift or Benefit can never finish or terminate in wrath and indignation, without portending some unlucky Fate, and most disastrous Fortune to ensue ; otherways it were a Molestation, and not an Ease ; a Scourge and not a Gift, at least, proceeding from the Gods above, but from the infernal Devils our Enemies, according to the common vulgar Saying.

Suppose the Lord, Father, or Master of a Family, sitting at a very sumptuous Dinner, furnished with all manner of good Cheer, and having at his entry to the Table his Appetite sharp set upon his Victuals, whereof there was great plenty, should be seen rise in a start, and on a sudden fling out of his Chair, abandoning his Meat, frightened, appalled, and in a horrid terrour, who should not know the cause

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hereof would wonder, and be astonished exceedingly : But what ? he heard his Male Servants cry, *Fire, fire, fire, fire* ; his Serving Maids and Woman yell, *Stop Thief, stop Thief* ; and all his Children shout as loud as ever they could, *Murder, O Murder, Murder*. Then was it not high time for him to leave his Banqueting, for application of a Remedy in hast, and to give speedy Order for succouring of his distressed Houshold. Truly, I remember, that the *Cabalists* and *Massorats*, Interpreters of the Sacred Scriptures, in treating how with verity one might judge of Evangelical Apparitions (because oftentimes the *Angel* of *Satan* is disguised and transfigured into an *Angel* of *Light*) said, That the difference of these two mainly did consist in this : the favourable and comforting *Angel* useth in his appearing unto Man at first to terrifie and hugely affright him ; but in the end he bringeth Consolation, leaveth the Person who hath seen him, joyful, well-pleased, fully content, and satisfied : on the other side, the *Angel* of Perdition, that wicked, devilish, and malignant Spirit, at his appearance unto any Person, in the beginning cheareth up the Heart of his Beholder, but at last forsakes him, and leaves him troubled, angry, and perplexed.

## CHAP. XV.

*Panurge's Excuse and Exposition of the  
Monastick Mystery concerning Pow-  
der'd Beef.*

**T**HE Lord save those who see, and  
do not hear, (quoth *Panurge*) I see  
you well enough, but know not what it  
is that you have said: the Hunger-starved  
Belly wanteth Ears: For lack of Victuals,  
before God, I roar, bray, yell and fume  
as in a furious Madness. I have perfor-  
med too hard a Task to day, an extrordi-  
nary Work indeed: He shall be craftier,  
and do far greater Wonders than ever did  
Mr. *Mush*, who shall be able any more this  
year to bring me on the Stage of Prepara-  
tion for a dreaming Verdict. Fy; not to  
sup at all, that is the Devil. Pox take  
that Fashion. Come Friar *John*, let us go  
break our Fast; for if I hit on such a  
round Refection in the morning, as will  
serve throughly to fill the Mill-hopper and  
Hogshide of my Stomach, and furnish it  
with Meat and Drink sufficient, then at a  
pinch,

pinch, as in the case of some extream necessity which presseth, I could make a shift that day to forbear Dining. But not to Sup: A Plague rot that base Custom, which is an Error offensive to Nature. That *Lady* made the Day for Exercise, to travel, work, wait on and labour in each his Negotiation and Employment; and that we may with the more Fervency and Ardour prosecute our business, she sets before us a clear burning Candle, to wit, the Suns Resplendency: And at Night, when she begins to take the Light from us, she thereby tacitly implies no less, than if she would have spoken thus unto us: *My Lads and Lasses*, all of you are good and honest Folks, you have wrought well to day, toiled and turmoiled enough, the Night approacheth, therefore cast off these moiling Cares of yours, desist from all your swinking painful Labours, and set your Minds how to refresh your Bodies in the renewing of their Vigour with good Bread, choice Wine, and store of wholesome Meats; then may you take some Sport and Recreation, and after that lie down and rest your selves, that you may strongly, nimbly, lustily, and with the more Alacrity to morrow attend on your Affairs as formerly:

Falconers in like manner, when they have fed their Hawks, will not suffer them to fly on a full Gorge, but let them on a Pearce abide a little, that they may rouse, bait, tour and soar the better. That good Pope, who was the first Instituter of Fasting, understood this well enough ; for he ordained that our *Fast* should reach but to the hour of *Noon* ; all the remainder of that day was at our disposure, freely to eat and feed at any time thereof. In ancient times there were but few that dined, as you would say, some Church-men, Monks and Canons ; for they have little other Occupation ; each day is a Festival unto them ; who diligently heed the Claustral Proverb, *De missa ad mensam*. They do not use to linger and defer their sitting down and placing of themselves at Table, only so long as they have a mind in waiting for the coming of the Abbot ; so they fell to without Ceremony, Terms or Conditions ; and every body supped, unless it were some vain, conceited, dreaming Doctard. Hence was a Supper called *Cena*, which sheweth that it is *common* to all sorts of People. Thou knowest it well, Friar *John*. Come let us go, my dear Friend, in the name of all the Devils of the Infernal Regions, let us go : The Gnawings of my Stomach, in this rage of Hunger, are so

so taring, that they make it bark like a  
 Mastiff. Let us throw some Bread and  
 Beef into his Throat to pacifie him, as  
 once the *Sibyl* did to *Cerberus*. Thou likest  
 best *Monastical Browes*, the prime, the  
 flower of the Pot. I am for the solid,  
 principal Verb that comes after: The  
 good brown Loaf, always accompany'd  
 with a round slice of the *Nine-lecture-*  
*pounded Labourer*. I know thy meaning,  
 (answered Friar *John*) this Metaphor is  
 extracted out of the *Claustal Kettle*; the  
*Labourer* is the Ox, that hath wrought  
 and done the Labour; after the fashion  
 of *Nine Lectures*, that is to say, most exqui-  
 sitely well and thoroughly boil'd. These holy  
 Religious Fathers, by a certain Cabalistic  
 Institution of the Ancients, not written,  
 but carefully by *Tradition* conveyed from  
 hand to hand, rising betimes to go to  
 Morning Prayers, were wont to flourish  
 that their matutinal Devotion with some  
 certain notable Preambles before their en-  
 try into the Church, *viz.* They dunged  
 in the Dungenies, pissed in the Pisseries,  
 spit in the Spitteries, melodiously coughed  
 in the Cougheries, and doted in their Do-  
 teries, that to the Divine Service they  
 might not bring any thing that was un-  
 clean or foul.



These things thus done, they very zealously made their repair to the *Holy Chapel*, (for so was, in their canting Language, termed the *Convent Kitchen*) where they with no small earnestness, had Care that the *Beef Pot* should be put on the Crook for the Breakfast of the Religious *Brothers* of our Lord and Saviour; and the Fire they would kindle under the Pot themselves. Now the *Matines* consisting of *Nine Lessons*, was so incumbent on them, that they must have risen the rather for the more expedite dispatching of them all. The sooner that they rose, the sharper was their Appetite, and the Barkings of their Stomachs, and the Gnawings increase in the like proportion, and consequently made these Godly Men thrice more a hungered and a thirst, than when their *Matines* were *hem'd* over only with three Lessons.

The more betimes they rose by the said Cabal, the sooner was the *Beef Pot* put on; the longer that the Beef was on the Fire, the better it was boiled; the more it boiled, it was the tenderer; the tenderer that it was, the less it troubled the Teeth, delighted more the Palats, less charged the Stomach, and nourished our good Religious Men the more substantially; which is the only end and prime intention

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tion of the first *Founders*, as appears by this, That *they eat not to live*, but *live to eat*, and in this World have nothing but their Life. Let us go, *Panurge*.

Now have I understood thee, (quoth *Panurge*) my Plushcod Friar, my Caballine and Claustal Ballock. I freely quit the Costs, Interest and Charges, seeing you have so egregiously commented upon the most especial Chapter of the *Culinary* and *Monastick Cabal*. Come along, my *Garpalin*, and you Friar *John*, my Leather-dresser: Good morrow to you all, my good Lords: I have dreamed too much to have so little. Let us go. *Panurge* had no sooner done speaking, than *Epistemon* with a loud Voice said these Words: It is a very ordinary and common thing amongst Men to conceive, foresee, know and presage the misfortune, bad luck or disaster of another; but to have the understanding, providence, knowledge and prediction of a Man's own mishap is very scarce and rare to be found any where. This is exceeding judiciously and prudently deciphered by *Esop* in his Apologues, who there affirmeth, That every Man in the World carrieth about his Neck a Waller, in the Fore-bag whereof were contained the Faults and Mischances of others, always exposed to his view

view and knowledge; and in the other Scrip thereof, which hangs behind, are kept the Bearers proper Transgressions, and inauspicious Adventures, at no time seen by him, nor thought upon, unless he be a person that hath a favourable Aspect from the Heavens.

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C H A P. XVI.

*How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to consult with the Sibyl of Panzoust.*

**A** Little while thereafter *Pantagruel* sent for *Panurge*, and said unto him, The Affection which I bear you being now inveterate, and settled in my Mind by a long continuance of time, prompteth me to the serious consideration of your Welfare and Profit; in order where-to remark what I have thought thereon: It hath been told me that at *Panzoust* near *Crouly*, dwelleth a very famous *Sibyl*, who is endowed with the skill of foretelling all things to come, Take *Epestimon* in your Company, repair towards her, and hear what she will say unto you. She is possi-

possibly (quoth *Epistemon*) she is some *Canidia*, *Sagane* or *Pythouisse*, either whereof with us is vulgarly called a *Witch*. I being the more easily induced to give Credit to the truth of this Character of her, that the place of her Abode is vilely stained with the abominable repute of abounding more with *Sorcerers* and *Witches* than ever did the Plains of *Thessaly*. I should not, to my thinking, go thither willingly, for that it seems to me a thing unwarrantable, and altogether forbidden in the Law of *Moyse*s. We are not *Jews*, (quoth *Pantagruel*) nor is it a matter judiciously confels'd by her, nor authentically proved by others that she is a *Witch*. Let us for the present suspend our Judgment, and defer till after your return from thence, the sisting and garbeling of those Niceries. Do we know but that she may be an Eleventh *Sibyl*, or a Second *Cassandra*? But although she were neither, and she did not merit the Name or Title of any of these Renowned Prophetesses, what Hazard, in the Name of God, do you run, by offering to talk and confer with her of the instant Perplexity and Perturbation of your Thoughts? Seeing especially (and which is most of all) she is in the Estimation of those that are acquainted with her, held to know more,  
and

and to be of a deeper reach of Understanding, than is either customary to the Country wherein she liveth, or to the Sex whereof she is. What hindrance, hurt or harm doth the laudable desire of Knowledge bring to any Man, were it from a Sot, a Pot, a Fool, a Stool, a Winter Mittam, a Truckle for a Pully, the Lid of a Goldsmiths Crucible, an Oil-Bottle, or old Slipper? You may remember to have read, or heard at least, that *Alexander* the Great, immediately after his having obtained a glorious Victory over the King *Darius* in *Arbeles*, refused in the Presence of the splendid and illustrious Courtiers that were about him, to give Audience to a poor certain despicable-like Fellow, who through the Soilications and Mediation of some of his Royal Attendants: was admitted humbly to beg that Grace and Favour of him: But sore did he repent, although in vain, a thousand and ten thousand times thereafter, the surly State which he then took upon him to the Denial of so just a Suit, the Grant whereof would have been worth unto him the value of a Brace of potent Cities. He was indeed Victorious in *Persia*, but withal so far distant from *Macedonia*, his Hereditary Kingdom, that the Joy of the one did not expel the extream Grief,

Grief, which through occasion of the other he had inwardly conceived; for not being able with all his Power to find or invent a convenient Mean and Expedient, how to get or come by the certainty of any News from thence; both by reason of the huge remoteness of the places from one to another, as also because of the impeditive Interposition of many great Rivers, the interjacent Obstacle of divers wild Deserts, and obstructive Interjection of sundry almost inaccessible Mountains. Whilst he was in this sad quandary and solicitous pensiveness, which, you may suppose, could not be of a small Vexation to him; considering that it was a matter of no great difficulty to run over his whole Native Soil, possess his Country, seize on his Kingdom, install a new King in the Throne, and plant thereon Foreign Colonies, long before he could come to have any Advertisment of it. For obviating the Jeopardy of so dreadful Inconveniency, and putting a fit Remedy thereto, a certain *Sydomian* Merchant of a low Stature, but high Fancy, very poor in shew, and to the outward appearance of little or no Account, having presented himself before him, went about to affirm and declare, that he had excogitated and hit upon a ready mean and way, by the which  
those



those of his Territories at home should come to the certain notice of his *Indian* Victories, and himself be perfectly informed of the state and condition of *Egypt* and *Macedonia* within less then five days. Whereupon the said *Alexander*, plunged into a fullen Animadvertency of mind, through his rash Opinion of the Improbability of performing a so strange and impossible-like Undertaking, dismissed the Merchant without giving ear to what he had to say, and villify'd him. What could it have cost him to hearken unto what the honest Man had invented and contrived for his good? What Detriment, Annoyance, Damage or Loss could he have undergone to listen to the Discovery of that Secret, which the good Fellow would have most willingly revealed unto him? Nature, I am perswaded, did not without a cause frame our Eyes open, putting there to no Gate at all, nor shutting them up with any manner of Inclosures, as she hath done unto the Tongue, the Eyes, and other such out-jetting parts of the Body: The Cause, as I imagine, is, to the end that every Day and every Night, and that continually, we may be ready to hear, and by a perpetual hearing apt to learn: For of all the Senses, it is the fittest for the reception of the knowledge  
of

of Arts, Sciences and Disciplines; and it may be, that Man was an Angel, (that is to say, a Messenger sent from God) as *Raphael* was to *Toby*. Too suddenly did he contemn, despise and misregard him; but too long thereafter, by an untimely and too late Repentance did he do Pennance for it. You say very well, (answered *Epistemon*) yet shall you never for all that induce me to believe, that it can tend any way to the Advantage or Commodity of a Man, to take Advice and Counsel of a Woman, namely, of such a Woman, and the Woman of such a Country. Truly I have found (quoth *Panurge*) a great deal of good in the Counsel of *Women*, chiefly in that of the Old Wives amongst them; who for every time I consult with them, I readily get a Stool or two extraordinary, to the great Solace of my Bum-gut passage. They are as Slothounds in the Infallibility of their Scent, and in their Sayings no less Sententious than the Rubricks of the Law. Therefore in my Conceit it is not an improper kind of Speech to call them *Sage* or *Wise Women*. In confirmation of which Opinion of mine, the customary style of my Language alloweth them the Denomination of *Presage Women*. The Epithet of *Sage* is due unto them, because they are surpassing dextrous.

trous in the knowledge of most things. And I give them the Title of *Presage*, for that they *Divinely* foresee, and certainly *foretel* future Contingencies, and Events of things to come. Sometimes I call them not *Maunettes*, but *Monettes*, from their wholsom Monitions. Whether it be so, ask *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*, *Empedocles*, and our Master *Ortuinus*. I furthermore praise and commend above the Skies the ancient memorable Institution of the pristine *Germans*, who ordained the Responses and Documents of *Old Women* to be highly extolled, most cordially revered, and prized at a rate, in nothing inferior to the weight, test and stander of the Sanctuary: And as they were respectfully prudent in receiving of these sound Advices, so by honouring and following them did they prove no less fortunate in the happy Success of all their Endeavours. Witness the Old Wife *Antinia*, and the good Mother *Villed*, in the days of *Vespasian*. You need not any way doubt, but that Feminine Old Age is always fructifying in Qualities *Sublime*, I would have said *Sibylline*. Let us go, by the help; let us go, by the Vertue. God, let us go. Farewel, *Friar John*, I recommend the care of my *Codpiece* to you. Well, (quoth *Epistemon*) I will follow you, with

with this protestation nevertheless, that if I happen to get a sure information, or otherways find, that she doth use any kind of Charm or Enchantment in her Responses, it may not be imputed to me for a blame to leave you at the Gate of her House, without accompanying you any further in.

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C H A P. XVII.

*How Panurge spoke to the Sybil of Panzoust.*

**T**Heir Voyage was three days Journeying, on the third whereof was shewn unto them the House of the *Vaticinatrice* standing on the knap or top of a Hill, under a large and spacious Walnut-Tree. Without great difficulty they entred into that straw-thatch'd Cottage, scurvily built, naughtily movabled, and all besmoaked. It matters not, (quoth *Epistemon*) *Heraclitus*, the grand *Scotist*, and tenebrous darksome Philosopher, was nothing astonished at his Introit into such a course and paulty Habitation; for he did usually shew

shew forth unto his Sectators and Disciples, That the Gods made as cheerfully their Residence in these mean homely Mansions, as in sumptuous, magnifick Palaces, replenished with all manner of delight, pomp, and pleasure. I withal do really believe, that the Dwelling-place of the so famous and renowned *Hecate*, was just such another petty Cell as this is, when she made a Feast therein to the valiant *Theseus*. And that of no other better Structure was the Coat or Cabin of *Hyreus*, or *Oænopion*, wherein *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury* were not ashamed, all three together, to harbour and sojourn a whole Night, and there to take a full and hearty Repast; for the payment of the Shot they thankfully ed *Orion*.

They finding the ancient Woman, at a corner of her own Chimney, *Epistemon* said, She is indeed a true *Sybil*, and the lively Pourtraict of one represented by the *ἡ γαμυροῖ* of *Homer*. The old Hag was in a pitiful bad plight and condition, in matter of the outward state and complexion of her Body, the ragged and rottred Equipage of her Person, in the point of Accoutrement, and beggerly poor Provision of Fare for her Diet and Entertainment; for she was ill apparelled, worse nourished, Toothless, Blear-eyed, Crook-shoul-

shoulder'd; snorty, her Nose still dropping, and herself still drooping, faint, and pithless. Whilst in this wofully wretched case she was making ready for her Dinner, Porridge of wrinkled green Colworts, with a bit skin of yellow Bacon, mixed with a twice before crooked sort of watrish, unsavoury Broath, extracted out of bare and hollow Bones. *Epistemon* said, By the Cross of a Groat, we are to blame, nor shall we get from her any Responce at all: for we have not brought along with us the *Branch of Gold*. I have (quoth *Panurge*) provided pretty well for that, for here I have it within my Bag, in the substance of a Gold Ring, accompanied with some fair Pieces of small Money. No sooner were these words spoken, when *Panurge* coming up towards her, after the Ceremonial performance of a profound and humble Salutation, presented her with six Neats-Tongues dried in the Smoke, a great Butter-pot full of fresh Cheese, a Boracho furnished with good Beverage, and a Rams Cod stored with Single Pence, newly coyned: At last he, with a low Curtsie, put on her *Medical* Finger, a pretty handsome Golden Ring, whereinto was right artificially in chased a precious Toadstone of *Beausse*. This done, in few words, and very succinctly did he set open, and expose  
 unto



unto her the motive Reason of his coming, most civilly and courteously entreating her, that she might be pleased to vouchsafe to give him an ample and plenary Intelligence, concerning the future good luck of his intended Marriage.

The old Trot for a while remained silent, pensive, and girning like a Dog, then, after she had set her withered Breech upon the bottom of a Bushel, she took into her Hands three old Spindles, which when she had turned and whirled betwixt her Fingers very diversly, and after several fashions, she pryed more narrowly into, by the tryal of their points; the sharpest whereof she retained in her hand, and threw the other two under a Stone Trough; after this she took a pair of Yarn Windles, which she nine times unintermittedly veered, and frisked about, then at the ninth revolution or turn, without touching them any more, maturely perpending the manner of their motion, she very demurely waited on their repose and cessation from any further stirring. In sequel whereof, she pull'd off one of her wooden Pattens, put her Apron over her Head, as a Priest use to do his *Amice*, when he is going to sing *Mass*, and with a kind of antick, gaudy, party-colour'd String, knit it under her Neck. Being thus

thus covered and muffled, she whiffed off a lusty good Draught out of the Borachoe, took three several Pence forth of the Ram Cod Fob, put them into so many Walnut-shells, which she set down upon the bottom of a Feather-pot ; and then after she had given them three Whisks of a Broom Besom a-thwart the Chimney, casting into the Fire half a Bevin of long Heather, together with a Branch of dry Laurel, she observed with a very hush, and coy silence, in what form they did burn, and saw, that although they were in a flame, they made no kind of noise, or crackling din, hereupon she gave a most hideous and horribly dreadful shout, muttering betwixt her Teeth some few barbarous words, of a strange termination.

This so terrified *Panurge*, that he forthwith said to *Epistemon*, The Devil mince me into a *Gally-mafry*, if I do not tremble for fear. I do not think but that I am now enchanted ; for *she uttereth not her Voice in the terms of any Christian Language.* O look, I pray you, how she seemeth unto me, to be by three full spans higher than she was, when she began to hood herself with her Apron.

What meaneth this restless wagging of her slouchy Chaps ? What can be the signification of the uneven shrugging of her

her hulchy Shoulders? to what end doth she quaver with her Lips, like a Monkey in the dismembring of a Lobster? My Ears through horreur glow; ah! how they tingle. I think I hear the skreaking of *Proserpina*; the Devils are breaking loose to be all here. O the foul, ugly, and deformed Beasts! Let us run away! by the Hook of God, I am like to die for fear! I do not love the Devils; they vex me, and are unpleasant Fellows. Now let us fly, and betake us to our heels. Farewel *Gammer*; Thanks and Grammercy for your Goods. I will not marry, no, believe me, I will not; I fairly quit my Interest therein, and totally abandon and renounce it, from this time forward, even as much as at present. With this, as he endeavoured to make an escape out of the room, the *old Crone* did anticipate his flight, and make him stop; the way how she prevented him was this: whilst in her hand she held the Spindle, she flung out to a Back-yard close by her Lodge, where after she had peeled off the Barks of an old Sycamore, three several times, she very summarily, upon eight Leaves which dropt from thence, wrote with the Spindle-point some curt, and briefly couched Verses, which she threw into the Air, then said unto them, Search after them if you

you will ; find them if you can ; the fatal Destinies of your Marriage written in them.

No sooner had she done thus speaking, when she did withdraw herself unto her lurking Hole, where on the upper Seat of the Porch, she tucked up her Gown, her Coats and Smock, as high as her Arm-pits, and gave them a full inspection of the *Nockandroe* : which being perceived by *Panurge*, he said to *Epistemon*, Gods Bodekins, I see the *Sybil's Hole*. She suddenly then bolted the Gate behind her, and was never since seen any more. They joyntly ran in hast after the fallen and dispersed Leaves, and gathered them at last, though not without great labour and toyl, for the Wind had scattered them amongst the Thorn-bushes of the Valley. When they had ranged them each after other in their due places, they found out their Sentence, as it is metrifised in this Ocstatick :

*Thy Fame upheld,*

*Even so, so :*

*And she with Child*

*Of thee : No.*

*Thy Good End*

*Suck she shall,*

*And slay thee, Friend,*

*But not all.*

G

CHAP.

## C H A P. XVIII.

*How Pantagruel, and Panurge did diversly Expound the Verses of the Sybil of Panzoust.*

**T**HE Leaves being thus collected, and orderly disposed, *Epistemon* and *Panurge* returned to *Pantagruel's* Court, partly well pleased, and other part discontented : glad for their being come back, and vexed for the trouble they had sustained by the way, which they found to be craggy, rugged, stony, rough, and ill adjusted. They made an ample and full Relation of their Voyage, unto *Pantagruel*; as likewise of the Estate and Condition of the *Sybil*. Then having presented to him the Leaves of the *Sycamore*, they shew him the short and twattle Verses that were written in them. *Pantagruel* having read and considered the whole sum and substance of the matter, fetch'd from his Heart a deep and heavy Sigh, then said to *Panurge* : You are now, forsooth, in a good taking, and have brought your Hog

to a fine Market : the Propheſie of the *Sybil* doth explain and lay out before us, the ſame very Predictions which have been denotated, foretold, and preſaged to us by the Decree of the *Virgilian Lots*, and the Verdict of your own proper *Dreams* : to wit, that you ſhall be very much diſgraced, ſhamed, and diſcredited by your Wife : for that ſhe will make you a *Cuckold* in prostituting herſelf to others, being big with Child by another than you ; will ſteal from you a great deal of your Goods, and will beat you, ſcratch, and bruife you, even from plucking the ſkin in apart from off you ; will leave the Print of her Blows in ſome Member of your Body. You underſtand as much (answered *Panurge*) in the veritable Interpretation, and Expounding of recent Propheſies, as a Sow in the matter of Spice-ry. Be not offended (Sir, I beſeech you) that I ſpeak thus boldly ; for I find myſelf a little in Choler, and that not without cauſe, ſeeing it is the contrary that is true ; take heed, and give attentive Ear unto my words : The old Wife ſaid, that as the Bean is not ſeen till firſt it be unhuſkt, and that its ſwad or hull be ſhaled, and *pilled* from off it : ſo is it that my vertue and tranſcendent worth will never come by the *Mouth of Fame*, to be blazed abroad.



proportionable to the height, extent, and measure of the excellency thereof, until *preallably* I get a Wife, and make the full half of a married Couple. How many times have I heard you say, that the Function of a Magistrate, or Office of Dignity, discovereth the Merits, Parts, and Endowments of the Person so advanced and promoted, and what is in him : that is to say, we are then best able to judge aright of the Deservings of a Man, when he is called to the management of Affairs : for when before he lived in a private Condition, we could have no more certain knowledge of him, then of a *Bean* within his *Husk*. And thus stands the first Article explained : otherways could you imagine, that the good Fame, Repute, and Estimation of an Honest Man, should depend upon the *Tayl* of a Whore ?

Now to the meaning of the Second Article : My Wife will be *with Child*, (here lies the prime Felicity of Marriage) but not of me. Copsody, that I do believe indeed : It will be of a pretty little Infant : O how heartily I shall love it ! I do already dote upon it ; for it will be my dainty Fedle-darling, my gentiel Dilli-minion. From thenceforth no Vexation, Care, or Grief, shall take such deep impression in my Heart, how hugely great or vehement  
soever

soever it otherways appear ; but that it shall evanish forthwith, at the sight of that my future Babe ; and at the hearing of the Chat and Prating of its Childish Gibbridge : And blessed be the Old Wife. By my truly, I have a mind to settle some good Revenue or Pension upon her, out of the readiest Increase of the Lands of my *Salmigondinois* ; not an inconstant, and uncertain Rent-seeke, like that of witless, giddy-headed *Batchellors*, but sure and fixed, of the nature of the well-pay'd Incomes of *Regenting Doctors*.

If this Interpretation doth not please you, think you my Wife will *bear* me in her Flanks : Conceive with me, and be of me delivered, as Women use in Childbed to bring forth their Young Ones : so as that it may be said, *Panurge* is a second *Bacchus*, he hath been twice born ; he is re-born, as was *Hypolitus*, as was *Proteus*, one time of *Tbetis* ; and secondly, of the Mother of the Philosopher *Apollonius* : as were the two *Palices*, near the Flood *Samethoe*, in *Sicily* : his Wife was big of Child with him. In him is renewed and begun again the *Palintocy*, and of the *Megariens*, and the *Palingenesie* of *Democritus*. Fie upon such Errors, to hear stuff of that nature rends mine Ears.

The words of the third Article are : *She will suck me at my best End.* Why not ? that pleaseth me right well. You know the thing, I need not tell you, that it is my intercrural Pudding with one end. I swear and promise, that in what I can, I will preserve it sappy, full of juyce, and as well victualled for her use as may be ; *she shall not suck me*, I believe, in vain, nor be destitute of her allowance ; there shall her *justum* both in Peck and Lippy be furnish'd to the full eternally. You expound this passage allegorically, and interpret it to Theft and Larceny. I love the Exposition, and the Allegory pleaseth me ; but not according to the Sence whereto you stretch it. It may be that the sincerity of the Affection which you bear me, moveth you to harbour in your Breast those refractory thoughts concerning me, with a suspicion of my Adversity to come. We have this saying from the Learned, *That a marvelously fearful thing is Love*, and that *true Love is never without fear*. But (Sir) according to my Judgment, you do understand both of and by your self, that here *Stealth* signifieth nothing else, no more then in a thousand other places of Greek and Latin, Old and Modern Writings, but the sweet fruits of amorous Dalliance, which *Venus* liketh best,

best, when reap'd in secret, and cull'd by fervent Lovers filchingly.

Why so? I prithee tell: Because when the Feat of the loose Coat Skirmish happeneth to be done under-hand and privily, between two well-disposed, athwart the Steps of a Pair of Stairs, lurkingly, and in covert, behind a Suit of Hangings, or close hid and trussed upon an unbound Faggot, it is more pleasing to the *Cyprian* Goddess, (and to me also, I speak this without prejudice to any better, or more sound Opinion) then to perform that Culbusting Art, after the *Cynick* manner, in the view of the clear Sun-shine, or in a rich Tent, under a precious stately Canopy, within a glorious and sublime Pavillion, or yet on a soft Couch betwixt rich Curtains of Cloth of Gold, without affrightment, at long intermediate Respits, enjoying of Pleasures and Delights a Belly-full, all at great ease, with a huge fly-flap Fan of Grimson Sattin, and a Bunch of Feathers of some *East-Indian* Ostrich, serving to give Chace unto the Flyes all round about: whilst, in the Interim, the Female picks her Teeth with a stiff Straw, pick'd even then from out of the bottom of the Bed she lies on.

If you be not content with this my Exposition, are you of the mind that my Wife will *suck* and *sup* me up as People use to gulp and swallow Oysters out of the Shell? Or as the *Cilician* Women, according to the Testimony of *Dioscorides*, were wont to do the Grain of *Alkermes*? Assuredly that is an Error. Who seizeth on it, doth neither gulch up, nor swill down; but takes away what hath been packed up, catcheth, snatcheth, and plies the Play of *Hey pass, Repass*.

The Fourth Article doth imply, That my Wife will *flay* me, but *not at all*. O the fine Word! You interpret this to beating Strokes and Blows. Speak wisely; Will you eat a Pudding? Sir, I beseech you to raise up your Spirits above the low-sized pitch of earthly Thoughts unto that hight of sublime Contemplation, which reacheth to the Apprehension of the Mysteries and Wonders of Dame Nature. And here be pleased to condemn your self, by a renouncing of those Errors which you have committed very grossly, and somewhat perversly, in expounding the Prophetick Sayings of the Holy *Sybil*. Yet put the case (albeit I yield not to it) that by the Instigation of the Devil, my Wife should go about to wrong me, make me a Cuckold downwards to the very Breech,

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Breach, disgrace me otherways, steal my Goods from me; yea, and lay violently her Hands upon me; she nevertheless should fail of her Attempts, and not attain to the proposed end of her unreasonable Undertakings.

The Reason which induceth me hereto, is grounded totally on this last Point, which is extracted from the profoundest Privacies of a Monastick Pantheology, as good Friar *Arther Wagtaile* told me once upon a *Monday* morning; as we were (if I have not forgot) eating a Bushel of Trotter-pies; and I remember well it rained hard: God give him the good Morrow.

The Women at the beginning of the World, or a little after, conspired to *slay* the Men quick, because they found the Spirit of Mankind inclined to domineer it, and bear rule over them upon the face of the whole Earth; and in pursuit of this their Resolution, promised, confirmed, sworn and covenanted amongst them all, by the pure Faith they owe to the nocturnal Sanct *Rogero*. But O the vain Enterprises of Women! O the great Fragility of that Sex Feminine! They did begin to *slay* the Man, or *pill* him, (as says *Catullus*) at that Member which of all the Body they loved best; to wit, the nervous and cavernous Cane; and that above five



thousand years ago ; yet have they not of that small part alone flayed any more till this hour but the Head : In meer despite whereof the *Jews* ship off that parcel of the Skin in Circumcision, choosing far rather to be called Clip-yards, Raskals, than to be *flayed* by Women, as are other Nations. My Wife, according to this Female Covenant, will *flay* it to me, if it be not so already. I heartily grant my Consent thereto, but will not give her leave to *flay* it all : Nay, truly will I not, my noble King. Yea, but (quoth *Epistemon*) you say nothing of her most dreadful Cries and Exclamations, when she and we both saw the Lawrel-bough burn without yielding any noise or crackling. You know it is a very dismal Omen, an inauspicious sign, unlucky judice, and token formidable, bad, disastrous, and most unhappy, as is certified by *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, the quick Philosopher *Porphyrus*, *Eustachius* on the *Iliads* of *Homer*, and by many others.

Verily, verily, (quoth *Panurge*) brave are the Allegations which you bring me, and Testimonies of two-footed Calves. These Men were Fools, as they were Poets ; and Dorards, as they were Philosophers ; full of Folly, as they were of Philosophy.

C H A P. XIX.

*How Pantagruel praiseth the Counsel  
of Dumb Men.*

**P***antagruel*, when this Discourse was ended, held for a pretty while his Peace, seeming to be exceeding sad and pensive, then said to *Panurge*, the malignant Spirit misleads, beguileth and seduceth you. I have read that in times past the surest and most veritable Oracles were not those which either were delivered in Writing, or utter'd by word of Mouth in speaking: For many times, in their Interpretation, right witty, learned and ingenious Men have been deceived thro' Amphibolories, Equivoks, and Obscurity of Words, no less than by the brevity of their Sentences. For which cause *Apollo*, the God of Vaticination, was Surnamed *αἰγλας*. Those which were represented then by Signs and outward Gestures were accounted the truest and the most infallible. Such was the Opinion of *Heraclitus*: And *Jupiter* did himself in this manner

ner give forth in *Amón* frequently Predictions: Nor was he single in this Practice; for *Apollo* did the like amongst the *Assyrians*. His prophesying thus unto those People, moved them to paint him with a large long Beard, and Cloaths be- seeming an old settled Person, of a most posed, stayed and grave Behaviour; not naked, young and beardless, as he was pourtrayed most usually amongst the *Gracians*. Let us make trial of this kind of Fatidicency; and go you take Advice of some dumb Person without any speaking. I am content, (quoth *Panurge*.) But, says *Pantagruel*, it were requisite that the Dumb you consult with be such as have been deaf from the hour of their Nativ- ity, and consequently dumb; for none can be so lively, natural, and kindly dumb, as he who never heard.

How is it, (quoth *Panurge*) that you conceive this matter? If you apprehend it so, that never any spoke, who had not before heard the Speech of others, I will from that Antecedent bring you to infer very logically a most absurd and pa- radoxical Conclusion. But let it pass; I will not insist on it. You do not then believe what *Herodotus* wrote of two Chil- dren, who at the special Command and Appointment of *Psammeticus* King of E-

gypt,

gypt, having been kept in a petty Country Cottage, where they were nourished and entertained in a perpetual silence, did at last, after a certain long space of time, pronounce this word *Bee*, which in the *Phrygian* Language signifieth *Bread*, Nothing less (quoth *Pantagruel*) do I believe, than that it is a meer abusing of our Understandings to give Credit to the words of those, who say that there is any such thing as a Natural Language. All Speeches have had their primary Origin from the Arbitrary Institutions, Accords and Agreements of Nations in their respective Condescendments to what should be noted and betokened by them. An Articulate Voice (according to the Dialecticians) hath naturally no signification at all; for that the sence and meaning thereof did totally depend upon the good will and pleasure of the first Deviser and Imposer of it. I do not tell you this without a Cause; for *Bartholus*, *Lib. 5. de Verb. Oblig.* very seriously reporteth, that even in his time there was in *Cugubia* one named *Sir Nello de Gabrielis*, who although he by a sad mischance became altogether deaf, understood nevertheless every one that talked in the *Italian* Dialect howsoever he expressed himself; and that only by looking on his external Gestures, and casting

casting an attentive Eye upon the divers motions of his Lips and Chaps. I have read, I remember also, in a very literate and eloquent Author, that *Turidates* King of *Armenia*, in the days of *Nero*, made a Voyage to *Rome*, where he was received with great Honour and Solemnity, and with all manner of Pomp and Magnificence : Yea, to the end there might be a sempiternal Amity and Correspondence preserved betwixt him and the *Roman* Senate; there was no remarkable thing in the whole City which was not shown unto him.

At his Departure the Emperor bestowed upon him many ample Donatives of an inestimable Value : And besides, the more entirely to testify his Affection towards him, heartily intrusted him to be pleased to make choice of any whatsoever thing in *Rome* was most agreeable to his Fancy ; with a Promise juramentally confirmed, That he should not be refused of his Demand. Thereupon, after a suitable Return of Thanks for a so gracious Offer, he required a certain *Fackpudding*, whom he had seen to act his part most egregiously upon the Stage, and whose meaning (albeit he knew not what it was he had spoken) he understood perfectly enough by the Signs and Gesticulations

tions which he had made. And for this Suit of his, in that he asked nothing else, he gave this Reason, That in the several wide and spacious Dominions, which were reduced under the Sway and Authority of his Sovereign Government, there were sundry Countries and Nations much differing from one another in Language, with whom, whether he was to speak unto them, or give any Answer to their Requests, he was always necessitated to make use of divers sorts of *Truchmen* and Interpreters: Now with this Man alone, sufficient for supplying all their places, will that great Inconveniency hereafter be totally removed; seeing he is such a fine Gesticulator, and in the Practice of *Chirolgy* an Artist so compleat, expert and dextrous, that with his very Fingers he doth speak. Howsoever you are to pitch upon such a dumb Bone as is deaf by nature, and from his Birth; to the end that his Gestures and Signs may be the more vively and truly Prophetick, and not counterfeit by the intermixture of some adulterate Lustre and Affectation. Yet whether this dumb Person shall be of the Male or Female Sex is in your Option, lieth at your Discretion, and altogether dependeth on your own Election.



I would more willingly (quoth *Panurge*) consult with and be advised by a Dumb Woman, were it not that I am affraid of two things. The first is, That the greater part of Women, whatever it be that they see, do always represent unto their Fancies, think and imagine, that it hath some relation to the sugred entring of the goodly *Ishypallos*, and grafting in the Cleft of the overturned Tree, the quick-set Imp of the Pin of Copulation. Whatever Signs, Shews or Gestures we shall make, or whatever our Behaviour, Carriage or Demeanour shall happen to be in their view and Presence, they will interpret the whole in reference to the act of *Androgynation*, and the culbatizing Exercise, by which means we shall be abusively disappointed of our Designs, in regard that she will take all our Signs for nothing else but Tokens and Representations of our Desire to entice her unto the Lists of a *Cyprian* Combat, or Cat-senconny Skirmish.

Do you remember what hapned at Rome two hundred and threescore Years after the Foundation thereof? A young *Roman* Gentleman encountering by chance at the Foot of Mount *Celion* with a beautiful *Latin* Lady named *Verona*, who from her very Cradle upwards had always been  
both

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both deaf and dumb, very civilly asked her, (not without a Chironomatick Italianising of his Demand, with various Jesticulation of his Fingers, and other Gesticulations, as yet customary amongst the Speakers of that Country) what Senators in her Descent from the top of the Hill she had met with going up thither. For you are to conceive, that he knowing no more of her Deafness than Dumbness, was ignorant of both. She in the meantime, who neither heard nor understood so much as one word of what he had said, streight imagin'd, by all that she could apprehend in the lovely Gesture of his manual Signs, that what he then required of her was, what her self had a great mind to, even that which a Young Man doth naturally desire of a Woman. Then was it, that by Signs (which in all occurrences of Venerial Love are incomparably more attractive, valid and efficacious than Words) she beckned to him to come along with her to her House; which when he had done, she drew him aside to a privy Room, and then made a most lively alluring Sign unto him, to shew that the Game did please her. Whereupon, without any more Advertisement, or so much as the uttering of one Word on either side, they fell to, and bringuardised it lustily.

The

The other Cause of my being averſe from conſulting with dumb Women, is, that to our Signs they would make no answer at all, but ſuddenly fall backwards in a divarication poſture, to intimate thereby unto us the reality of their conſent to the ſuppoſed motion of our tacit Demands. Or if they ſhould chance to make any contrary-ſigns reſponſory to our Propoſitions, they would prove ſo fooliſh, impertinent, and ridiculous, that by them our ſelves ſhould eaſily judge their thoughts to have no excuſion beyond the duſſing Academy. You know very well how at *Croquiniole*, when the religious Nun, ſiſter *Fatbum*, was made big with Child by the young *Stiſty-Stantor*, her Pregnancy came to be known, and ſhe cited by the *Abbeſs*, and in a full Convention of the Convent, accuſed of Inceſt. Her excuſe was, That ſhe did not conſent thereto, but that it was done by the violence and impetuous force of the Friar *Stiſty-ſtand-to't*. Here the *Abbeſs* very auſterely replying, Thou naughty wicked Girl, why didſt thou not cry, a Rape, a Rape, then ſhould all of us have run to thy Succour. Her answer was, That the Rape was committed in the *Dorter*, where ſhe durſt not cry, becauſe it was a place of ſempiternal Silence. But (quoth the *Abbeſs*) thou roguiſh Wench, why

why didst not thou then make some sign to those that were in the next Chamber beside thee? To this she answered, That with her Buttocks she made a sign unto them, as vigorously as she could, yet never one of them did so much as offer to come to her help and assistance. But (quoth the Abbess) thou scurvy baggage, why didst not thou tell it me immediately after the perpetration of the Fact, that so we might orderly, regularly, and canonically have accused him? I would have done so, had the case been mine, for the clearer manifestation of mine Innocency. I truly, Madam, would have done the like with all my heart and soul, (quoth Sister *Fabrum*) but that fearing I should remain in Sin, and in the hazard of Eternal Damnation, if prevented by a sudden Death, I did confess my self to the Father Fryar before he went out of the Room, who for my Penance, enjoyned me not to tell it, or reveal the matter unto any. It were a most enormous and horrid Offence, detestable before God and the Angels, to reveal a Confession: such an abominable Wickedness would have possibly brought down Fire from Heaven, wherewith to have burnt the whole Nunnery, and sent us all headlong to the bottomless Pit, to bear company with *Corah, Dathan, and Abiram.*

*biram.* You will not (quoth *Pantagrue*) with all your Jestings make me laugh; I know that all Monks, Fryars, and Nuns had rather violate and infringe the highest of the Commandments of God, then break the least of their Provincial Statutes.

Take you therefore *Goatsnose*, a Man very fit for your present purpose; for he is, and hath been, both dumb and deaf from the very remotest Infancy of his Childhood.

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## CHAP. XX.

*How Goatsnose by signs maketh answer to Panurge.*

**G***oatsnose* being sent for, came the day thereafter to *Pantagrue's* Court; at his arrival to which *Panurge* gave him a fat Calf, the half of a Hog, two Punchions of Wine, one Load of Corn, and thirty Franks of small Money: then having brought him before *Pantagrue*, in presence of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, he made this sign unto him.

He



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He yawned along time, and in yawning made without his mouth with the thumb of his right hand the figure of the Greek Letter *Tau* by frequent reiterations. Afterwards he lifted up his eyes to Heavenwards, then turned them in his Head like a Shee-goat in the painful fit of an absolute Birth, in doing whereof he did cough and sigh exceeding heavily: This done, after that he had made demonstration of the want of his Codpiece, he from under his shirt took his Placket-racket in a full gripe, making it therewithal clack very melodiously betwixt his Thighs: then no sooner had he with his Body stooped a little forwards, and bowed his left Knee, but that immediately thereupon holding both his Arms on his Breast, in a loose faint-like Posture, the one over the other, he paused awhile. *Goatsnose* looked wistly upon him, and having heedfully enough viewed him all over, he lifted up into the Air his left Hand, the whole fingers whereof he retained fift-ways closed together, except the Thumb and the Fore-finger, whose Nails he softly joyned and coupled to one another. I understand (quoth *Pantagruel*) what he meaneth by that sign: it denotes marriage, and withal the number thirty, according to the Profession of *Pythagorians*, you will be married. Thanks to you (quoth *Panurge*)



*Panurge*) in turning himself towards *Gonf. nose*, my little Sewer, pretty Masters-mate, dainty Bailly, curious Sergeant-Marshall, and jolly Catchpole-leader. Then did he lift higher up than before his said left Hand, stretching out all the five Fingers thereof, and severing them as wide from one another as he possibly could get done. Here (*says Pantagruel*) doth he more amply and fully insinuate unto us, by the Token which he sheweth forth of the *Quinary number*, that you shall be married. Yea, that you shall not only be affianced, betrothed, wedded, and married, but that you shall furthermore cohabit, and live jollily and merrily with your Wife; for *Pythagoras* called *five* the Nuptial Number, which together with marriage, signifieth the Consummation of Matrimony, because it is composed of a ternary the first of the odd, and binary, the first of the even Numbers, as of a Male and Female knit and united together. In very deed it was the fashion of old in the City of Rome at Marriage Festivals to light *five* wax Tapers, nor was it permitted to kindle any more at the magnifick Nuptials of the most Potent and Wealthy; nor yet any fewer at the penurious Weddings of the Poorest and most Abject of the World. Moreover in times past, the Heathen, or *Pagans* im-

plored

explored the Assistance of *five* Deities, or of one helpful (at least) in *five* several good Offices to those that were to be married: of this sort were the Nuptial *Jove*, *Juno*, President of the Feast, the fair *Venus*, *Pitho* the Goddess of Eloquence and Persuasion, and *Diana*, whose aid and succour was required to the labour of Child-bearing. Then shouted *Panurge*, O the gentle *Goatsnase*, I will give him a Farm near *Gnaus*, and a Wind-mill hard by *Mirebalais*. Hereupon the dumb Fellow sneezeth with an impetuous vehemency, and huge concussion of the Spirits of the whole Body, withdrawing himself in so doing with a jerking turn towards the left hand. By the Body of a Fox new slain (quoth *Pantragruel*) what is that? this maketh nothing for your advantage; for he betokeneth thereby that your marriage will be inauspicious and unfortunate. This sneezing (according to the Doctrine of *Terpsion*, is the *Socratic* Demon) if done towards the right side, it imports and portendeth, that boldly, and with all assurance, one may go whither he will, and do what he listeth, according to what deliberation he shall be pleased to have thereupon taken: his entries in the beginning, progress in his proceedings, and success in the events and issues will be all lucky, good, and happy. The quite contrary

trary thereto is thereby implied and pro-  
saged, if it be done towards the left. You  
(quoth *Panurge*) do take always the matter  
at the worst, and continually, like ano-  
ther *Davus*, casteth in new disturbances  
and obstructions; nor ever yet did I know  
this old paultry *Terpsion* worthy of citation,  
but in points only of Cosenage and Impos-  
ture. Nevertheless (quoth *Pantagruel*)  
*Cicero* hath written I know not what to the  
same purpose in his *Second Book of Divina-*  
*tion*.

*Panurge* then turning himself towards  
*Goatsnose* made this sign unto him. He in-  
verted his Eye-lids upwards, wrinched his  
Jaws from the right to the left side, and  
drew forth his Tongue half out of his  
Mouth; this done, he posited his left Hand  
wholly open (the mid-finger wholly ex-  
cepted, which was perpendicularly placed  
upon the Palm thereof) and set it just in  
the room where his Codpiece had been.  
Then did he keep his right Hand altoge-  
ther shut up in a fist, save only the Thumb,  
which he streight turned backwards di-  
rectly under the right Arm-pit, and settled  
it afterwards on that most eminent part  
of the Buttocks which the *Arabs* call the  
*Alkatim*. Suddenly thereafter he made  
this interchange, he held his right Hand  
after the manner of the left, and posited  
it

it on the place wherein his Codpiece sometime was, and retaining his left Hand in the form and fashion of the right, he placed it upon his *Alkanim*: this altering of Hands did he reiterate nine several times; at the last whereof, he resealed his Eyelids into their own first natural position. Then doing the like also with his Jaws and Tongue, he did cast a squinting look upon *Goatsnose*, diddering and shivering his Chaps, as Apes use to do now a days, and Rabbits, whilst almost starved with hunger, they are eating Oats in the Sheaf.

Then was it that *Goatsnose* lifting up into the Air his right Hand wholly open and displayed, put the Thumb thereof even close unto its first articulation, between the two third Joints of the middle and ring fingers, pressing about the said Thumb thereof very hard with them both, and whilst the remanent Joints were contracted and shrunk in towards the Wrist, he stretched forth with as much straitness as he could, the fore and little fingers. That hand thus framed and disposed of, he laid and posited upon *Panurge's* Navel, moving withal continually the aforesaid Thumb, and bearing up, supporting, or under-propping that Hand upon the above specified, and fore and little fingers, as upon two Leggs. Thereafter did he make

in this posture his Hand by little and little, and by degrees and pauses, successively to mount from athwart the Belly to the Stomach, from whence he made it to ascend to the Breast, even upwards to *Panurge's* Neck, still gaining ground, till having reached his Chin he had put within the concave of his Mouth his afore-mentioned Thumb: then fiercely brandishing the whole Hand, which he made to rub and grate against his Nose, he heaved it further up, and made the fashion, as if with the Thumb thereof he would have put out his Eyes. With this *Panurge* grew a little angry, and went about to withdraw, and rid himself from this ruggedly untoward dumb Devil. But *Goatsnose* in the meantime prosecuting the intended purpose of his *Prognosticatory Response*, touched very rudely with the above-mentioned shaking Thumb, now his Eyes, then his Forehead, and after that, the borders and corners of his Cap. At last *Panurge* cried out, saying, Before God, Master-Fool, if you do not let me alone, or that you will presume to vex me any more, you shall receive from the best hand I have a Mask, wherewith to cover your rascally scoundrel Face, your pauntry-shitten Varlet. Then said *Frypper*, he is deaf, and doth not understand what thou sayest unto him. *Bidlibellus* make



make sign to him of a hail of Fillicuffs up-  
on the Muzzle.

What the Devil (quoth *Panurge*) means  
this bawle restless Fellow? what is it that  
this Polypragmonetick Ardelione to all the  
Fiends of Hell doth aim at? he hath almost  
thrust out mine Eyes, as if he had been  
to potch them in a Skillet with Butter and  
Eggs, by God, *de Jurandi*, I will feast  
you with flirts and raps on the Snout, in-  
terlarded with a double row of bobs and  
finger filipings? Then did he leave him in  
giving him by way of *Salve* a Volley of  
Pats for his Farewel. *Goatsnose* perceiv-  
ing *Panurge* thus to slip away from him,  
got before him, and by meer strength en-  
forcing him to stand, made this sign unto  
him. He let fall his right Arm toward his  
Knee on the same side as low as he could,  
and raising all the fingers of that Hand in-  
to a close fist, past his dexterer Thumb be-  
twixt the foremost and mid-fingers there-  
to belonging. Then scrubbing and swindg-  
ing a little with his left Hand alongst, and  
upon the uppermost in the very bought of  
the Elbow of the said dexter Arm, the  
whole Cubit thereof by leisure fair,  
and softly, at these thumpatory warnings,  
did raise and elevate it self even to the El-  
bow, and above it, on a suddain did he  
then let it fall down as low as before: and



after that at certain intervals and such spaces of time, railing and abusing it, he made a shew thereof to *Panurge*. This so incensed *Panurge*, that he forthwith lifted his Hand to have stricken him the dumb Royster, and given him a sound whirrer on the Ear, but that the respect and reverence which he carried to the Presence of *Pantagruel* restrained his Choler, and kept his Fury within bounds and limits. Then said *Pantagruel*, If the bare signs now vex and trouble you, how much more grievously will you be perplexed and disquieted with the real things, which by them are represented and signified. All Truths agree, and are consonant with one another; this dumb Fellow Prophesieth and Foretelleth that you will be married, cuckolded, beaten and robbed. As for the marriage (quoth *Panurge*) I yield thereto, and acknowledge the verity of that point of his Prediction; as for the rest I utterly abjure and deny it: and believe Sir, I beseech you, if it may please you so to do, that in the matter of *Wives and Horses*, never any Man was predestinated to a better Fortune than I.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

*How Panurge consulteth with an old French Poet, named Raminagrobis.*

I Never thought (said *Pantagruel*) to have encountered with any Man so headstrong in his Apprehensions, or in his Opinions so wilful, as I have found you to be, and see you are. Nevertheless, the better to clear and extricate your Doubts, let us try all courses, and leave no stone unturned, nor wind unsailed by. Take good heed to what I am to say unto you, the *Swans*, which are Fowls consecrated to *Apollo*, never chant but in the hour of their approaching Death, especially in the *Meander Flood*, which is a River that runneth along some of the Territories of *Phrygia*. This I say, because *Elanus* and *Alexander Wyndius* write, that they had seen several Swans in other places die, but never heard any of them sing, or chant before their death. However, it passeth for current that the imminent death of a Swan is presaged by his foregoing Song, and

that no *Swan* dieth until preallably he have Sung.

After the same manner *Poets*, who are under the protection of *Apollo*, when they are drawing near their latter end, do ordinarily become *Prophets*, and by the inspiration of that God sing sweetly, in vaticinating things which are to come. It hath been likeways told me frequently, That old decrepit Men upon the Brinks of *Charon's Banks*, do usher their Decease with a disclosure, all at ease (to those that are desirous of such Informations) of the determinate and assured truth of future Accidents and Contingencies. I remember also that *Aristophanes*, in a certain Comedy of his, calleth folks *Sybils*, 'O *Sybils*, for as when being upon a *Pease* by the Shore, we see afar off *Mariners*, *Seafaring men*, and other *Travellers* along the curled Waves of *Azure Theris* within their Ships, we then consider them in silence only, and seldom proceed any further than to wish them a happy and prosperous Arrival: but when they do approach near to the Haven, and come to wet their Keels within their Harbour, then both with words and gestures we salute them, and heartily congratulate their Access safe to the Port wherein we are ourselves. Just so the Angels, Heroes, and good

good Demons (according to the Doctrine of *Platonicks*) when they see Mortals drawing near unto the Harbour of the Grave, as the most sure and calmest Port of any, full of Repose, Ease, Rest, Tranquility, free from the Troubles and Sollicitudes of this tumultuous and tempestuous World; then is it that they with alacrity Hail and Salute them, Cherish and Comfort them, and speaking to them lovingly, begin even then to bless them with Illuminations, and to communicate unto them the abstrusest Mysteries of Divination. I will not offer here to confound your Memory by quoting antick Examples of *Haac*, of *Jacob*, of *Patroclus* towards *Hector*, of *Hector* towards *Achilles*, of *Polymnester* towards *Agamemnon*, of *Hecuba*, of the *Phoebian* renowned by *Possidonius*, of *Calmus* the Indian towards *Alexander* the Great, of *Orodes* towards *Mezentius*, and of many others; it shall suffice for the present, that I commemorate unto you the learned and valiant Knight and Cavalier *William* of *Bulley*, late Lord of *Langcy*, who died on the Hill of *Tarara*, the Tenth of *January*, in the *Emmetherick* year of his Age, and of our Supputation 1543. according to the *Roman* Account. The last three or four hours of his Life he did imploy in the serious utterance of a very pithy Discourse, whilst

with a clear Judgment, and Spirit void of all Trouble, he did foretell several important Things, whereof a great deal is come to pass, and the rest we wait for. Howbeit, his *Prophecies* did at that time seem unto us somewhat strange, absurd, and unlikely; because there did not then appear any sign of efficacy enough to engage our Faith to the belief of what he did prognosticate.

We have hear near to the Town of *Villanor*, a Man that is both Old and a Poet, to wit, *Raminogrobis*, who to his Second Wife espoused my Lady *Braadsow*, on whom he begot the fair *Basache*; it hath been told me, he is a dying, and so near unto his latter end, that he is almost upon the very last moment, point, and article thereof; repair thither as fast as you can, and be ready to give an attentive Ear to what he shall *chant* unto you: it may be, that you shall obtain from him what you desire, and that *Apollo* will be pleased, by his means, to clear your scruples. I am content (quoth *Panurge*) let us go thither *Epistemon*, and that both instantly and in all hast, least otherways his Death prevent our coming. Wilt thou come along with us, Fryar *Ihon*? Yes, that I will, (quoth Fryar *Ihon*) right heartily to do thee a Courtesie, my Billy-ballocks; for



I love thee with the best of my Milt and Liver. Thereupon, incontinently, without any further lingring to the way, they all three went, and quickly thereafter (for they made good speed) arriving at the Poetical Habitation, they found the jolly Old Man, albeit in the Agony of his Departure from this World, looking chearfully, with an open Countenance, Splendid Aspect, and Behaviour full of alacrity. After that *Panurge* had very civilly saluted him, he in a free Gift did present him with a Gold Ring, which he even then put upon the Medical Finger of his Left Hand, in the Collet or Bezele whereof was inclosed an Oriental Saphire, very fair and large. Then, in imitation of *Socrates*, did he make an Oblation unto him of a fair *White Cock*; which was no sooner set upon the Tester of his Bed, then that with a high raised Head and Crest, lustily shaking his Feather-Coat, he crowed *Sten-torophonically* loud. This done, *Panurge* very courteously required of him, that he would vouchsafe to favour him with the Grant and Report of his Sence and Judgment, touching the future Destiny of his intended *Marriage*. For answer hereto, when the honest Old Man had forthwith commanded Pen, Paper, and Ink to be brought unto him, and that he was at the



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same Call conveniently served with all the three, he wrote these following Verses;

*Take, or not take her,*

*Off, or on:*

*Handy-dandy is your Lot.*

*When her Name you write, you blot.*

*'Tis undone, when all is done,*

*Ended ere it was begun:*

*Hardly Gallop, if you Trot,*

*Set not forward when you Run,*

*Nor be single, tho' alone,*

*Take, or not take her.*

*Before you Eat, begin to Fast;*

*For what shall be was never past.*

*Say, unsay, gainsay, save your Breath:*

*Then wish as once her Life and Death.*

*Take, or not take her.*

These Lines he gave out of his own Hands unto them, saying unto them, Go my Ladies in Peace, the great God of the highest Heavens be your Guardian and Preserver; and do not offer any more to trouble or disquiet me with this or any other Business whatsoever. I have this same very day (which is the last both of May and of me) with a great deal of labour, toil, and difficulty, chased out of my House a rabble of filthy, unclean, and plagueful pestilenceous Rakebells, Chalk Beasts, and dum.

dun, white, ash-coloured, speckled, and a foul  
 Vermine of other hues, whose obtrusive impor-  
 tunity would not permit me to die at my own  
 ease: for by fraudulent and deceitful prick-  
 ings, ravenous, Harpy-like graspings, wa-  
 shish stings, and such-like unwelcome Ap-  
 preaches, forged in the Shop of Lukan, not  
 what kind of Insensibilities; they were about  
 to withdraw, and call me out of those sweet  
 Thoughts, wherein I was already beginning to  
 repose myself, and acquiesce in the Contempla-  
 tion and Vision; yea, almost in the very touch  
 and taste of the Happiness and Felicity which  
 the good God hath prepared for his faithful  
 Saints, and Elect in the other Life, and State  
 of Immortality. Turn out of their Courses,  
 and eschew them; step forth of their ways, and  
 do not resemble them; mean while, let me be  
 no more troubled by you, but leave me in  
 silence, I beseech you.

Automastick Metropolis of the Ro-  
 man Church, when torturing and embroil-  
 ing with the Glibble Gabble Gibblish  
 of this odious Error and Heresie is homo-  
 centrically poised. But what harm in  
 the Devil's Name, have these poor De-  
 vil's the Capricious and Avaricious done unto  
 him, not these beggarly Devil's  
 intensely wretched already? Who can  
 imagine that these poor snakes, the very  
 Exacts of Lepidology, are not thoroughly  
 enough

## CHAP. XXII.

*How Panurge Patrocinate, and Defend-  
eth the Order of the Begging-Fryars.*

**P**ANURGE, at his issuing forth of Ramine-  
gobris's Chamber, said, as if he had  
been horribly affrighted, by the Vertue of  
God, I believe that he is an *Hersick*, the  
Devil take me; if I do not, he doeth so  
villanously rail at the *Mendicant Fryars*,  
and *Jacabins*, who are the two *Hem-  
spheres* of the Christian World; by whose  
*Gyronomonick Circumbilynginations*,  
by two *Celivagous Filopendulums*, all the  
*Autonomatick Metagroboлизм* of the *Ra-  
mish Church*, when tottering and embly-  
sticated with the *Gibble-gabble Gibbrish*  
of this odious Error and Heresie, is homo-  
centrically poysed. But what harm in  
the Devil's Name, have these poor De-  
vils the *Capucins* and *Minims* done unto  
him? Are not these beggarly Devils suf-  
ficiently wretched already? Who can  
imagine that these poor Snakes, the very  
*Extracts of Ichthyophagy*, are not thoroughly  
enough

enough besmoaked and besmeared with Misery, Distress, and Calamity. Dost thou think, Fryar Iben, by thy Faith, that he is in the State of Salvation? He goeth before God, as surely damned to Thirty thousand baskets full of Devils, as a Pruning-Bill to the lopping of a Vine-Branch.

To revile with opprobrious Speeches the good and couragious *Prophets* and *Pillars* of the Church, is that to be called a *Political Fury*? I cannot rest satisfied with him, he sinneth grossly, and blasphemeth against the true Religion. I am very much offended at his scandalizing Words, and contumelious Obloquy. I do not care a straw (quoth Fryar Iben) for what he hath said; for although every body should twit and jerk them, it were but a just retaliation; seeing all Persons are served by them with the like Sauce; therefore do I pretend no Interest therein. Let us see nevertheless what he hath written. Parage very attentively read the Paper which the Old Man had penned; then said to his two Fellow-Travelers, The poor Drinker doth it howsoever, I excuse him; for that I believe he is now drawing near to the end, and final closure of his Life: Let us go and make his *Epitaph*.

By

By the Answer which he hath given us, I am not, I protest, one jot wiser then I was, hearken here *Epistemon*, my little Belly, dost not thou hold him to be very Resolute in his *Responsory* Verdicts? he is a witty, quick, and subtle Sophister. I will lay an even Wage, that he is a miscreant Apostate. By the Belly of a flatted Oke, how careful he is not to be mistaken in his words.

He answered thus by *Dipsandrus*, therefore can it not be true which he saith for the verity of such like Propositions is inherent only in one of its two Members. Concerning Prater that he is: I wonder if *Santiago of Bressure* be one of these copping Blinks. Such was of old (*quod Epistemon*) the Custom of the grand Vaccinator and Prophet *Troglus*, who used always (by way of a Preface) to say openly and plainly, at the beginning of his Divinations and Predictions, that what he was to tell would either come to pass, or not. And such is truly the Rite of all presently presaging Prognosticators. He was nevertheless (*quod Plinurgus*) so infinitely nearly misadventurous in the Lot of his own Destiny, that he was never able to make his Epitaph.

By



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Yes, ( answered *Epistemon* ) and that  
merely out of a spite and spleen, for ha-  
ving pronounced his award more verita-  
bly then she, upon the Question which  
was merrily proposed by *Jupiter*. But  
( quoth *Panurge* ) what Arch-Devil is it  
that hath possessed this Master *Raminagrobis*,  
that so unreasonably, and without any  
occasion, he should have so snappishly,  
and bitterly inveighed against these poor  
honest Father, *Jacobins*, *Miners*, and *Me-  
nims*? It vexeth me grievously, I assure  
you; nor am I able to conceal my indig-  
nation. He hath transgressed most enor-  
mously; his Soul goeth infallibly to thir-  
ty thousand Banniers full of Devils.

I understand you not ( quoth *Episte-  
mon* ) and it disliketh me very much, that  
you should, so absurdly and perversly in-  
terpret that of the Fryar *Mendicant*, which  
by the harmless *Poe* was spoken of black  
Beasts, dun, and other sorts of other co-  
loured Animals. He is not in my Opini-  
on guilty of such a sophistical and fanci-  
full Allegory, as by that Phrase of his  
to have meant the *Begging Brothers*; he  
in down-right Terms speaketh abso-  
lutely and properly of Flies, Punies, Hand-  
worms, Flies, Gnats, and other such-like  
scabby Vermin, whereof some are black,  
some dun, some ash-coloured, some raven-  
ny,



ny, and some brown and dusky, all noy-  
some, molesting, tyrannous, cumbersome,  
and displeasing Creatures, not only to sick  
and diseased Folks, but to those also who  
are of a sound, vigorous, and healthful  
Temperament and Constitution. It is  
not unlike, that he may have the *Aster-  
rids*, and the *Lumbricks*, and Worms with  
in the Intraills of his Body. Possibly doth  
he suffer (as is frequent and usual amongst  
the *Egyptians*, together with all those  
who inhabit the *Erythraean* Confines, and  
dwell along the Shores and Coasts of the  
Red Sea) some sore prickings, and smart  
stingings in his Arms and Legs of these  
little speckled Dragons, which the *Arabi-  
ans* call *Adeden*. You are to blame for  
offering to expound his Words otherways,  
and wrong the ingenious Poet, and out-  
ragiously abuse and miscall the said Pro-  
ters, by an imputation of baseness unde-  
servedly laid to their charge. We  
should in such like Discourses of fati-  
quent Sophistry, interpret all things to  
the best. Will you teach me (quoth *Pe-  
nurge*) how to discern Flies among Mills,  
or shew your Father the way how to be-  
ge Children? He is, by the Vertue of  
God, (as he is *Hercules*), a resolute *formi-  
dable*; I say, a rooted combatible *Hercu-  
rick*, one as fit to burn as the little wood

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on Clock at Rochel. His Soul goeth to Thirty thousand Carts full of Devils. Would you know whither? Cocks-body, my Friend, freight under *Proserpina's* Closet-stool, to the very middle of the self-same infernal Pan, within which she, by an excrementitious evacuation voideth the fecal stuff of her stinching Clysters, and that just upon the left side of the great Cauldron of three fathom height, hard by the Claws and Talons of *Lucifer*, in the very darkeſt of the paſſage which leadeth towards the Black Chamber of *Demigorgon*. Oh the Villain!

Such as are preſent: Whereupon we will take Inſtrument formally and authentical.

By extended, to the end he be not, after his Decade, declared an Heretic, and

condemned to the ſame ſentence of the

**Now Panurge maketh the motion of a Return to Raminagrobis.**

That inſtant the ſaid Cells of the ſaid

and Regions: and whatſoever

**L**ET us return, ſaith *Panurge*, not ceaſing, to the uttermoſt of our Abilities, to ply him with wholeſome Admonitions, for the furtherance of his Salvation.

Let us go back for God's ſake, let us go in the Name of God: it will be a very meritorious Work, and of great Cha-

city,

rity in us to deal so in the matter, and provide so well for him, that albeit he come to lose both Body and Life, he may at least escape the risk and danger of the eternal Damnation of his Soul. We will by our holy persuasions bring him to a sense and feeling of his Escapes, induce him to acknowledge his Faults, move him to a cordial Repentance of his Errors, and stir up in him such a sincere Contrition of Heart for his Offences, as will prompt him with all earnestness to cry Mercy, and to beg Pardon at the Hands of the good *Fathers*, as well of the absent, as of such as are present: Whereupon we will take Instrument formally and authentically extended, to the end he be not, after his Decease, declared an *Heretick*, and condemned, as were the *Hobgoblins of the Provost's Wife of Orleans*, to the undergoing of such Punishments, Pains and Tortures, as are due to, and inflicted on those that inhabit the horrid Cells of the infernal Regions: and withal incline, instigate, and persuade him to bequeath, and leave in Legacy (by way of an amends and satisfaction for the outrage and injury done) to those good *Religious Fathers*, throughout all the Convents, Cloysters, and Monastries of this Province, many Bribes, a great deal of Mass-saying, store of Oblats,

and

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and that sempiternally, on the Anniversary Day of his Decease, every one of them all be furnished with a quintuple Allowance; and that the great Borrachee replenished with the best Liquor, trudge apace along the Tables, as well of the young Duckling, Monkito's, Lay-Brothers, and lowermost degree of the Abbey-Lubbarbs, as of the Learned Priests, and Reverend Clerks. The very meanest of the Novices, and Miriants unto the Order being equally admitted to the benefit of those Funerary and Obsequial Festivals, with the aged Rectors, and professed Fathers; this is the surest ordinary means, whereby from God he may obtain forgiveness.

Ho, ho, I am quite mistaken, I digress from the purpose, and fly out of my Discourse, as if my Spirits were a wool-gathering. The Devil take me, if I go thither. Vertue, God, the Chamber is already full of Devils. O what a swinging, thracking Noise is now amongst them! O the terrible Coyl that they keep! Harken, do you not hear the rustling thumping bustle of their Stroaks and Blows, as they scuffle with one another, like true Devils indeed, who shall gulp up the *Raminogrobis* Soul, and be the first Bringer of it, whilst it is hot, to Monsieur *Excuse*. Beware, and get you hence: for my part,

I will not go thither; the Devil roast me if I go. Who knows but that these hungry mad Devils may in the heat of their rage and fury of their impatience, take a *quid* for a *quo*, and instead of *Raminagrobis* snatch up poor *Panurge* frank and free. Though formerly, when I was deep in Debt, they always failed. Get you hence. I will not go thither. Before God, the very bare apprehension thereof is like to kill me. To be in the place where there are greedy, famished, and hunger-starved Devils; amongst factious Devils: amidst trading and trafficking Devils: O the Lord preserve me! Get you hence, I dare pawn my Credit on it, that no *Jacobin*, *Cordelier*, *Carme Capucin*, *Thearin*, or *Minim*, will bestow any personal Presence at his Interment. The wiser they, because he hath ordained nothing for them in his latter Will and Testament.

The Devil take me, if I go thither; he be damned, to his own loss and hindrance be it. What the Deuce moved him to be so snappish and depravedly bent against the good Fathers of the true Religion? Why did he cast them off, reject them, and drive them quite out of his Chamber, even in that very nick of time when he stood in greatest need of the aid, suffrage, and assistance of their devout

Prayers,

Prayers, and holy Admonitions? Why did not he by Testament leave them, at least, some jolly Lumps and Cantles of substantial Meat, a parcel of Cheek-puffing Vtuals, and a little Belly-Timber, and Provision for the Guts of these poor Folks, who have nothing but their Life in this World.

Let him go thither, who will; the Devil take me, if I go; for if I should, the Devil would not fail to snatch me up. *Contra*: Ho, the Pox! Get you hence, Fryar Ibon; Art thou content that Thirty thousand Waineload of Devils should get away with thee at this same very instant? If thou be at my Request, do these Three things: First, Give me thy Purse, for besides, that thy Money is marked with Crosses, and the Cross is an Enemy to Charms, the same may befall to thee, which not long ago happened to Ibon Dodin, Collector of the Excise of *Caudray*, at the Ford of *Vede*, when the Soldiers broak the Planks. This money'd Fellow meeting at the very Brink of the Bank of the Ford, with Fryar Adam Crankcon, a *Franciscan* Oblat servant of *Mirebeau*, promised him a new Frock, provided, that in the transporting of him, over the Water, he would bear him up on his Neck and Shoulders, after the manner of carrying dead Goats: for he was a lusty, strong-limb'd, sturdy Rogue.

The



The Condition being agreed upon, Friar *Cranchod* trusseth himself up to the very Ballocks, and layeth upon his Back like a fair little Saint *Christopher*, the load of the said Supplicant *Dodin*, and so carry'd him gayly and with a good Will; as *Aeneas* bore his Father *Anchises* through the Conflagration of *Troy*, singing in the mean while a prety *Ave Maria Stella*. When they were in the very deepest place of the Foord, a little above the Master-wheel of the Water-Mill, he asked if he had any Coin about him. Yes, (quoth *Dodin*) a whole Bag full; and that he needed not to mistrust his Ability in the performance of the Promise, which he had made unto him, concerning a new Frock. How (quoth Friar *Cranchod*) thou knowest well enough, that by the express Rules, Canons and Injunctions of our Order, we are forbidden to carry on us any kind of Money: Thou art truly unhappy, for having made me in this point to commit a heinous Trespass. Why didst thou not leave thy Purse with the Miller? Without fail thou shalt presently receive thy Reward for it; and if ever hereafter may but lay hold upon thee within the Limits of our Chancel at *Athens*, thou shalt have me: *Absent* even to the *Vindicta*. With this foolishly discharging himself of his

his Burthen, he throws me down your *Dodins* headlong.

Take Example by this *Dodin*, my dear Friend *Friar John*, to the end, that the Devils may the better carry thee away at thine own ease. Give me thy Purse. Carry no manner of Cross upon thee. Therein lieth an evident and manifestly apparent Danger: For if you have any Silver coined with a Cross upon it, they will cast thee down headlong upon some Rocks; as the Eagles use to do with the Tortoises for the breaking of their Shells, as the bald Pate of the Poet *Eschilus* can sufficiently bear witness. Such a Fall would hurt thee very sore by Sweet Bully, and I would be sorry for it; or otherways they will let thee fall, and tumble down into the high swollen Waves of some capacious Sea. I know not where; but I warrant thee far enough hence, (as *Icarus* felt) which from thy Name would afterwards get the Denomination of the *Fymelinian* Sea.

Secondly, Out of Debt: For the Devils carry a great liking to those that are out of Debt. I have sore felt the experience thereof in mine own particular; for now the lecherous Varlets are a day sooo-ing me, counting me; and making much of me, which they never did when I was all

all to pieces. The Soul of one in Debt is insipid, dry, and heretical altogether.

Thirdly, With the Cowl and Domino of Grabis, return to Raminagrobis, and in ease, being thus qualify'd, Thirty Thousand Boats full of Devils forthwith come not to carry thee quite away, I shall be content to be at the charge of paying for the Pinte and Fagot. Now if for the more Security thou wouldst some Associates to bear thee Company, let not me be the Comrade thou searest for, think not to get a Fellow Traveller of me; nay do not, I advise thee for the best. Go you hence, I will not go thither; the Devil take me if I go. Norwich standing all the Fright that you are in, (quoth *Planchet*) I would not care so much, as might possibly be expected I should, if I once had but my Sword in my hand. Thou hast verily hit the Nail on the Head, (quoth *Planchet*) and speakest like a Learned Doctor, subtile, and well skilled in the Art of Devilry.

At the time when I was a Student in the University of Toulouse, that time Reverend Father in the Devil's House, the God of the Diabolical of Toulouse wanted to tell us that the Devils did, naturally fear the bright glancing of Swords.

as much as the Splendour and Light of the Sun. In Confirmation of the Verity whereof he related this Story, That *Hercules* at his Descent into Hell to all the Devils of those Regions, did not by half so much terrifie them with his Club and *Lion's Skin*, as afterwards *Aeneas* did with his clear shining Armour upon him, and his Sword in his hand well furbished and unruined, by the Aid, Councell and Assistance of the *Sybilla Cumana*. That was perhaps the reason why the Senior *Ihon Facomo di Trivulcio*, whilst he was a dying at *Chartres*, called for his Cutlase, and died with a Drawn Sword in his hand, laying about him alongst and athwart around the Bed, and every where within his reach, like a stout, doughty, valorous and Knight-like Cavaleer: By which resolute manner of Fence he scared away and put to flight all the Devils that were then lying in wait for his Soul at the passage of his Death. When the *Malsorets* and *Cabalists* are asked, Why it is that none of all the Devils do at any time enter into the Terrestrial Paradise? Their Answer hath been, is, and will be still, That there is a *Cherubin* standing at the Gate thereof with a Flame-like glistering Sword in his hand. Although to speak in the true *Diabolical* Sence or Phrase of *Toledo*.

I must needs confess and acknowledge that veritably the Devils cannot be killed, or die by the stroke of a Sword. I do nevertheless avow and maintain, according to the Doctrine of the said *Diabology*, that they may suffer a Solution of Continuity; (as if with thy Shable thou shouldst cut athwart the Flamme of a burning Fire, or the gross opacous Exhalations of a thick and obscure Smoak) and cry out, like very Devils, at their Sense and Feeling of this Dissolution, which in real Deed I must averr and affirm is devilishly painful, smarting and dolorous.

When thou seest the impetuous Shock of two Armies, and vehement Violence of the Push in their horrid Encounter with one another; dost thou think, *Balockasse*, that so horrible a noise as is heard there proceedeth from the Voice and Shouts of Men? The dashing and joulting of Harness? The clattering and clashing of Armies? The hacking and flashing of Battle-Axes? The jultling and crashing of Pikes? The bustling and breaking of Lances? The Clamour and Skrieks of the Wounded? The sound and din of Drums? The Clangour and Shrillness of Trumpets? The neighing and rushing in of Horses with the fearful Claps and thundering of all sorts of Guns, from the Double Cannon



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non to the Pocket Pistol inclusively? I cannot, Goodly, deny, but that in these various things which I have rehearsed, there may be somewhat occasionative of the huge Yell and Tintamarre of the two engaged Bodies.

But the most fearful and tumultuous Coil and Stir, the terriblest and most boisterous Garboil and Hurry, the chiefest rustling *Black Santus* of all, and most principal Hurly Burly, springeth from the grievously plangorous howling and lowing of Devils, who Pell-mell, in a hand-over-head Confusion, waiting for the poor Souls of the maimed and hurt Soldiery, receive unawares some Stroaks with Swords, and so by those means suffering a Solution of, and Division in the *Continuity* of their Aerial and Invisible Substances: As if some Lackey, snatching at the Lard-slices, stuck in a piece of Roast-meat on the Spit, should get from Mr. *Greasyfist* a good rap on the Knuckles with a Cudgel, they cry out and shout like Devils. Even as *Mars* did, when he was hurt by *Diomedes* at the Siege of *Troy*, who (as *Homer* testifieth of him) did then raise his Voice more horrifically loud, and sonorisferously high, than ten thousand Men together would have been able to do. What maketh all this for our present purpose? I



have been speaking here of well-furbished Armour and bright shining Swords. But so is it not (Friar Ibon) with thy Weapon; for by a long discontinuance of Work, cessation from Labour, desisting from making it officiate, and putting it into that practice wherein it had been formerly accustomed; and in a word, for want of occupation, it is, upon my Faith, become more rusty than the Key-hole of an old Poudering-Tub. Therefore it is expedient that you do one of these two, either furbish your Weapon bravely, and as it ought to be, or otherwise have a care that in the rusty case it is in, you do not presume to return to the House of *Raminagrobis*. For my part, I vow I will not go thither, the Devil take me if I go.

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## CHAP. XXIV.

*How Panurge consulteth with Epistemon.*

**H**AVING left the Town of Villomere, as they were upon their return towards *Pantagruel*, *Panurge* in addressing his Discourse

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course to *Epistemon*, spoke thus: My most ancient Friend and Gossip, thou seest the perplexity of my Thoughts, and knowest many Remedies for the removal thereof; art thou not able to help and succour me? *Epistemon* thereupon taking the Speech in hand, represented unto *Panurge*, how the open Voice and common Fame of the whole Country did run upon no other Discourse, but the derision and mockery of his new Disguise; wherefore his Counsel unto him was that he would in the first place be pleased to make use of a little *Hellebore*, for the purging of his Brain of that peccant humour, which thro' that extravagant and fantastick Mummery of his had furnished the People with a too just occasion of flouting and gibbing, jeering and scoffing him; and that next he would resume his ordinary Fashion of Accoutrement, and go apparelled as he was wont to do. I am (quoth *Panurge*) my dear Gossip *Epistemon*, of a mind and resolution to Marry, but am afraid of being a Cuckold; and to be unfortunate in my Wedlock: For this cause have I made a Vow to young St. *Francis*, (who at *Plessiletours* is much revered of all Women, earnestly cried unto by them, and with great Devotion; for he was the first Founder of the Confraternity of good

Men, whom they naturally covet, affect and long for) *to wear Spectacles in my Cap, and to carry no Codpiece in my Breeches*, until the present Inquietude and Perturbation of my Spirits be fully settled.

Truly (quoth *Epistemon*) that is a pretty jolly *Vow*, of Thirteen to a Dozen: It is a shame to you, and I wonder much at it, that you do not return unto your self, and recall your Senses from this their wild swarving and straying abroad to that rest and stillness which becomes a vertuous Man. This whimsical Conceit of yours brings me to the remembrance of a solemn Promise made by the *Shaghaired Argives*, who having in their Controversie against the *Lacedemonians* for the Terretory of *Tyree* lost the Battle, which they hoped should have decided it for their Advantage, *vowed* to carry never any hair on their Heads, till preallably they had recovered the loss of both their Honour and Lands: As likewise to the memory of the *Vow* of a pleasant Spaniard called *Michel Doris*, who *vowed* to carry in his Hat a piece of the Shin of his Leg, till he should be revenged of him who had struck it off. Yet do not I know which of these two deserveth most to wear a Green and Yellow Hood with a Hares Ears tied to it, either the aforesaid vain-glorious *Champi-*

on, or that *Eguerrant*, who having forgot the art and manner of writing Histories, set down by the *Samofatian* Philosopher, maketh a most tediously long Narrative and Relation thereof: For at the first reading of such a profuse Discourse, one would think it had been broached for the introducing of a Story of great importance and moment concerning the waging of some formidable War, or the notable change and mutation of potent States and Kingdoms; but in conclusion, the World laugheth at the capricious Champion, at the *English-man* who had affronted him, as also at their Scribler *Eguerrant*, more driveling at the Mouth than a Mustard-pot. The Jest and Scorn thereof is not unlike to that of the Mountain of *Horace*, which by the Poet was made to cry out and lament most enormously as a Woman in the Pangs and Labour of Child-birth, at which deplorable and exorbitant Cries and Lamentations the whole Neighbourhood being assembled in expectation to see some marvellous monstrous Production, could at last perceive no other but the paultry ridiculous Mouse.

Your mousing (quoth *Panurge*) will not make me leave my musing why Folks should be so frumpishly disposed, seeing I am certainly perswaded that some flour,

who merit to be flouted at; yet as my  
*Vow* imports so will I do. It is now a  
 long time since, by *Jupiter Philos*, we did  
 swear Faith and Amity to one another:  
 Give me your Advice, and tell me your O-  
 pinion freely, Should I marry or no? Tru-  
 ly (quoth *Epistemon*) the case is hazardous,  
 and the danger so eminently apparent, that  
 I find my self too weak and insufficient to  
 give you a punctual and peremptory re-  
 solution therein; and if ever it was true,  
 the *Judgment is difficult* in matters of the  
*Medicinal Art*, what was said by *Hippocra-  
 tes of Lango*, it is certainly so in this case.  
 True it is, that in my Brain there are some  
 rowling Fancies, by means whereof some-  
 what may be pitched upon of a seeming  
 efficacy to the disintangling your mind of  
 those dubious Apprehensions wherewith  
 it is perplexed; but they do not thro-  
 roughly satisfy me. Some of the *Plu-  
 rick* Sect affirm, that whosoever is able to  
 see his proper *Genius*, may know his own  
*Destiny*. I understand not their Do-  
 ctrine; nor do I think that you adhere to  
 them; there is a palpable Abuse. I have  
 seen the experience of it in a very cu-  
 rious Gentleman of the Country of *E-  
 flingoreen*. This is one of the Points  
 There is yet another not much better. If  
 there were any Authority now in the  
 Oracles



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Oracles of *Jupiter Ammon*; of *Apollo* in *Lebadia*, *Delphos*, *Delos*, *Cyrra*, *Patara*, *Tegires*, *Preneſte*, *Lyca*, *Colophon*, or in the *Caſtalian Fountain*; near *Antiochia* in *Syria*; between the *Branchidians*; of *Bacchus*, in *Dodona*; of *Mercure* in *Phares*; near *Parras*; of *Apis*, in *Egypt*; of *Serapis* in *Canoric*; of *Faunus* in *Menalia*, and *Albunus* near *Tivoly*; of *Tiresias* in *Orchomenus*; of *Mofus* in *Silicia*; of *Orpheus* in *Lubos*; and of *Trophonius* in *Lucadia*. I would in that caſe adviſe you, and poſſibly not, to go thither for their Judgment concerning the Deſign and Enterprize you have in hand. But you know that they are all of them become as dumb as ſo many Fiſhes, ſince the Advent of that Saviour King, whoſe coming to this World hath made all Oracles and Propheſies to ceaſe; as the approach of the Suns radiant Beams expelleth Goblins, Bugbears, Hobthrouſhes, Broams, Schrieck Owl-Mates, Night-walking Spirits, and Tenebrians. Theſe now are gone; but although they were as yet in continuance, and in the ſame Power, Rule and Requeſt that formerly they were, yet would not I counſel you to be too credulous in putting any Truſt in their Reſponſes: Too many Folks have been deceived thereby. It ſtands furthermore upon Record, how *Agrippina* did



charge the fair *Lollia* with the Crime of having interrogated the Oracle of *Apollo Clarus*, to understand if she should be at any time married to the Emperor *Claudius*; for which Cause she was first banished, and thereafter put to a shameful and ignominious Death.

But (saith *Panurge*) let us do better; the *Ogygian* Islands are not far distant from the Haven of *Sammalo*: Let us, after that we shall have spoken to our King, make a Voyage thither. In one of these four *Isles*, to wit, that which hath its primest Aspect towards the Sun setting, it is reported, (and I have read in good Antick and Authentick Authors) that there reside many Soothsayers, Fortune-tellers, Vaticinators, Prophets, and Diviners of things to come; that *Saturn* inhabiteth that place, bound with fair Chains of Gold, and within the Concavity of a Golden Rock, being nourished with Divine *Ambrosie* and *Nectar*, which are daily in great store and abundance transmitted to him from the Heavens, by I do not well know what kind of Fowls (it may be that they are the same Ravens, which in the Deserts are said to have fed *St. Paul*, the first Hermit) he very clearly foretelleth unto every one, who is desirous to be certified of the condition of his Lot, what his Destiny will

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will be, and what future Chance the Fates have ordained for him : for the *Parques*, or *Weerd Sisters* do not twist, spin, or draw out a Thread ; nor yet doth *Jupiter* perpend, project, or deliberate any thing, which the good old Coelestial Father knoweth not to the full, even whilst he is a sleep : This will be a very summary Abbreviation of our Labour, if we but hearken unto him a little upon the serious debate and canvassing of this my perplexity. That is (answered *Epistemon*) a Gullery too evident, a plain Abuse, and Fib too fabulous. I will not go, nor I, I will not go.

### CHAP. XXV.

*How Panurge consulteth with Her-  
trippa.*

**N** Evertheless, (quoth *Epistemon*, continuing his Discourse) I will tell you what you may do, if you will believe me, before we return to our King : Hard by here, in the *Brown-wheat Island*, dwelleth *Her Trippa* ; you know how by the Arts  
of

of Astrology, Geomancy, Chiromancy, Metopomancy, and others of a like stuff and nature, he foretelleth all things to come: Let us talk a little, and confer with him about your Business. Of that (answered *Panurge*) I know nothing: but of this much concerning him I am assured, that one day, and that not long since, whilst he was prating to the Great King, of Coelestial, Sublime, and Transcendent Things, the Lackqueys and Footboys of the Court, upon the upper Steps of Stairs between two Doors, jumbled, one after another, as often as they lifted, his Wife, who is passable fair, and a pretty snug Hus- sie. Thus he who seemed very clearly to see all Heavenly and Terrestrial Things without Spectacles, who discoursed boldly of Adventures past, with great confidence opened up present Cases and Accidents, and stoutly professed the presaging of all future Events and Contingencies, and was not able with all the Skill and Cunning that he had, to perceive the Bumbasting of his Wife, whom he reported to be very chaste; and hath not till this hour, got Notice of any thing to the contrary. Yet let us go to him, seeing you will have it so: for surely we can never learn too much. They on the very next ensuing Day, came to Mr. Tripp's Lodg-  
ing.

ing. *Palmurge*, by way of Donative, presented him with a long Gown lined all thorough with Wolves-skins, with a short Sword mounted with a gilded Hilt, and covered with a Velvet Scabbard, and with fifty good single Angels: then in a familiar and friendly way did he ask of him his Opinion touching the Affair. At the very first *Her Trippa* looking on him very wistly in the face, said unto him: Thou hast the Metoposcopy, and Physiognomy of a Cuckold; I say, of a notorious and infamous Cuckold. With this casting an eye upon *Palmurge's* right Hand in all the parts thereof, he said, This rugged Draught which I see here, just under the Mount of *Jove*, was never yet but in the Hand of a Cuckold. Afterwards, he with a White Lead Pen, swiftly, and hastily drew a certain Number of diverse kinds of Points, which by Rules of Geomancy he coupled and joyned together, then said, Truth it self is not truer, then that it is certain, thou wilt be a Cuckold; a little after thy Marriage. That being done, he asked of *Palmurge* the Horoscope of his Nativity: which was no sooner by *Palmurge* tendered unto him, then that, erecting a Figure, he very promptly and speedily formed and fashioned a compleat Fabrick of the Houses of Heaven, in all their parts, whereof when  
he

he had considered the Situation and the Aspects in their Triplicities, he fetched a deep sigh, and said : I have clearly enough already discovered unto you the Fate of your Cuckoldry, which is unavoidable, you cannot escape it ; and here have I got of new a further assurance thereof, so that I may now hardily pronounce, and affirm without any scruple or hesitation at all, that thou wilt be a Cuckold ; that furthermore, thou wilt be beaten by thine own Wife, and that she will purloyn, filch, and steal of thy Goods from thee ; for I find the *Seventh House*, in all its Aspects, of a malignant Influence, and every one of the Planets threatening thee with Disgrace, according as they stand seated towards one another, in relation to the Horned Signs of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and *Capricorn* : In the *Fourth House* I find *Jupiter* in a Decadence, as also in a Tetragonal Aspect to *Saturn*, associated with *Mercury* : thou wilt be soundly pepper'd, my good honest Fellow, I warrant thee. I will be ; (answered *Panurge*) a Plague rot thee, thou old Fool, and doating Sor, how graceless and unpleasant thou art.

When all Cuckolds shall be at a General Rendezvous, thou shouldst be their Standard-bearer. But whence comes this Ciron-worm betwixt these two Fingers ?

This



This *Panurge* said, putting the Fore-finger of his Left-hand, betwixt the Fore and Mid-finger of the Right, which he thrust out towards *Her Trippa*, holding them open after the manner of two Horns, and shutting into a Fist his Thumb, with the other Fingers. Then in turning to *Epistemon*, he said, Lo here the true *Ollus* of *Martial*, who addicted and devoted himself wholly to the observing the Miseries, Crosses, and Calamities of others, whilst his own Wife, in the Interim, did keep an open Bawdy-house.

This Varlet is poorer then ever was *hus*, and yet he is a proud, vaunting, arrogant, self-conceited, over-weening, and more insupportable then Seventeen Devils; in one word, *Πτωχολαξίον*, which term of old was applied to the like beggarly strutting Coxcombs.

Come, let us leave this Madpass Bedlam, this hair-brain'd Fop, and give him leave to rave and dose his Belly-full, with his private and intimately acquainted Devils; who, if they were not the very worst of all the infernal Fiends, would never have daigned to serve such a knavish, barking Cur as this is. He hath not learnt the first Precept of Philosophy, which is, *Know thy Self*: for whilst he braggeth and boasteth, that he can discern the least

More



More in the Eye of another, he is not able to see the huge Block that puts out the sight of both his Eyes. This is such another *Polypragmon*, as is by *Plutarch* described: He is of the nature of the *Lamian* Witches, who in forreign Places, in the Houses of Strangers, in Publick, and amongst the common People, had a sharper and more piercing Inspection into their Affairs then any *Lync*; but at home in their own proper Dwelling-Mansions, were blinder then Mold-Warps, and saw nothing at all: for their Custom was at their return from abroad, when they were by themselves in private to take their Eyes out of their Head, from whence they were as easily removable as a Pair of Spectacles from their Nose, and to lay them up into a wooden Slipper, which for that purpose did hang behind the Door of their Lodging.

*Panurge* had no sooner done speaking, when *Her Trippa* took into his Hand a Tamarisk Branch. In this (quoth *Epistemon*) he doth very well, right, and like an Artist, for *Nicander* calleth it the *Divinatory Tree*. Have you a mind (quoth *Her Trippa*) to have the truth of the matter yet more fully and amply disclosed unto you by *Pyromancy*, by *Aeromancy*, (whereof *Aristophanes* in his Clouds maketh great estimation)

mation) by *Hydromancy*, by *Leconomancy*, of old in prime request amongst the *Assyrians*, and thoroughly tried by *Hermolaus Barbarus*: Come hither, and I will shew thee in this Platter full of fair Fountain-water, thy future Wife, lechering, and scercroupierising it with two swaggering Ruffians, one after another. Yea, but have a special care (quoth *Panurge*) when thou comest to put thy Nose within mine Arse, that thou forget not to pull off thy Spectacles. Her *Trippa* going on in his Discourse, said by *Catoptromancy*, likewise held in such account by the Emperor *Didius Julianus*, that by means thereof he ever and anon foresaw all that which at any time did happen or befall unto him: Thou shalt not need to put on thy Spectacles, for in a Mirror thou wilt see her as clearly and manifestly Nebrundiated, and Billibodring it, as if I should shew it in the Fountain of the Temple of *Minerva* near *Paros*. By *Coscinomancy*, most religiously observed of old, amidst the Ceremonies of the ancient *Romans*. Let us have a Sieve and Shiers, and thou shalt see Devils. By *Alphitomancy*, cried up by *Theocritus* in his *Pharmaktria*. By *Alentomancy*, mixing the Flower of Wheat with Oatmeal. By *Astragalomancy*, whereof I have the Plots and Models all at hand

ready

ready for the purpose. By Tyromancy, whereof we make some Proof in a great *Brehemont* Cheese, which I here keep by me: By Giromancy, if thou shouldst turn round Circles, thou mightest assure thyself from me, that they would fall always on the wrong side: By Sternomancy, which maketh nothing for thy Advantage, for thou hast an ill proportion'd Stomach: By Libanomancy, for the which we shall need but a little Frankincense: By Gastromancy, which kind of ventral Fatiloquency was for a long time together used in *Ferrara* by Lady *Giacoma Redogina*, the *Eugastrimythian* Prophereess: By Cephalomancy, often practised amongst the *High Germans* in their boiling of an Asses Head upon burning Coals: By Ceromancy, where by the means of Wax dissolved into Water, thou shalt see the Figure, Pourtrait and lively Representation of thy future Wife, and of her Fredin or Fredaliatory Belly thumping Blades: By Capnomancy; O the gallantest and most excellent of all Scrcers! By Axionomancy, we want only a Hatchet and a Jeat-stone to be laid together upon a quick Fire of hot Embers. O how bravely *Homer* was versed in the practice hereof towards *Penelope's* Sniters! By Onymancy; for that we have

Oyl and Wax: By Tephromancy, thou wilt see the Ashes thus aloft dispersed, exhibiting thy Wife in a fine Posture: By Bottonomancy, for the nonce I have some few Leaves in reserve: By Sicomancy; O Divine Art in Fig-tree Leaves! By Iethiomancy, in ancient times so celebrated, and put in use by *Tiresias* and *Polydamas*, with the like certainty of event as was tried of old at the *Dina-ditch* within that Grove consecrated to *Apollo*, which is in the Territory of the *Lycians*: By Choiramancy. Let us have a great many Hogs, and thou shalt have the Bladder of one of them: By Cheromomancy, as the Bean is found in the Cake at the *Epiphany* Vigil: By Anthropomancy, practised by the *Roman* Emperor *Heliogabalus*; it is somewhat irksom, but thou wilt endure it well enough, seeing thou art destinated to be a Cuckold: By a *Sybilline* Stichomancy: By Onomatomancy: How do they call thee! Chaw, turd; (quoeth *Panurge*) or yet by Alectryomancy. If I should here with a Compass draw a round, and in looking upon thee, and considering thy Lot, divide the Circumference thereof into four and twenty equal parts, then form a several Letter of the Alphabet upon every one of them; and lastly, posit a Barly Corn or two upon each of these

these so disposed Letters, I durst promise upon my Faith and Honesty, that if a young Virgin Cock be permitted to range alongst and athwart them, he should only eat the Grains which are set and placed upon these Letters, *A. Cuckold. T.b.o. f.b.a.l.t. b.o.* And that as fatidically, as under the Emperor *Valence*, most perplexedly desirous to know the Name of him, who should be his Successor to the Empire, the Cock Vaticinating and Alecromantick, ate up the Pickles that were posited on the Letters *The.o.d.* Or for the more certainty, will you have a trial of your Fortune by the Art of Aruspicy? by Augury? or by Extispicine? By Turdispicine, quoth *Pamurge*; or yet by the Mystery of Negromancy? I will, if you please, suddenly set up again, and revive some one lately deceased, as *Apollonius* of *Tyan* did to *Achilles*, and the *Pythoniſt* in the Presence of *Saul*; which Body so raised up and requickned, will tell us the Sum of all you shall require of him; no more nor less than at the Invocation of *Erichon*, a certain defunct Person foretold to *Pompey* the whole progress and issue of the fatal Battle fought in the *Pharsalus* Fields? Or if you be afraid of the Dead, as commonly all Cuckolds are, I will make use of the Faculty of Sciomaney.

Go,



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Go, get thee gone (quoth *Panurge*) thou Frantick Ass, to the Devil, and be buggered, filthy *Borduchio* that thou art, by some *Albanian*, for a Steeple-crown'd Hat. Why the Devil didst not thou counsel me as well to hold an Emerald, or the Stone of a *Hyena* under my Tongue? Or to furnish and provide my self with Tongues of Whoops, and Hearts of Green Frogs? Or to eat of the Liver and Milt of some Dragon? To the end that by those means I might at the chanting and chirping of Swans and other Fowls, understand the Substance of my future Lot and Destiny, as did of old the *Arabians* in the Country of *Mesopotamia*? Fifteen brace of Devils seize upon the Body and Soul of this horned, Renegado, miscreant Cuckold, the Inchanter, Witch, and Sorcerer of Antichrist to all the Devils of Hell.

Let us return towards our King: I am sure he will not be well pleased with us, if he once come to get notice that we have been in the Kennel of this muffled Devil. I repent my being come hither. I would willingly dispend with a Hundred Nobles, and Fourteen Yeomans, on condition that he who not long since did blow in the bottom of my Breeches, should instantly with his squirting Spittle inlu-



inluminate his Mustaches. O Lord God now! how the Villain hath besmoaked me with Vexation and Anger, with Charms and Witchcraft, and with a terrible Coyl and Stir of Infernal and *Tartarian* Devils! The Devil take him: say *Amen*; and let us go drink. I shall not have any Appetite for my Victuals (how good Cheer soever I make) these two days to come, hardly these four.

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## CHAP. XXVI.

*How Panurge consulteth with Friar Ihon of the Funnels.*

**P**anurge was indeed very much troubled in mind, and disquieted at the words of *Her Trippa*, and therefore as she passed by the little Village of *Hugmes*, after he had made his Address to Friar *Ihon*, in pecking at, rubbing and scratching his own left Ear, he said unto him, Keep me a little jovial and merry, my dear and sweet Bully, for I find my Brains altogether metagrabolized and confounded, and my Spirits in a most dunfical puzzle

the

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the bitter talk of this Devillish, Hellish,  
Damned Fool: Hearken, my dainty  
Cod.

Mellow C.  
Lead-coloured C.  
Knurled C.  
Snborned C.  
Desired C.  
Stuffed C.  
Speckled C.  
Finely metall'd C.  
Arabian-like C.  
Trussed up Grey-  
hound-like C.  
Mounted C.  
Sleeked C.  
Diapred C.  
Spotted C.  
Master C.  
Seeded C.  
Lusty C.  
Jupped C.  
Milked C.  
Calfered C.  
Raifed C.  
Odd C.  
Steeled C.  
Stale C.  
Orange-tawny C.  
Imbroidered C.

Glazed C.  
Interlarded C.  
Burger-like C.  
Impoudred C.  
Ebenized C.  
Brasiliated C.  
Organized C.  
Passable.  
Trunkified C.  
Furious C.  
Packed C.  
Hooded C.  
Varnished C.  
Renowned C.  
Matted C.  
Genetive C.  
Gigantal C.  
Oval C.  
Claustral C.  
Viril C.  
Stayed C.  
Massive C.  
Mannal C.  
Absolute C.  
Well-set C.  
Gemel C.  
Turkish C.

Burning

Burning C.	Brisk C.
Thwacking C.	Quick C.
Urgent C.	Barelike C.
Handsome C.	Partitional C.
Prompt C.	Patronymick C.
Fortunate C.	Cockney C.
Boxewood C.	Auromercuriated C.
Latten C.	Robust C.
Unbridled C.	Appetizing C.
Hooked C.	Succourable C.
Researched C.	Redoutable C.
Encompassed C.	Affable C.
Strouting out C.	Memorable C.
Jolly C.	Palpable C.
Lively C.	Barbable C.
Gerundive C.	Tragical C.
Franked C.	Transpontine C.
Polished C.	Digestive C.
Poudred Beef C.	Active C.
Positive C.	Vital C.
Spared C.	Magistral C.
Bold C.	Monachal C.
Lascivious C.	Subtil C.
Gluttonous C.	Hammering C.
Resolute C.	Clashing C.
Cabbage-like C.	Tingling C.
Courteous C.	Usual C.
Fertil C.	Exquisite C.
Whizzing C.	Trim C.
Neat C.	Succulent C.
Common C.	Faction C.

Clammy

Clammy C.	Astrolabian C.
Fat C.	Algebraical C.
High-priced C.	Venust C.
Requisite C.	Aromatizing C.
Laycod C.	Trixy C.
Hand-filling C.	Paillard C.
Insuperable C.	Gaillard C.
Agreeable C.	Broaching C.
Formidable C.	Adle C.
Profitable C.	Syndicated C.
Notable C.	Boulting C.
Musculous C.	Snorting C.
Subsidiary C.	Pilfring C.
Satyrick C.	Shaking C.
Repercussive C.	Bobbing C.
Convulsive C.	Chiveted C.
Restorative C.	Fumbling C.
Masculinating C.	Topfiturvyng C.
Incarnative C.	Raging C.
Sigillative C.	Piled up C.
Sallying C.	Filled up C.
Plump C.	Manly C.
Thundering C.	Idle C.
Lechering C.	Membrous C.
Fulminating C.	Strong C.
Sparkling C.	Twin C.
Ramming C.	Belabouring C.
Lusty C.	Gentil C.
Household C.	Stirring C.
Pretty C.	Confident C.

K

Nimble

Nimble C.	Odoriferous C.
Roundheaded C.	Pranked C.
Figging C.	Jocund C.
Helpful C.	Routing C.
Spruce C.	Purloining C.
Plucking C.	Frolick C.
Ramage C.	Wagging C.
Fine C.	Ruffling C.
Fierce C.	Jumbling C.
Brawny C.	Rumbling C.
Compt C.	Thumping C.
Repaired C.	Bumping C.
Soft C.	Cringeling C.
Wild C.	Berumpling C.
Renewed C.	Jogging C.
Quaint C.	Nobbing C.
Starting C.	Touzing C.
Fleshy C.	Tumbling C.
Auxiliary C.	Fambling C.
New vamped C.	Overturning C.
Improved C.	Shooting C.
Malling C.	Culeting C.
Sounding C.	Jagged C.
Batled C.	Pinked C.
Burly C.	Arsversing C.
Seditious C.	Polished C.
Wardian C.	Slasht. C.
Protective C.	Hamed C.
Twinkling C.	Leisurely C.
Able C.	Cut C.
Algoristical C.	Smooth C.

Depending C.	Dilting C.
Independent C.	Ready C.
Lingring C.	Vigorous C.
Rapping C.	Scoulking C.
Reverend C.	Superlative C.
Nodding C.	Clashing C.
Disseminating C.	Wagging C.
Affecting C.	Scriplike C.
Affected C.	Encremaster'd C.
Grapled C.	Bouncing C.
Stuffed C.	Levelling C.
Well-fed C.	Fly-flap C.
Flourished C.	Perinæ tegminal C.
Fallow C.	Squat-couching C.
Sudden C.	Short-hung C.
Grasp-full C.	The hypogastric C.
Swillpow C.	Witness bearing C.
Crushing C.	Testigerous C.
Creaking C.	Instrumental C.

My Harcabuzing Cod, and Buttock-  
stirring Ballock, Fryar *Ihon*, my Friend:  
I do carry a singular respect unto thee,  
and honour thee with all my Heart, thy  
Counsel I hold for a choice and delicate  
Morsel, therefore have I reserved it for  
the last Bit. Give me thy Advice freely;  
I beseech thee; Should I marry, or no?  
Fryar *Ihon* very merrily, and with a  
sprightly chearfulness made this Answer  
to him: Marry, in the Devil's Name,



Why not? What the Devil else shouldst thou do, but marry? Take thee a Wife, and furbish her Harnish to some tune: Swinge her Skin-coat, as if thou wert beating on Stock-fish; and let the repercussion of thy Clapper from her resounding Metal, make a Noise, as if a double Peal of Chiming-Bells were hung at the Cremasters of thy Ballocks. As I say Marry, so do I understand, that thou shouldst fall to work as speedily as may be: yea, my meaning is, that thou oughtest to be so quick and forward therein, as on this same very day, before Sun-set, to cause, proclaim thy Banes of Matrimony, and make provision of Bedsteads. By the Blood of a Hog's-pudding, till when wouldst thou delay the acting of a Husband's part? Dost thou not know, and is it not daily told unto thee, that the end of the World approacheth? We are nearer it by three Poles, and half a Fathom, then we were two days ago. The *Antichrist* is already born, at least it is so reported by many: the truth is, that hitherto the effects of his wrath have not reached further then to the scratching of his Nurse and Governesses: his Nails are not sharp enough as yet, nor have his Claws attained to their full growth; he is little.

*Crescat;*

*Crescat ; Nos qui vivimus, multiplicemur.*  
 It is written so, and it is holy stuff, I warrant you : The truth whereof is like to last as long as a Sack of Corn may be had for a Penny, and a Punction of pure Wine for Three-pence. Would thou be content to be found with thy Genitories full in the Day of Judgment ? *Dum veneris judicari.* Thou hast (quoth Panurge) a right, clear, and neat Spirit, Fryar Ihon, my Metropolitan Cod ; thou speakest in very deed pertinently, and to purpose : That belike was the reason which moved Leander of Abydos in Asia, whilst he was swimming through the Hellepontick Sea, to make a Visit to his Sweetheart Hero of Sestos in Europe, to pray unto Neptune, and all the other Marine Gods, thus :

*Now, whilst I go, have pity on me,  
 And at my back returning drown me.*

He was loath, it seems, to die with his Cods over-gorged : He was to be commended, therefore do I promise, that from henceforth no Malefactor shall by Justice be executed within my Jurisdiction of Salmigondinois, who shall not, for a day or two at least before, he be permitted to culbut, and foraminate, Onocrotalwise, that there remain not in all his Vessels, to

write a great Greek Y; such a precious thing should not be foolishly cast away; he will perhaps therewith beget a Male, and so depart the more contentedly out of this Life, that he shall have left behind him one for one.

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## CHAP. XXVII.

*How Fryar Ihon merrily, and sportingly counselleth Panurge.*

**B**Y Saint *Rigomet* (quoth Fryar *Ihon*) I do advise thee to nothing, my dear Friend *Panurge*) which I would not do my self, were I in thy place: only have a special care, and take good heed thou soulder well together the Joynts of the double backed, and two bellied Beast, and fortifie thy Nerves so strongly, that there be no discontinuance in the Knocks of the *Venerian* thwacking, else thou art lost, poor Soul: for if there pass long intervals betwixt the Priapising Feats, and that thou make an intermission of too large a time, that will befall thee, which betides the Nurses, if they desist from giving suck to  
 Chil-

# Chap. XXVII. WORKS. 221

Children, they lose their Milk ; and if continually thou do not hold thy Aspersory Tool in exercise, and keep thy Mental going, thy *Lactician* Nectar will be gone, and it will serve thee only as a Pipe to piss out at, and thy Cods for a Wallet of lesser value then a Beggars Scrip. This is a certain truth I tell thee, Friend, and doubt not of it ; for my self have seen the sad experiment thereof in many, who cannot now do what they would, because before they did not what they might have done. : *Ex desuetudine amittuntur Privilegia* : Non-usage oftentimes destroys ones Right, say the learned Doctors of the Law : therefore, my *Billy*, entertain as well as possibly thou canst, that *Hypogastrian*, lower sort of Troglodytick People, that their chief pleasure may be placed in the case of sempiternal labouring. Give order that henceforth they live not like adle Gentlemen, idly upon their Rents and Revenues, but that they may work for their Livelyhood, by breaking ground within the *Paphian* Trenches. Nay truly (answered *Panurge*) Fryar *Ihon*, my left Ballock, I will believe thee, for thou dealest plain with me, and fastest down-right square upon the business, without going about the Bush with frivolous circumstances, and unnecessary reservations. Thou with the splendour of

a piercing Wit, hast dissipated all the louring Clouds of anxious Apprehensions and Suspitions, which did intimidate and terrifie me : therefore the Heavens be pleased to grant to thee, at all She-conflicts, a stiff-standing Fortune. Well then, as thou hast said, so will I do, I will, in good Faith, Marry ; in that point there shall be no failing, I promise thee, and shall have always by me pretty Girls clothed with the Name of my Wives Waiting-Maids, that lying under thy Wings, thou mayest be Night-Protector of their Sisterhood.

Let this serve for the first part of the Sermon. Hearken (quoth Fryar Ibon) to the Oracle of the Bells of *Varennes* ; What say they ? I hear and understand them (quoth *Panurge*) their Sound is by my Thirst, more uprightly fatidical, then that of *Jove's* Great Kettles in *Dodona*. Hearken ; *Take thee a Wife, take thee a Wife, and marry, marry, marry : for if thou marry, thou shalt find good therein, herein, here in a Wife thou shalt find good ; so marry, marry.* I will assure thee, that I shall be married, all the Elements invite and prompt me to it : let this Word be to thee a Brazen Wall, by diffidence not to be broken thorough. As for the Second part of this our Doctrine : Thou seemest in some measure to mistrust

mistrust the readiness of my Paternity, in the practising of my Placket-Racket within the *Aphrodisian* Tennis-Court at all times sitting, as if the stiff God of Gardens were not favourable to me. I pray thee, favour me so much as to believe, that I still have him at a beck, attending always my Commandments, docile, obedient, vigorous, and active in all things, and every-where, and never stubborn or refractory to my will or pleasure.

I need no more, but to let go the Reins, and slacken the Leash, which is the Belly-point, and when the Game is shewn unto him, say, Hey, *Jack*, to thy Booty, he will not fail even then to flesh himself upon his Prey, and tuzle it to some purpose. Hereby you may perceive, although my future Wife were as unsatiable and gluttonous in her Voluptuousness, and the Delights of Venery, as ever was the Empress *Messalina*, or yet the Marchioness in *England*; and I desire thee to give credit to it, that I lack not for what is requisite to overloy the Stomach of her Lust, but have wherewith aboundingly to please her.

I am not ignorant that *Salomon* said, who indeed of that matter speaketh Clerk-like, and learnedly: as also how *Aristotle* after him declared for a truth, That for the greater part, the Lechery of a Woman



is ravenous and unsatisfiable : nevertheless, let such as are my Friends, who read those passages, receive from me for a most real Verity, that I for such a Gill, have a fit *Jack* ; and that, if Womens things cannot be satiated, I have an Instrument indefatigable ; an Implement as copious in the giving, as can in craving be their *Vade Mecums*. Do not here produce ancient Examples of the *Paragons of Paillardise*, and offer to match with my Testiculatory Ability, the *Priapean Prowess* of the fabulous Fornicators, *Hercules*, *Proculus*, *Cesar*, and *Mahomet* ; who in his *Alchoran* doth vaunt, that in his Cods he had the vigour of Threescore Bully Russians ; but let no zealous Christian trust the Rogue, the filthy ribald Rascal is a Lyar. Shall thou need to urge Authorities, or bring forth the Instance of the *Indian Prince*, of whom *Theophrastus Plinius*, and *Athenæus* testifie, that with the help of a certain Herb, he was able, and had given frequent Experiments thereof, to toss his sinewy Piece of Generation, in the Act of carnal Concupiscence, above Threescore and ten times in the space of Four and twenty hours. Of that I believe nothing, the number is supposititious, and too prodigally foisted in : Give no Faith unto it, I beseech thee, but prithee trust me in this, and thy credulity therein

therein shall not be wronged ; for it is true, and *Probatum est*, that my Pionier of Nature, the sacred *Itbyphallian* Champion, is of all stiff-intruding Blades the primeft : Come hither my Ballochette, and hearken, Didst thou ever see the Monk of *Castres* Cowl ? when in any House it was laid down, whether openly in the view of all, or covertly out of the sight of any, such was the ineffable Vertue thereof for exciting and stirring up the People of both Sexes unto Lechery, that the whole Inhabitants and Indwellers, not only of that, but likeways of all the circumjacent places thereto, within three Leagues around it, did suddenly enter into Rut, both Beasts and Folks, Men and Women, even to the Dogs and Hogs, Rats and Cats.

I swear to thee, that many times heretofore I have perceived, and found in my *Codpiece* a certain kind of Energy, or efficacious Vertue, much more irregular, and of a greater Anomaly, then what I have related : I will not speak to thee either of House or Cottage, nor of Church or Market, but only tell thee, that once at the Representation of the *Passion*, which was acted at Saint *Mexents* ; I had no sooner entred within the Pit of the Theater, but that forthwith, by the vertue and occult property of it, on a sudden all that were

were there, both Players and Spectators, did fall into such an exorbitant Temptation of Lust; that there was not Angel, Man, Devil, nor Deviless, upon the place, who would not then have Bri-collitthed it with all their Heart and Soul.

The Prompter forsook his Copy, he who played *Michael's* part, came down to rights, the Devils issued out of Hell, and carried along with them most of the pretty little Girls that were there; yea, *Lucifer* got out of his Fetters; in a word: seeing the huge Disorder, I disparked my self forth of that inclosed place, in imitation of *Cato the Censor*, who perceiving by reason of his presence, the *Floralian* Festivals out of order, withdrew himself.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXVIII.

*How Friar Ihon comforteth Panurge  
in the doubtful matter of Cuckoldry.*

**I** Understand thee well enough, said  
Friar Ihon; but *time makes all things  
plain.* The most durable Marbre or Por-  
phyri is subject to Old Age and Decay.  
Though for the present thou possibly be  
not weary of the Exercise, yet is it like,  
I will hear thee confess a few years hence,  
that thy Cods hang dangling downwards  
for want of a better Truss. I see thee  
waxing a little hoar-headed already; thy  
Beard by the Distinctions of grey, white,  
tawny and black, hath to my thinking  
the resemblance of a Map of the Terre-  
strial Globe, or Geographical Cart.  
Look attentively upon, and take Inspe-  
ction of what I shall show unto thee.  
Behold there *Asia*, here are *Tygris* and  
*Euphrates*. Lo there *Africk*; here is the  
Mountain of the *Moon*, yonder thou  
mayst perceive the Fenny Marsh of *Ni-  
lw.* On this side lieth *Europe*: Dost thou  
not

not see the Abby of *Tileme*? This little Tuft, which is altogether white, is the *Hyperborean Hills*. By the thirst of my Throple, Friend, when Snow is on the Mountains, I say the Head and the Chin, there is not then any considerable Heat to be expected in the Valleys and Low-Countries of the *Coepiece*. By the Kibes of thy Heels (quoth *Panurge*) thou dost not understand the Topicks. When Snow is on the tops of the Hills, Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, Whirlwinds, Storms, Hurricanes, and all the Devils of Hell rage in the Valleys. Wouldst thou see the experience thereof, go to the Territory of the *Swissers*, and earnestly perpend with thy self there the Situation of the Lake of *Wendelberliok*, about four Leagues distant from *Berne*, on the *Syon*-side of the Land. Thou twittest me with my Grey Heirs, yet considerest not how I am of the Nature of Leeks, which with a white Head carry a green, fresh, freight, and vigorous Tail.

The truth is nevertheless, (why should I deny it) that I now and then discern in my self some indicative Signs of Old Age. Tell this, I prithee, to no body, but let it be kept very close and secret betwixt us two; for I find the Wine much sweeter now, more savoury to my taste, and

and unto my Palate of a better relish than formerly I was wont to do; and withal, besides mine accustomed manner, I have a more dreadful Apprehension than I ever heretofore have had of lighting on bad Wine. Note and observe that this doth argue and portend I know not what of the *West* and *Occident* of my time, and signifieth that the *South* and *Meridian* of mine Age is past. But what then? my Gentle Companion, that doth but betoken that I will hereafter drink so much the more. That is not, the Devil hale it, the thing that I fear; nor is there where my Shoo pinches. The thing that I doubt most, and have greatest reason to dread and suspect, is, that through some long absence of our King *Pantagrue* (to whom I must needs bear Company, should he go to all the Devils of *Berathrum*) my future Wife shall make me a Cuckold. This is, in truth, the long and the short on't: For I am by all those whom I have spoke to menac'd and threatned with a Horned Fortune; and all of them affirm, it is the Lot to which from Heaven I am predestinated. Every one (answered *Friar Iben*) that would be a Cuckold, is not one: If it be thy Fate to be hereafter of the number of that *Horned Cattle*, then may I conclude with an *Ergo*, thy Wife will



will be beautiful, and *Ergo*, thou wilt be kindly used by her : Likewise with this *Ergo* thou shalt be blissed with the fruition of many Friends and Well-willers : And finally with this other *Ergo* thou shalt be saved, and have a place in *Paradise*. These are Monachal Topicks and Maxims of the Cloyster : Thou mayst take more liberty to sin : Thou shalt be more at ease than ever : There will be nevertheless left for thee, nothing diminished, but thy Goods shall increase notably : And if so be it was preordinated for thee, wouldst thou be so impious as not to acquiesce in thy Destiny ? Speak thou jaded Cod,

Faded C.	Surfeited C.
Mouldy C.	Peevish C.
Musty C.	Translated C.
Paukery C.	Forlorn C.
Senseless C.	Unfavoury C.
Foundred C.	Worm-eaten C.
Distempred C.	Overtolled C.
Berayed C.	Miserable C.
Inveigled C.	Steeped C.
Dangling C.	Kneaded with cold
Stupid C.	Water C.
Seedless C.	Appealant C.
Boaked C.	Swagging C.
Lowting C.	Withered C.
Discouraged C.	Broken reined C.

Defective C.	Asse-ridden C.
Crestfallen C.	Puff-pasted C.
Felled C.	St. Anthonised C.
Fleeted C.	Untriped C.
Cloyed C.	Blasted C.
Squeezed C.	Cut off C.
Resty C.	Beveraged C.
Pounded C.	Scarified C.
Loose C.	Dasht C.
Coldish C.	Slasht C.
Peckled C.	Infeebled C.
Churned C.	Whore hunting C.
Filiped C.	Deteriorated C.
Singlefied C.	Chil C.
Begrimed C.	Scrupulous C.
Wrinkled C.	Crazed C.
Fainted C.	Tasteless C.
Extenuated C.	Hacked C.
Grim C.	Flaggy C.
Wasted C.	Scrubby C.
Inflamed C.	Drained C.
Unhinged C.	Haled C.
Scurfie C.	Lolling C.
Stradling C.	Drenched C.
Putrified C.	Burst C.
Maimed C.	Stirred up C.
Overlechered C.	Mitred C.
Druggely C.	Pedlingly furnished
Mitified C.	C.
Goat-ridden C.	Rusty C.
Weakned C.	Exhausted C.

Per-

Perplexed C.	Languishing C.
Unhelved C.	Maleficiated C.
Fizled C.	He&tick C.
Leaprous C.	Worn out C.
Bruised C.	Ill-favoured C.
Spadonick C.	Duncified C.
Boughty C.	Macerated C.
Mealy C.	Paralytick C.
Wrangling C.	Degraded C.
Gangreened C.	Benumbed C.
Crustrisen C.	Bat-like C.
Ragged C.	Fart-shotten C.
Quelled C.	Sun-burnt C.
Bragodochio C.	Pacified C.
Beggarly C.	Blunted C.
Trepanned C.	Rankling tasted C.
Bedusked C.	Rooted out C.
Ema&sculated C.	Costive C.
Corked C.	Hailed on C.
Transparent C.	Cuffed C.
Vile C.	Buffeted C.
Antidated C.	Whirreted C.
Chopped C.	Robbed C.
Pinked C.	Neglected C.
Cup-glassified C.	Lame C.
Fruitle& C.	Confused C.
Riven C.	Un&sa&voury C.
Pur&ie C.	Overthrown C.
Fusty C.	Boulted C.
Jadish C.	Trod under C.
Fistulous C.	Desolate C.

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Declining C.  
 Stinching C.  
 Sorrowful C.  
 Murthered C.  
 Matachin-like C.  
 Besotted C.  
 Customerless C.  
 Minced C.  
 Exulcerated C.  
 Patched C.  
 Stupified C.  
 Annihilated C.  
 Spent C.  
 Foiled C.  
 Aguish C.  
 Disfigured C.  
 Disabled C.  
 Forcedless C.  
 Censured C.  
 Cut C.  
 Rifled C.  
 Undone C.  
 Corrected C.  
 Slit C.  
 Skittish C.  
 Spungy C.  
 Botched C.  
 Dejected C.  
 Jagged C.  
 Pining C.  
 Deformed C.

Mischieved C.  
 Cobled C.  
 Imbafed C.  
 Ranfacked C.  
 Despised C.  
 Mangy C.  
 Abafed C.  
 Supine C.  
 Mended C.  
 Dismayed C.  
 Harsh C.  
 Beaten C.  
 Barred C.  
 Abandoned C.  
 Confounded C.  
 Lowtish C.  
 Born down C.  
 Sparred C.  
 Abashed C.  
 Unseasonable C.  
 Opprest C.  
 Grated C.  
 Falling away C.  
 Smalcut C.  
 Difordered C.  
 Lattised C.  
 Ruined C.  
 Exasperated C.  
 Rejected C.  
 Belammed C.  
 Fabricitant C.

Per-

Perused C.	Diaphanous C.
Emaſculated C.	Unworthy C.
Roughly handled C.	Checked C.
Examined C.	Mangled C.
Crakt C.	Turned over C.
Waiward C.	Harried C.
Hagled C.	Flawed C.
Gleaning C.	Froward C.
Ill-favoured C.	Ugly C.
Pulled C.	Drawn C.
Drooping C.	Riven C.
Faint C.	Diſtaſteful C.
Parched C.	Hanging C.
Paultry C.	Broken C.
Cankred C.	Limber C.
Void C.	Effeminate C.
Vexed C.	Kindled C.
Beſtunk C.	Evacuated C.
Crooked C.	Grieved C.
Brabling C.	Carking C.
Rotten C.	Diſorderly C.
Anxious C.	Empty C.
Clouted C.	Diſquieted C.
Tired C.	Beſyſted C.
Proud C.	Confounded C.
Fractured C.	Hooked C.
Melancholy C.	Diverous C.
Coxcomby C.	Wearied C.
Baſe C.	Sad C.
Bleaked C.	Croſs C.
Deteſted C.	Vain-glorious C.

Poor C.  
 Brown C.  
 Shrunkin C.  
 Abhorred C.  
 Troubled C.  
 Scornful C.  
 Dishonest C.  
 Reproved C.  
 Cocketed C.  
 Filthy C.  
 Shred C.  
 Chawned C.  
 Short-winded C.  
 Branchless C.  
 Chapped C.  
 Failing C.  
 Deficient C.  
 Lean C.  
 Consumed C.  
 Used C.  
 Puzzled C.  
 Allayed C.  
 Spoiled C.  
 Clagged C.  
 Palsey-strucken C.  
 Amazed C.  
 Bedunfied C.  
 Extirpated C.  
 Banged C.  
 Stripped C.  
 Hoary C.

Winnowed C.  
 Decayed C.  
 Disastrous C.  
 Unhandsom C.  
 Stummed C.  
 Barren C.  
 Wretched C.  
 Feeble C.  
 Cast down C.  
 Stopped C.  
 Kept under C.  
 Stubborn C.  
 Ground C.  
 Retchless C.  
 Weather-beaten C.  
 Flayed C.  
 Bauld C.  
 Tossed C.  
 Flapping C.  
 Cleft C.  
 Meagre C.  
 Dumpified C.  
 Suppreft C.  
 Hagged C.  
 Jawped C.  
 Havocked C.  
 Astonished C.  
 Dulled C.  
 Slow C.  
 Plucked up C.  
 Constipated C.  
 Blown



Blown C.  
 Blockify'd C.  
 Pommeled C.  
 All-to-be mawl'd C.  
 Fallen away C.  
 Unlucky C.  
 Steril C.  
 Beshitten C.  
 Appeased C.  
 Caitive C.  
 Woful C.  
 Unseemly C.  
 Heavy C.  
 Weak C.  
 Prostrated C.  
 Uncomely C.  
 Naughty C.  
 Laid flat C.  
 Suffocated C.  
 Held down C.  
 Barked C.  
 Hairless C.  
 Flamping C.  
 Hooded C.  
 Wormy C.  
 Besyfted C.  
 Faulty C.  
 Bemealed C.  
 Mortified C.  
 Scurvy C.  
 Bescabbed C.

Torn C.  
 Subdued C.  
 Sneaking C.  
 Bare C.  
 Swart C.  
 Smutched C.  
 Raised up C.  
 Chopped C.  
 Flirted C.  
 Blained C.  
 Blotted C.  
 Sunk in C.  
 Gaffly C.  
 Unpointed C.  
 Beblistered C.  
 Wizen'd C.  
 Begger-plated C.  
 Douf C.  
 Clarty C.  
 Lumpish C.  
 Abject C.  
 Side C.  
 Choaked up C.  
 Backward C.  
 Prolix C.  
 Spotted C.  
 Crumpled C.  
 Frumpled C.  
 State C.  
 Corrupted C.  
 Bestowred C.

Amated

Amated C.	Frowning C.
Blackish C.	Limping C.
Underlaid C.	Raveled C.
Loathing C.	Rammish C.
Ill-filled C.	Gaunt C.
Bobbed C.	Beskimmered C.
Mated C.	Scraggy C.
Tawny C.	Lank C.
Whealed C.	Swashring C.
Besmear'd C.	Moyling C.
Hollow C.	Swinking C.
Pantless C.	Harried C.
Guizened C.	Tugged C.
Demiss C.	Towed C.
Refractory C.	Misused C.
Rensie C.	Adamitical C.

*Balockat* so to the Devil, my dear Friend *Panurge*, seeing it is so decreed by the Gods, wouldst thou invert the course of the Planets, and make them retrograde? Wouldst thou disorder all the Coelestial Spheres? blame the Intelligences, blunt the Spindles, joynt the Wherves, slander the Spinning Quills, reproach the Bobbins, revile the Clew-bottoms, and finally ravel and untwist all the Threads of both the warp and the wast of the weer'd Sister *Pargues*? What a Pox to thy Bones dost thou mean, stony Cod? thou wouldst if thou couldst, a great deal worse than the

the Gyants of old intended to have done. Come hither, Billicullion ; Whether wouldst thou be Jealous without cause, or be a Cuckold and know nothing of it ? Neither the one nor the other (quoth Panurge) would I choose to be : But if I get an inkling of the matter, I will provide well enough, or there shall not be one stick of Wood within Five hundred Leagues about me, whereof to make a Cudgel. In good Faith (Fryar Ibon) I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry : Harken to what the Bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them : *Do not Marry, Marry not, not, not, not, not ; Marry, Marry not, not, not, not, not : If thou Marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry ; thou'lt repent it, resent it, sent it : if thou Marry, thou a Cuckold, a Cou-cou-Cuckoe, Cou-cou-Cuckold thou shalt be.* By the worthy Wrath of God I begin to be angry ; this Campanilian Oracle fretteth me to the Guts, a March-Hare was never in such a Chaff as I am. O how I am vexed ! you Monks and Fryars of the Cowl-pated, and Hood-poll'd Fraternity, have you no Remedy nor Salve against this Malady of Graving Horns in Heads ? Hath Nature so abandoned Humane-kind, and of her help left us so destitute, that married Men cannot know how

how to sail through the Seas of this mortal Life, and be safe from the Whirlpools, Quicklands, Rocks, and Banks, that lie alongst the Coast of *Cornwall*.

I will (saide Fryar *Ihon*) shew thee a way, and teach thee an expedient, by means whereof thy Wife shall never make thee a Cuckold without thy knowledge, and thine own consent. Do me the favour, I pray thee, (quoth *Panurge*) my pretty soft downy Cod; now tell it, *Billy*, tell it, I beseech thee. Take (quoth Fryar *Ihon*) *Hans Carvel's* Ring upon thy Finger, who was the King of *Melinda's* chiet Jeweller; besides that, this *Hans Carvel* had the Reputation of being very skilful and expert in the Lapidary's Profession, he was a studious, learned, and ingenious Man, a Scientifick Person, full of Knowledge, a great Philosopher, of a sound Judgment, of a prime Wit, good Sence, clear Spirited, an honest Creature, Courteous, Charitable, Giver of Alms, and of a Jovial Humour, a Boon Companion, and a Merry Blade, if ever there was any in the World: He was somewhat Gorbellied, had a little Shake in his Head, and in effect unwieldy of his Body; in his Old Age he took to Wife the Bayliff of *Concordat's* Daughter, a young, fair, jolly, gallant, spruce, frisk, brisk, neat, feat, smirk, smug, compt, quaint, gay, fine, trixy, trim, de-

L

cent,

cent, proper, graceful, handsome, beautiful, comely; and kind, a little too much to her Neighbours and Acquaintance.

Hereupon it fell out, after the expiring of a scantling of Weeks, that Master *Cravel* became as jealous as a Tygar, and entered into a very profound suspicion, that his new-married Gixy did keep a Buttock-firring with others: to prevent which inconveniency, he did tell her many tragical Stories of the total Ruine of several Kingdoms by Adultery; did read unto her the Legend of chaste Wives; then made some Lectures to her in the praise of the choice Vertue of Pucidity, and did present her with a Book in Commendation of Conjugal Fidelity: wherein the wickedness of all licentious Women was odiously detested; and withal, he gave her a Chain enriched with pure Oriental Sapphires. Notwithstanding all this, He found her always more and more inclined to the reception of her Neighbour Copes-mates, that day by day his Jealousie increased; in sequel whereof, one Night as he was lying by her, whilst in his Sleep the rambling Fancies of the lecherous Deportments of his Wife, did take up the Cells of his Brain, he dreamt that he encountered with the Devil, to whom he had discovered to the full the buzzing of his Head,

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and suspicion that his Wife did tread her Shooe awry ; the Devil, he thought, in this perplexity, did for his comfort, give him a Ring, and therewithal did kindly put it on his Middle-finger, saying, *Hans Carvel*, I give thee this Ring, whilst thou carriest it upon that Finger, thy Wife shall never carnally be known by any other then thy self, without thy special knowledge and consent. Grammercy (quoth *Hans Carvel*) my Lord Devil, I renounce *Mahomet*, if ever it shall come off my Finger. The Devil vanished, as is his Custom, and then *Hans Carvel* full of Joy awaking, found that his Middle-finger was as far as it could reach within the *What-do-you-call-it* of his Wife. I did forget to tell thee, how his Wife, as soon as she had felt the Finger there, said in re-coyling her Buttocks, Off, yes, nay, tut, pish, tush, aye, Lord, that is not the thing which should be put up in that place. With this *Hans Carvel* thought that some pilferring Fellow was about to take the Ring from him.

Is not this an Infalible and Sovereign Antidote ? therefore, if thou wilt believe me, in imitation of this Example, never fail to have continually the Ring of thy Wife's Commodity upon thy Finger. When that was said, their Discourse and their Way ended.



## C H A P. XXIX.

*How Pantagruel Convocated together a Theologian, Phyfitian, Lawyer, and Philosopher, for extricating Panurge out of the perplexity wherein he was.*

**N**O sooner were they come into the Royal Palace, but they, to the full, made Report unto *Pantagruel* of the Success of their Expedition; they shew him the Response of *Paminagrobis*. When *Pantagruel* had read it over and over again, the oftner he perused it, being the better pleased therewith; he said, in addressing his Speech to *Panurge*, I have not as yet seen any Answer framed to your Demand, which affordeth me more Contentment: for in this his succinct Copy of Verses, he summarily, and briefly, yet fully enough expresth, how he would have us to understand, that every one in the Project and Enterprize of Marriage, ought to be his own Carver, sole Arbitrator of his proper Thoughts, and from himself alone take Counsel in the main and peremptory  
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closure of what his Determination should be, in either his assent to, or dissent from it. Such always hath been my Opinion to you, and when at first you spoke thereof to me, I truly told you this same very thing; but tacitly you scorned my Advice, and would not harbour it within your mind. I know for certain, and therefore may I with the greater confidence utter my conception of it, that *Philisury*, or Self love, is that which blinds your Judgment, and deceiveth you.

Let us do otherways, and that is this: Whatever we are, or have, consisteth in Three Things: the Soul, the Body, and the Goods: now for the preservation of these Three, there are Three sorts of Learned Men ordained, each respectively to have care of that one which is recommended to his charge. *Theologues* are appointed for the Soul, *Physicians* for the Welfare of the Body, and *Lawyers* for the Safety of our Goods: hence it is, that it is my Resolution to have on *Sunday* next with me at Dinner, a *Divine*, a *Physician*, and a *Lawyer*, that with those Three assembled thus together, we may in every Point and Particle, confer at large of your Perplexity. By Saint *Picot* (answered *Panurge*) we never shall do any good that way: I see it already, and you

see your self how the World is vilely abused, as when with a Fox-tayl one claps another's Breech, to cajole him. We give our Souls to keep to the *Theologues*, who for the greater part are *Hereticks*: Our Bodies we commit to the *Physicians*, who never themselves take any *Physick*: and then we intrust our Goods to *Lawyers*, who never go to *Law* against one another. You speak like a Courtier (quoth *Pantagruel*) but the first Point of your Assertion is to be denied: for we daily see how good *Theologues* make it their chief Business, their whole and sole Employment, by their Deeds, their Words, and Writings, to extirpate Errors and Heresies out of the Hearts of Men; and in their stead profoundly plant the true and lively Faith. The Second Point you spoke of I commend: for whereas the Professors of the Art of *Medicine*, give so good order to the *Prophylactick*, or *Conservative* part of their Faculty, in what concerneth their proper Healths, that they stand in no need of making use of the other Branch, which is the *Curative*, or *Therapeutick*, by Medicaments. As for the Third, I grant it to be true: for Learned *Advocates* and *Counsellors* at *Law*, are so much taken up with the Affairs of others in their Consultations, Pleadings, and such-like Patrocinations

nations of those who are their Clients, that they have no leisure to attend any Controversies of their own. Therefore, on the next ensuing *Sunday*, let the Divine be our godly Father *Hippothadee*, the Physician our honest Master *Rondibilis*, and the Legist our good Friend *Bridlegoose*: nor will it be (to my thinking) amiss, that we enter into the *Pythagorick Field*, and choose for an Assistant to the Three aforementioned Doctors, our ancient faithful Acquaintance, the Philosopher *Trouillogan*; especially seeing a perfect Philosopher, such as is *Trouillogan*, is able positively to resolve all whatsoever Doubts you can propose. *Carpalin*, have you a care to have them here all Four on *Sunday* next at Dinner, without fail.

I believe (quoth *Epistemon*) that throughout the whole Country, in all the Corners thereof, you could not have pitched upon such other Four: which I speak not so much in regard of the most excellent Qualifications and Accomplishments wherewith all of them are endowed for the respective Discharge and Management of each his own Vocation and Calling, (wherein without all doubt or controversy, they are the Paragons of the Land, and surpass all others) as for that *Rondibilis* is married now, who before was not: Hip-

*potbadee* was not before, nor is yet : *Bridle-goose* was married once, but is not now : and *Trouillogan* is married now, who wedded was to another Wife before. Sir, if it may stand with your good liking, I will ease *Carpalin* of some parcel of his Labour, and invite *Bridle-goose* my self, with whom I of a long time have had a very intimate familiarity, and unto whom I am to speak on the behalf of a pretty hopeful Youth, who now studieth at *Tbolouse*, under the most learned, vertuous Doctor *Boissonnet*. Do what you deem most expedient (quoth *Pantagrue*) and tell me, if my Recommendation can in any thing be steadable for the promoval of the good of that Youth, or otherways serve for bettering of the Dignity and Office of the worthy *Boissonnet*, whom I do so love and respect, for one of the ablest and most sufficient in his way, that any where are extant. Sir, I will use therein my best Endeavours, and heartily bestir my self about it.

CHAP.

## CH A P. XXX.

*How the Theologue, Hippothadee, giveth Counsel to Panurge in the matter and business of his Nuptial Enterprize.*

THE Dinner on the subsequent Sunday was no sooner made ready, than that the afore-named invited Guests gave thereto their Appearance, all of them; *Bridlegoose* only excepted, who was the Deputy-Governor of the *Fonspeton*. At the ushering in of the Second Service, *Panurge* making a low Reverence, spake thus: Gentlemen, the Question I am to propound unto you shall be uttered in very few Words; *Should I marry or no?* If my Doubt herein be not resolved by you, I shall hold it altogether insolvable, as are the *Insolubilia de Aliaco*; for all of you are elected, chosen, and culled out from amongst others, every one in his own Condition and Quality, like so many picked Peas on a Carpet.



The Father *Hippothada*, in obedience to the bidding of *Pantagruel*, and with much Courtesie to the Company, answered exceeding modestly, after this manner: My Friend, you are pleased to ask Counsel of us; but first you must consult with your self. Do you find any trouble or disquiet in your Body by the importunate stings and pricklings of the Flesh? That I do (quoth *Panurge*) in a hugely strong and almost irresistible measure: Be not offended, I beseech you, good Father, at the freedom of my Expression. No truly, Friend, not I, (quoth *Hippothadee*) there is no reason why I should be displeased therewith: But in this Carnal Strife and Debate of yours, have you obtained from God the Gift and special Grace of Continency? In good Faith, not, (quoth *Panurge*.) My Counsel to you in that case (my Friend) is, that you marry, (quoth *Hippothadee*) for you should rather choose to marry once, than to burn still in Fires of Concupiscence. Then *Panurge*, with a jovial Heart and a loud Voice, cried out, That is spoke gallantly, without circumbilivaginating about and about, and never hit it in its centred Point. Grammercy, my good Father. In truth I am resolved now to marry, and without fail I shall do  
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it quickly. I invite you to my Wedding; by the Body of a Hen, we shall make good Cheer, and be as merry as Crickets: You shall wear the Bridegroom's Colours; and if we eat a Goose, my Wife shall not rest for me. I will intreat you to lead up the first Dance of the Brides Maids, if it may please you to do me so much Favour and Honour. There resteth yet a small Difficulty, a little Scruple, yea, even less than nothing, whereof I humbly crave your Resolution; Shall I be a Cuckold, Father, yea or no? By no means, (answered *Hippothadee*) will you be Cuckolded, if it please God. O the Lord help us now, (quoth *Panurge*) whither are we driven to, good Folks? To the *Conditionals*, which according to the Rules and Precepts of the Dialectick Faculty, admit of all contradictions and impossibilities. *If my Transalpine Mule had Wings, my Transalpine Mule would fly.* If it please God I shall not be a Cockold, but I shall be a Cuckold if it please him. Good God, if this were a condition which I knew how to prevent, my Hopes should be as high as ever, nor would I despair: But you here send me to God's Privy Council, to the Closet of his little Pleasures. You my *French* Countrymen, which is the way you take to go thither?

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My honest Father, I believe it will be your best not to come to my Wedding: The clutter and dingle dangle noise of Marriage Guests will but disturb you, and break the serious Fancies of your Brain. You love Repose, with Solitude and Silence; I really believe you will not come. And then you Dance but indifferently, and would be out of Countenance at the first Entry. I will send you some good things to your Chamber, together with the *Bride's Favour*, and there you may drink our Health, if it may stand with your good liking. My Friend (quoth *Hippothadée*) take my Words in the Sence wherein I meant them, and do not misinterpret me. When I tell you, *if it please God*, do I to you any wrong therein? Is it an ill Expression? Is it a Blapheming Clause or Reserve any way scandalous unto the World? Do not we thereby honour the Lord God Almighty, Creator, Pretector and Conserver of all things? Is not that a mean, whereby we do acknowledge him to be the sole Giver of all whatsoever is good? Do not we in that manifest our Faith, that we believe all things to depend upon his infinite and incomprehensible Bounty? and that without him nothing can be produced, nor after its Production be of any value,

value, force, or power, without the concurring aid and favour of his assisting Grace? Is it not a canonical and authentick Exception, worthy to be premised to all our Undertakings? Is it not expedient that what we propose unto our selves, be still referred to what shall be disposed of by the Sacred Will of God, unto which all things must acquiesce in the Heavens as well as on the Earth? Is not that verily a sanctifying of his Holy Name? My Friend, you shall not be a Cuckold, if it please God, nor shall we need to despair of the knowledge of his good Will and Pleasure herein, as if it were such an abstruse and mysteriously hidden Secret, that for the clear understanding thereof it were necessary to consult with those of his Celestial Privy Council, or expressly make a Voyage unto the *Empyrean* Chamber, where Order is given for the effectuating of his most holy Pleasures.

The great God hath done us this good, that he hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and described them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that you shall never be a Cuckold, that is to say, your Wife shall never be a Strumpet, if you make choice of one of a commendable Extraction, descended of honest Parents, and instructed in all  
 Piety :

Piety and Vertue : Such a one as hath not at any time hanted or frequented the Company or Conversation of those that are of corrupt and deprav'd Manners; one loving and fearing God, who taketh a singular delight in drawing near to him by Faith, and the cordial observing of his Sacred Commandments; And finally, one who standing in awe of the Divine Majesty, of the most High, will be loath to offend him, and lose the favourable kindness of his Grace through any defect of Faith, or transgression against the Ordinances of his Holy Law, wherein Adultery is most rigorously forbidden, and a close Adherence to her Husband alone most strictly and severely enjoyned; yea, in such sort, that she is to cherish, serve and love him above any thing, next to God, that meriteth to be beloved. In the interim, for the better schooling of her in these Instructions, and that the wholsom Doctrine of a Matrimonial Duty may take the deeper Root in her Mind, you must needs carry your self so on your part, and your behaviour is to be such, that you are to go before her in a good Example, by entertaining her unfeignedly with a Conjugal Amity, by continually approving your self in all your Words and Actions a faithful and discreet Husband;

band; and by living not only at home, and privately with your own Household and Family, but in the face also of all Men, and open view of the World, devoutly, virtuously and chaffly, as you would have her on her side to deport and demean herself towards you, as becomes a Godly, Loyal and Respectful Wife, who maketh Conscience to keep inviolable the Tie of a Matrimonial Oath.

For as that *Looking-glass* is not the best, which is most deck'd with Gold and Precious Stones, but that which representeth to the Eye the liveliest shapes of Objects set before it: Even so that Wife should not be most esteemed who richest is, and of the noblest Race, but she who fearing God, conforms her self nearest unto the Humour of her Husband.

Consider how the *Moon* doth not borrow her Light from *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, or any other of the Planets; nor yet from any of those Splendid Stars which are set in the spangled Firmament; but from her Husband only, the bright *Sun*, which she receiveth from him more or less, according to the manner of his *Aspect*, and variously bestowed Eradiations. Just so should you be a Pattern to your Wife in Vertue, goodly Zeal and true Devotion, that by your  
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Radiance in darting on her the *Aspect* of an Exemplary Goodness, she, in your imitation, may outshine the Luminaries of all other Women. To this effect you daily must implore God's Grace to the Protection of you both. You would have me then (quoth Panurge, twisting the Whiskers of his Beard on either side with the Thumb and Fore-finger of his Left Hand) to espouse and take to Wife the prudent frugal Woman described by Solomon: Without all doubt she is dead, and truly to my best remembrance I never saw her; the Lord forgive me. Nevertheless I thank you, Father; eat this slice of Marchpane, it will help your Digestion; then shall you be presented with a Cup of Claret Hypocras, which is right healthful and stomached. Let us proceed.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXXI.

*How the Physician Rondibilis counsel-  
leth Panurge.*

PAnurge continuing his Discourse, said,  
The first word which was spoken by  
him who guelled the Lubboardly quaffing  
Monks of *Saussiniac*, after that he had un-  
stoned Friar *Corcil*, was this, *To the rest*.  
In like manner, I say, *to the rest*. There-  
fore I beseech you, my good Master *Ron-  
dibilis*, should I marry or not? By the ra-  
king pace of my Mule, quoth *Rondibilis*,  
I know not what Answer to make to this  
Problem of yours.

You say that you feel in you the prick-  
ing Stings of Sensuality, by which you  
are stirred up to Venery. I find in our  
Faculty of *Medicine*, and we have founded  
our Opinion therein upon the deliberate  
Resolution and final Decision of the an-  
cient *Platonicks*, that *Carnal Concupiscence* is  
cooled and quelled five several ways.

*First,*

*First*, By the means of *Wine*. I shall easily believe that, (quoth Friar *Ihon*) for when I am well whited with the Juycce of the Grape, I care for nothing else so I may sleep. When I say (quoth *Rondibilis*) that *Wine* abateth Lust, my meaning is, *Wine* immoderately taken; for by Intemperancy proceeding from the excessive drinking of Strong Liquor, there is brought upon the Body of such a Swill-down Bouser a chilnes in the Blood, a slackening in the Sinews, a Dissipation of the Generative Seed, a numbness and heberation of the Senses, with a perverse wriness and Convulsion of the Muscles; all which are great Lets and Impediments to the Act of Generation. Hence it is that *Bacchus*, the God of Ribbers, Tipplers and Drunkards is most commonly painted Beardless, and clad in a Womans Habit, as a Person altogether Effeminate, or like a libbed Eunuch. *Wine* nevertheless taken moderately worketh quite contrary Effects, as is implied by the old Proverb, which saith, That *Venus* takes co'd when not accompanied with *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This Opinion is of great Antiquity, as appeareth by the Testimony of *Diodorus the Sicilian*, and confirmed by *Pausanias*, and universally held amongst the

the *Lampsacians*, that *Dion Priapos* was the Son of *Bacebus* and *Venus*.

Secondly, The Fervency of Lust is abated by certain *Drugs*, *Plants*, *Herbs* and *Roots*, which make the Taker cold, maleficated, unfit for, and unable to perform the Act of Generation; as hath been often experimented in the *Water-Lilly*, *Heraclea*, *Agnus Castus*, *Willow-rwigs*, *Hemp-stalks*; *Woodbind*, *Honey suckle*, *Tamarisk*, *Chastree*, *Mandrake*, *Bennet*, *Keebuglosse*, the *Skin* of a *Hippopotam*, and many other such, which by convenient Doses proportioned to the peccant Humour and Constitution of the Patient, being duly and seasonably received within the Body, what by their Elementary Vertues on the one side, and peculiar Properties on the other, do either benumb, mortifie and beclumpse with Cold the prolifick Semence; or scatter and disperse the Spirits, which ought to have gone along with, and conducted the Sperm to the places destinated and appointed for its reception. Or lastly, Shut up, stop and obstruct the ways, passages and conduits through which the Seed should have been expelled, evacuated and ejected. We have nevertheless of those Ingredients, which being of a contrary Operation, heat the Blood, bend the Nerves,

Nerves, unite the Spirits, quicken the Senses, strengthen the Muscles, and thereby rouze up, provoke, excite and inable a Man to the vigorous Accomplishment of the Feat of Amorous Dalliance. I have no need of those, (quoth *Panurge*) God be thanked, and you my good Master. Howsoever I pray you take no exception or offence at these my words; for what I have said was not out of any ill Will I did bear to you, the Lord he knows.

*Thirdly*, The Ardour of Lechery is very much subdued and mated by frequent *Labour* and continual Toiling: For by painful Exercises and laborious working, so great a Dissolution is brought upon the whole Body, that the Blood which runneth alongst the Channels of the Veins thereof, for the Nourishment and Alimentation of each of its Members, hath neither time, leisure nor power to afford the Seminal Refudation, or superfluity of the third Concoction, which Nature most carefully reserves for the conservation of the Individual, whose Preservation she more heedfully regardeth than the propagating of the Species, and the multiplication of Humane Kind. VVhence it is, that *Diana* is said to be chaste, because she is never idle, but always busied about her Hunting. For the same reason

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was a Camp, or Leaguer of old called *Castrum*, as if they would have said *Castum*: because the Soldiers, Wrestlers, Runners, Throwers of the Bar, and other such-like Athletick Champions, as are usually seen in a Military Circumvallation, do unceasingly travel and turmoil, and are in a perpetual stir and agitation. To this purpose *Hippocrates* also writeth in his Book, *De Aere Aqua & locis*: That in his time there were People in *Scythia* as impotent as Eunuchs, in the discharge of a Venetian Exploit; because that without any cessation, pause, or respite, they were never from off Horseback, or otherways assiduously employed in some troublesome and molesting Drudgery.

On the other part, in opposition and repugnancy hereto, the Philosophers say, *That Idleness is the Mother of Luxury*. When it was asked *Ovid*, Why *Egistus* became an Adulterer? he made no other Answer but this: *Because he was idle*. Who were able to rid the World of Loytring and Laziness, might easily frustrate and disappoint *Cupid* of all his Designs, Aims, Engines, and Devices, and so disable and appall him, that his Bow, Quiver, and Darts should from thenceforth be a meer needless Load and Burthen to him: for that it could not then lie in his power to strike,



strike, or wound any of either Sex, with all the Arms he had. He is not, I believe, so expert an Archer, as that he can hit the Cranes flying in the Air, or yet the young Stags skipping through the Thickets, as the *Parthians* knew well how to do; that is to say, People moyling, sinking, and hurrying up and down, restless, and without repose. He must have those hudd still, quiet, lying at a stay, lithier, and full of ease, whom he is able, though his Mother help him, to touch, much less to pierce with all his Arrows, in confirmation hereof, *Theophrastus* being asked one time, What kind of Beast or Thing he judged a toyish, wanton Love to be? he made Answer, *That it was a Passion of idle and sluggish Spirits.* From which pretty Description of ticking Love-tricks that of *Diogenes's* hatching was not very discrepant, when he defined Leachery, *Occupation of Folks destitute of all other Occupation.*

For this cause the *Syconian* Engraver, *Carnachus*, being desirous to give us to understand; that Sloath, Drouziness, Negligence, and Laziness were the prime Guardians and Governesses of Ribaldry, made the Statue of *Venus* (not standing, as other Stone-Cutters had used to do, but) sitting.

Fourthly,

*Fourthly,* The tickling pricks of Incontinency are blunted by an eager Study; for from thence proceedeth an incredible resolution of the Spirits; that oftentimes there do not remain so many behind as may suffice to push and thrust forwards the Generative Refudation to the places thereto appropriated, and therewithal infuse the Cavernous Nerve; whose office is to ejaculate the Moisture for the Propagation of Humane Progeny. Least you should think it is not so, be pleased but to contemplate a little the Form, Fashion, and Carriage of a Man exceeding earnestly set upon some Learned Meditation, and deeply plunged therein, and you shall see how all the Arteries of his Brains are stretched forth, and bent like the String of a Cross-bow, the more promptly, dexterously, and copiously to suppeditate, furnish, and supply him with store of Spirits, sufficient to replenish, and fill up the Ventricles, Seats, Tunnels, Mansions, Receptacles, and Celluls of the common Sense; of the Imagination, Apprehension, and Fancy; of the Ratiocination, Arguing, and Resolution; as likewise of the Memory, Recordation, and Remembrance; and with great alacrity, nimbleness, and agility to run, pass, and course from the one to the other, through those Pipes, Windings, and

and Conduits; which to skilful Anatomists are perceivable, at the end of the *Wonderful Net*, where all the Arteries close in a terminating Point: which Arteries taking their rise and origine from the *left Capsul* of the Heart, bring through several Circuits, Ambages, and Anfractuosities, the Vital, to subtilize and refine them to the *Ætherial Purity* of Animal Spirits. Nay, in such a studiously musing Person, you may espy so extravagant Raptures of one, as it were, out of himself, that all his Natural Faculties for that time will seem to be suspended from each their proper charge and office, and his exterior Senses to be at a stand. In a word, you cannot otherwise choose then think, that he is by an extraordinary Extasie quite transported out of what he was, or should be; and that *Socrates* did not speak improperly, when he said, *That Philosophy was nothing else but a Meditation upon Death.* This possibly is the reason, why *Democritus* deprived himself of the Sense of Seeing, prizing at a much lower rate the loss of his Sight, than the diminution of his Contemplations; which he frequently had found disturbed by the vagrant, flying-out strayings of his unsoled and roving Eyes. Therefore is it, that *Pallas*, the Goddess of Wisdom, Tutress, and Guardianess of such as are diligently studious,

studious, and painfully industrious, is, and hath been still accounted a Virgin. The *Muses* upon the same consideration are esteemed perpetual *Maids*: and the *Graces* for the like reason, have been held to continue in a sempiternal *Pudicity*.

I remember to have read, that *Cupid* on a time being asked of his Mother *Venus*, why he did not assault and set upon the *Muses*, his Answer was, *That he found them so fair, so sweet, so fine, so neat, so wise, so learned, so modest, so discreet, so courteous, so vertuous, and so continually busied and employed*: One in the Speculation of the Stars; another in the Supputation of Numbers; the Third in the Dimension of Geometrical Quantities; the Fourth in the Composition of Heroick Poems; the Fifth in the jovial Interludes of a Comick Strain; the Sixth in the stately Gravity of a Tragick Vein; the Seventh in the Melodious Disposition of Musical Airs; the Eighth in the compleatest manner of Writing Histories, and Books on all sorts of Subjects; and the Ninth in the Mysteries, Secrets, and Curiosities of all Sciences, Faculties, Disciplines, and Arts whatsoever, whether Liberal or Mechanick; that approaching near unto them, he unbended his Bow, shut his Quiver, and extinguished his Torch, through meer shame and

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fear,

fear, that by mischance he might do them some hurt or prejudice : which done, he thereafter put off the Fillet wherewith his Eyes were bound, to look them in the Face, and to hear their Melody and Poetick Odes. There took he the greatest pleasure in the World ; that many times he was transported with their Beauty and pretty Behaviour, and charmed asleep by the Harmony : so far was he from assaulting them, or interrupting their Studies. Under this Article may be comprised, what *Hippocrates* wrote in the aforecited Treatise concerning the *Scythians*, as also that in a Book of his entituled, *Of Breeding and Production* ; where he hath affirmed, all such Men to be unfit for Generation, as have their *Parotid* Arteries cut ; whose Situation is beside the Ears : for the reason given already, when I was speaking of the resolution of the Spirits, and of that Spiritual Blood, whereof the Arteries are the sole and proper Receptacles ; and that likewise he doth maintain a large portion of the Parastatick Liquor, to issue and descend from the Brains and Backbone.

*Fifthly*, By the too frequent reiteration of the Act of Venery. There did I warn you (quoth *Panurge*) and shall willingly apply it to my self, whilst any one shall please

pleaseth may, for me, make use of any of the four preceding. That is the very same thing (quoth Fryar *Ihon*) which Father *Scyllino*, Prior of Saint *Victor*, at *Mar-seilles*, calleth by the Name of *Maceration*, and taming of the *Flesh*. I am of the same Opinion; and so was the Hermite of Saint *Radegonde*, a little above *Chinon*: for (quoth he) the Hermites of *Thebaida* can no more aptly or expediently macerate and bring down the Pride of their Bodies, daunt and mortifie their lecherous Sensuality, or depress and overcome the stubbornness and rebellion of the *Flesh*, then by *dusling* and *fanferluching* it Five and twenty, or Thirty times a day. I see *Panurge*, quoth *Rondibilis*, neatly featured, and proportioned in all the Members of his Body, of a good temperament in his Humors, well complexioned in his Spirits, of a competent Age, in an opportune Time, and of a reasonably forward Mind to be married: truly, if he encounter with a Wife of the like Nature, Temperament, and Constitution, he may beget upon her Children worthy of some *Transpontine* Monarchy; and the sooner he marry, it will be the better for him, and the more conducive for his Profit, if he would see and have his Children in his own time well provided for. Sir, my worthy Master

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( quoth *Panurge* ) I will do it, do not you doubt thereof; and that quickly enough, I warrant you. Nevertheless, whilst you were busied in the uttering of your Learned Discourse, this Flea which I have in mine Ear, hath tickled me more then ever. I retain you in the Number of my Festival Guests, and promise you, that we shall not want for Mirth, and Good Chear enough; yea, over and above the ordinary Rate. And, if it may please you, desire your Wife to come along with you, together with her She-Friends and Neighbours: That is to be understood, and there shall be fair Play.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XXXII.

*How Rondibilis declareth Cuckoldry to be naturally one of the Appendances of Marriage.*

Here remaineth as yet; quoth *Panurge* going on in his Discourse, one small scruple to be cleared : you have seen heretofore, I doubt not, in the *Roman Standards*, *S. P. Q. R.* Si, Peu, Que, Rien : *Shall not I be a Cuckold?* By the Haven of Safety, cried out *Rondibilis*, what is this you ask of me ? If you shall be a Cuckold : My Noble Friend, I am married, and you are like to be so very speedily : therefore be pleased from my Experiment in the matter, to write in your Brain, with a Steel-pen, this sublequent Ditton, *There is no married Man who doth not run the hazard of being made a Cuckold.* Cuckoldry naturally attendeth Marriage ; the Shadow doth not more naturally follow the Body, then Cuckoldry ensueth after Marriage, to place fair Horns upon the Husband's Heads.

And when you shall happen to hear any Man pronounce these three Words : *He is Married* : if you then say he is, hath been, shall be, or may be a Cuckold, you will not be accounted an unskilful Artift in framing of true Consequences. Tripes and Bowels of all the Devils, cries *Panurge*, what do you tell me? My dear Friend, ( answered *Rondibilis* ) as *Hippocrates*, on a time, was in the very nick of setting forwards from *Lango* to *Polystilo*, to Visit the Philosopher *Democritus*, he wrote a familiar Letter to his Friend *Dionys*, wherein he desired him, That he would during the interval of his absence, carry his Wife to the House of her Father and Mother, who were an honourable Couple, and of good Repute ; because I would not have her at my Home, ( said he ) to make abode in Solitude : yet notwithstanding this her Residence beside her Parents, do not fail ( quoth he ) with a most heedful care and circumspection to pry into her ways, and to espy what places she shall go to with her Mother, and who those be that shall repair unto her : Nor ( quoth he ) that I do mistrust her Vertue, or that I seem to have any diffidence of her Pudicity, and chaste Behaviour ; for of that I have frequently had good and real proofs : but I must freely tell you,

She

*She is a Woman* : there lies the suspicion.

My worthy Friend, the Nature of Women is set forth before our Eyes, and represented to us by the *Moon*, in divers other things, as well as in this, that they squat, sculck, constrain their own Inclinations, and with all the Cunning they can, dissemble and play the Hypocrite in the sight and presence of their Husbands ; who come no sooner to be out of the way, but that forthwith they take their advantage, pass the time merrily, desist from all labour, frolick it, gad abroad ; lay aside their counterfeited Garb, and openly declare and manifest the interior of their Dispositions ; even as the *Moon*, when she is in *Conjunction* with the *Sun*, is neither seen in the Heavens, nor on the Earth, but in her *Opposition*, when remotest from him, shineth in her greatest fulness, and wholly appeareth in her brightest splendour whilst it is Night : *Thus Women are but Women.*

When I say *Womankind*, I speak of a Sex so frail, so variable, so changeable, so fickle, inconstant, and imperfect, that in my Opinion, *Nature* (under favour nevertheless of the prime Honour and Reverence which is due unto her ) did in a manner mistake the Road which she had traced formerly, and stray exceedingly

from that Excellence of Providential Judgment, by the which she had created and formed all other things, when she built, framed, and made up the *Woman*. And having thought upon it a Hundred and five times, I know not what else to determine therein, save only that in the devising, hammering, forging, and composing of the *Woman*, she hath had a much tenderer regard, and by a great deal more respectful heed to the delightful Consortship, and sociable Delectation of the *Man*, than to the Perfection and Accomplishment of the individual *Womanishness*, or *Mulierity*. The Divine Philosopher *Plato*, was doubtful in what Rank of living Creatures to place and collocate them, whither amongst the *Rational Animals*, by elevating them to an upper Seat in the Specificall Classis of *Humanity*; or with the *Irrational*, by degrading them to a lower Bench on the opposite side, of a Brutal kind, and meer *Bestiality*: for Nature hath posited in a privy, secret, and intestine place of their Bodies, a sort of Member (by some not impertinently termed an *Animal*) which is not to be found in Men. Therein sometimes are engendred certain Humors so saltish, brackish, clammy, sharp, nipping, tearing, prickling, and most eagerly tickling, that by their stinging Acrimony, rending

Nitrosity



Nitrosity, figging Itch, wrigling Mordicancy, and smarting Salsitude, (for the said Member is altogether sinewy, and of a most quick and lively feeling) their whole Body is shaken and ebrangled, their Senses totally ravished and transported, the operations of their Judgment and Understanding utterly confounded, and all disordinate Passions and Perturbations of the Mind thoroughly and absolutely allowed, admitted, and approved of; yea, in such sort, that if Nature had not been so favourable unto them, as to have sprinkled their Forehead with a little Tincture of Bashfulness and Modesty, you should see them in a so frantick mood run mad after Lechery, and hye apace up and down with hast and Lust, in quest of, and to fix some Chamber-Standard in their *Paphian* Ground, that never did the *Pretides*, *Mimallonides*, nor *Lycan Thyads* deport themselves in the time of their *Bacchanalian Festivals*, more shamelessly, or with a so affronted and brazen-faced Impudency; because this terrible *Animal* is knit unto, and hath an Union with all the chief and most principal parts of the Body, as to Anatomists is evident. Let it not here be thought strange that I should call it an *Animal*, seeing therein I do no otherwise than follow and adhere



to the Doctrine of the *Academick* and *Peripatetick* Philosophers. For if a proper Motion be a certain mark and infallible token of the Life and Animation of the Mover, (as *Aristotle* writeth) and that any such thing as moveth of its self ought to be held *Animated*, and of a *Living Nature*; then assuredly *Plato* with very good reason did give it the Denomination of an *Animal*; for that he perceived and observed in it the proper and *self-stirring motions* of Suffocation, Precipitation, Corrugation, and of Indignation, so extreemly violent, that oftentimes by them is taken and removed from the Women all other sense and moving whatsoever, as if she were in a swoounding *Liporhymy*, benumbing *Sincop*, *Epileptick*, *Apoplectick* Palsey, and true resemblance of a pale-faced Death.

Furthermore, in the said *Member* there is a manifest discerning Faculty of Scents and Odours very perceptible to Women, who feel it fly from what is rank and unsavoury, and follow fragrant and *Aromatick* Smells. It is not unknown to me how *Cl. Gallen* striveth with might and main, to prove that these are not proper and particular Notions proceeding intrinsically from the thing it self, but accidentally, and by chance. Nor hath it  
escaped

escaped my notice, how others of that Sect have laboured hardly, yea, to the utmost of their Abilities, to demonstrate that it is not a sensitive discerning or perception in it of the difference of Wafts and Smells, but meerly a various manner of Vertue and Efficacy, passing forth and flowing from the diversity of odoriferous Substances applied near unto it. Nevertheless, if you will studiously examine, and seriously ponder and weigh in *Critolam's* Balance the strength of their Reasons and Arguments, you shall find that they, not only in this, but in several other matters also of the like nature, have spoken at random, and rather out of an ambitious Envy to check and reprehend their Betters, than for any design to make enquiry into the solid Truth.

I will not launch my little Skif any further into the wide Ocean of this Dispute, only will I tell you that the Praise and Commendation is not mean and slender which is due to those honest and good Women, who living chastly and without blame, have had the power and vertue to curb, range and subdue that unbridled, heady and wild *Animal* to an obedient, submissive and obsequious yielding unto Reason. Therefore here will I make an end of my Discourse thereon, when I shall

shall have told you, that the said *Animal* being once satiated (if it be possible that it can be contented or satisfied) by that Aliment, which Nature hath provided for it out of the Epididymal Store-house of Man, all its former and irregular and disordered Motions are at an end, laid and asswaged; all its vehement and unruly Longings lulled, pacified and quieted; and all the furious and raging Lusts, Appetites and Desires thereof appeased, suppressed, calmed and extinguished. For this cause let it seem nothing strange unto you, if we be in a perpetual Danger of being *Cuckolds*; that is to say, such of us as have not wherewithal fully to satisfy the Appetite and Expectation of that voracious Animal. Ods Fish! (quoth *Panurge*) have you no preventive Cure in all your Medicinal Art for hindring ones Head to be Horny-grassed at home, whilst his Feet are plodding abroad? Yes that I have; my gallant Friend, (answered *Rondibilis*) and that which is a Sovereign Remedy, whereof I frequently make use myself; and that you may the better relish, it is set down and written in the Book of a most famous Author, whose Renown is of a standing of two thousand Years. Harken and take good heed. You are (quoth *Panurge*) by *Cocks-Hobby*, a right honest

honest Man, and I love you with all my heart; eat a little of this Quince-Pye, it is very proper and convenient for the shutting up of the Orifice of the Ventricle of the Stomach, because of a kind of astringent Stypticity, which is in that sort of Fruit, and is helpful to the first Concoction. But what? I think I speak *Eatin* before *Clerks*. Stay, fill, I give you somewhat to drink out of this *Nestorian* Goblet. Will you have another Draught of white *Hippocras*? Be not afraid of the Squinzy, No: There is neither Squinant, Ginger nor Grains in it; only a little choice Cinnamon, and some of the best refined Sugar, with the delicious White-wine of the Growth of that Vine, which was set in the Slips of the great Sorbaple, above the Walnut-tree.

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## C H A P. XXXIII.

*Rondibilis the Physicians Cure of Cuckoldry.*

**A**T that time (quoth *Rondibilis*) when *Jupiter* took a view of the state of his *Olympick* House and Family, and that he had made the Calender of all the Gods and Goddeses, appointing unto the Festival of every one of them its proper day and season, establishing certain fixed places and stations for the pronouncing of Oracles, and relief of travelling Pilgrims, and ordaining Victims, Immolations and Sacrifices suitable and correspondent to the Dignity and Nature of the worshipped and adored Deity. Did not he do (asked *Panurge*) therein, as *Fintouille* the Bishop of *Auxerre* is said once to have done? This Noble Prelate loved entirely the pure Liquor of the Grape, as every honest and judicious Man doth; therefore was it that he had an especial care and regard to the Bud of the Vine-tree, as to the great Grandfather of *Bacchus*,



*chus.* But so it is, that for sundry Years together he saw a most pitiful Havock, Desolation and Destruction made amongst the Sprouts, Shootings, Buds, Blossoms and Sciens of the Vines by hoary Frosts, Dank-fogs, hot Mists, unseasonable Colds, chill Blasts, thick Hail, and other calamitous Chances of foul Weather happening, as he thought, by the dismal inauspiciousness of the Holy Days of *St. George, St. Mary, St. Paul, St. Eutrope, Holy Rood, the Ascension*, and orher Festivals, in that time when the Sun passeth under the Sign of *Taurus*; and thereupon harboured in his Mind this Opinion, that the afore-named *Saints* were *Saint Hail-slingers, Saint Frost-senders, Saint Fogmongers, and Saint Spoilers* of the Vine-buds; for which cause he went about to have transmitted their Feasts from the Spring to the Winter, to be Celebrated between *Christmas* and *Epiphany*, (so the Mother of the *three Kings* called it). allowing them with all Honour and Reverence the liberty then to freeze, hail and rain as much as they would; for that he knew that at such a time Frost was rather profitable than hurtful to the Vine-buds, and in their steads to have placed the Festivals of *St. Christopher, St. John the Baptist, St. Magdalen, St. Ann, St. Domingo, and St. Lawrence*;



rence; yea, and to have gone so far as to collocate and transpose the middle of *August* in, and to the beginning of *May*; because during the whole Space of their Solemnity, there was so little danger of hoary Frosts and cold Mists, that no Artificers are then held in greater Request, than the Afforder of refrigerating Inventions, Makers of Junkets, fit Disposers of cooling Shades, Composers of green Arbours, and Refreshers of Wine.

*Jupiter* (said *Rondibilis*) forgot the poor Devil *Cuckoldry*, who was then in the Court at *Paris*, very eagerly solliciting a pedling Suit at Law for one of his Vassals and Tenants; within some few days thereafter, (I have forgot how many) when he got full notice of the Trick, which in his Absence was done unto him, he instantly desisted from prosecuting Legal Processes, in the behalf of others, full of Sollicitude to pursue after his own business, lest he should be fore-closed: And thereupon he appeared personally at the Tribunal of the great *Jupiter*, displayed before him the importance of his preceeding Merits; together with the acceptable Services, which in Obedience to his Commandments he had formerly performed; and therefore, in all humility, begged of him, that he would be pleased not to leave

leave him alone amongst all the Sacred Potentates, destitute and void of Honour, Reverence, Sacrifices and festival Ceremonies. To this Petition *Jupiter's* Answer was excusatory, That all the Places and Offices of his House were bestowed. Nevertheless so importuned was he by the continual Supplications of Monsieur *Cuckoldry*, that he, in fine, placed him in the Rank, List, Roll, Rubrick and Catalogue; and appointed Honours, Sacrifices and Festival Rites to be observed on Earth in great Devotion, and tendred to him with Solemnity.

The Feast, because there was no void, empty nor vacant place in all the Calendar, was to be celebrated jointly with, and on the same day that had been consecrated to the Goddess *Jealousie*: His Power and Dominion should be over Married Folks, especially such as had handsom Wives: His Sacrifices were to be Suspicion, Diffidence, Mistrust, a lowring powering Sullenness, Watchings, Wardings, Researchings, Plyings, Explorations, together with the Way-layings, Ambushes, narrow Observations, and malicious Doggings of the Husband's Scouts and Espials of the most privy Actions of their Wives. Herewithal every married Man was expressly and rigorously commanded to reverence,

verence, honour and worship him ; to celebrate and solemnize his Festival with twice more respect than that of another Saint or Deity, and to immolate unto him with all Sincerity and Alacrity of Heart the above-mentioned Sacrifices and Oblations, under pain of severe Censures, Threatnings, and Comminations of these subsequent Fines, Mulets, Amerciaments, Penalties and Punishments to be inflicted on the Delinquents ; that Monsieur *Cus-koldry* should never be favourable nor propitious to them ; that he should never help, aid, supply, succour nor grant them any subventitious Furtherance, auxiliary Suffrage, or adminiculary Assistance ; that he should never hold in any Reckoning Account or Estimation ; that he should never daign to enter within their Houses, neither at the Doors, Windows, nor any other place thereof ; that he should never haunt nor frequent their Companies or Conversations ; how frequently soever they should invoke him, and call upon his Name ; and that not only he should leave and abandon them to rot alone with their Wives in a sempiternal Solitariness, without the benefit of the diversion of any Copesmate or Corrivall at all ; but should withal shun and eschew them, fly from them, and eternally forsake and reject,

ject them as impious Hereticks and Sacrilegious Persons, according to the accustomed manner of other Gods, towards such as are too slack in offering up the Duties and Reverences which ought to be performed respectively to their Divinities: As is evidently apparent in *Bacchus* towards negligent Vine-dressers; in *Ceres* against idle Plow-men and Tillers of the Ground; in *Pomona* to unworthy Fruite-rers and Custard-mongers; in *Neptune* towards dissolute Mariners and Sea-faring Men; in *Vulcan* towards loytering Smiths and Forge-men; and so throughout the rest.

Now, on the contrary, this infallible Promise was added, that unto all those who should make a *Holy Day* of the above-rected Festival, and cease from all manner of worldly Work and Negotiation, lay aside all their own most important occasions, and to be so wretchless, heedless, and careless of what might concern the management of their proper Affairs, as to mind nothing else but a suspicious espying and prying into the secret Departments of their Wives, and how to koop, shut up, hold at under, and deal cruelly and austerly with them, by all the Harshness and Hardships that an implacable, and every way inexorable Jealousie can devise

vise and suggest, conform to the Sacred Ordinances of the afore-mentioned Sacrifices and Oblations, he should be continually favourable to them, should love them, sociably converse with them, should be Day and Night in their Houses, and never leave them destitute of his Presence. Now I have said, and you have heard my Cure.

Ha, ha, ha, (quoth *Capalin* laughing), this is a remedy yet more apt and proper than *Hans Carvel's* Ring: The Devil take me if I do not believe it. The Humour, Inclination and Nature of Women is like the Thunder, whose Force in its Bolt, or otherways, burneth, bruiseeth and breaketh only hard, massive and resisting Objects, without staying or stopping at soft, empty and yielding matters: For it passeth into pieces the Steel Sword, without doing any hurt to the Velvet Scabbard which in sheatheth it: It rusheth also, and consumeth the Bones, without wounding or endammaging the Flesh, wherewith they are veiled and covered: Just so it is, that Women for the greater part never bend the Contention, Subtilty, and contradictory Disposition of their Spirits, unless it be to do what is prohibited and forbidden.

Verily,



Verily, (quoth *Hippothadee*) some of our Doctors averr for a truth, that the first Woman of the World, whom the *Hebrews* call *Eve*, had hardly been induced or allured into the Temptation of eating of the Fruit of the *Tree of Life*, if it had not been forbidden her so to do. And that you may give the more Credit to the Validity of this Opinion, consider how the cautelous and wily Tempter did commemorate unto her, for an antecedent to his *Entymeme*, the *Prohibition* which was made to taste it, as being desirous to infer from thence, *It is forbidden thee ; therefore thou shouldst eat of it, else thou canst not be a Woman.*

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## CHAP. XXXIV.

*How Women ordinarily have the greatest longing after things prohibited.*

**W**HEN I was (quoth *Carpalin*) a Whoremaster at Orleans, the whole Art of Rhetorick in all its Tropes and Figures, was not able to afford unto me a Colour or Flourish of greater force and value ;



value; nor could I by any other form or manner of Elocution pitch upon a more perswasive Argument for bringing young beautiful married Ladies into the Snares of Adultery, through alluring and inticing them to tast with me of Amorous Delights, then with a lively Sprightfulness to tell them in down-right terms, and to remonstrate to them, (with a great shew of Detestation of a Crime so horrid) how their Husbands were jealous. This was none of my Invention: It is written, and we have Laws, Examples, Reasons and daily Experiences confirmative of the same. If this Belief once enter into their Noddles, their Husbands will infallibly be *Cuckolds*; yea, by God, will they, (without swearing) although they should do like *Semiramis*, *Pasiphae*, *Egesta*, the Women of the *Isle Mandez* in *Egypt*, and other such like Queanish flurting Harlots, mentioned in the Writings of *Herodotus*, *Strabo*, and such like Puppies.

Truly (quoth *Panocrates*) I have heard it related, and it hath been told me for a Verity, that Pope *Ihon 22.* passing on a day through the Abby of *Touchevorne*, was in all Humility required and besought by the Abbess, and other discreet Mothers of the said Convent, to grant them an Indulgence, by means whereof they might  
confess

confess themselves to one another, alledging, That *Religious* Women were subject to some petty secret Slips and Imperfections, which would be a foul and burning shame for them to discover and to reveal to Men, how Sacerdotal soever their Function were : but that they would freelier, more familiarly, and with greater chearfulness, open to each other their Offences, Faults, and Escapes, under the Seal of Confession. There is not any thing (answered the Pope) fitting for you to impetrate of me, which I would not most willingly condescend unto : but I find one inconvenience ; you know, *Confession should be kept secret* : and Women are not able to do so. Exceeding well (quoth they) most Holy Father, and much more closely then the best of Men.

The said Pope on the very same day, gave them in keeping a pretty Box, wherein he purposely caused a little Linnen to be put, willing them very gently and courteously to lock it up in some sure and hidden place ; and promising them, by the *Faith of a Pope*, that he should yield to their Request, if they would keep secret what was enclosed within that deposited Box : enjoining them withal, not to presume one way nor other, directly or indirectly, to go about the opening thereof, under

under pain of the highest Ecclesiastical Censure, Eternal Excommunication. The Prohibition was no sooner made, but that they did all of them boyl with a most ardent desire to know, and see what kind of thing it was that was within it: they thought long already, that the Pope was not gone, to the end they might joyntly, with the more leisure and ease apply themselves to the Box-opening Curiosity.

The Holy Father, after he had given them his Benediction, retired and withdrew himself to the Pontifical Lodgings of his own Palace; but he was hardly gone three Steps from without the Gates of their *Cloyster*, when the good Ladies throngingly, and as in a huddled Crowd, pressing hard on the Backs of one another, ran thrusting and shoving who should be first at the setting open of the forbidden Box, and descrying of the *Quod latitat* within.

On the very next day thereafter, the Pope made them another Visit, of a full design, purpose, and intention (as they imagined) to dispatch the Grant of their sought and wished-for Indulgence: but before he would enter into any Chat or Communing with them, he commanded the Casket to be brought unto him: it

was

was done so accordingly ; but by your leave, the Bird was no more there. Then was it, that the Pope did represent to their *Maternities*, how hard a matter and difficult it was for them to keep Secrets revealed to them in *Confession*, unmanifested to the Ears of others ; seeing for the space of Four and twenty hours they were not able to lay up in secret a Box, which he had highly recommended to their Discretion, Charge and Custody.

Welcome, in good Faith, my dear Master, welcome : It did me good to hear you talk, the Lord be praised for all. I do not remember to have seen you before now, since the last time that you acted at *Montpellier*, with our ancient Friends, *Anthony Saporra*, *Guy Bourguier*, *Balthasar Noyer*, *Tolly*, *Ibon Quentin*, *Francis Robinet*, *Ibon Perdrier*, and *Francis Rabelais*, the Moral Comedy of him who had espoused and married a *Dumb Wife*. I was there, quoth *Epistemon*, the good honest Man, her Husband, was very earnestly urgent to have the Fillet of her Tongue untied, and would needs have her speak by any means : at his desire, some pains were taken on her, and partly by the industry of the Physician, other part by the expertness of the Surgeon, the *Encyliglotte*, which he had under her Tongue, being cut, she

N

spoke

spoke and spoke again; yea, within few hours she spoke so loud, so much, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor Husband returned to the same Physician for a Recipe to make her hold her Peace. There are (quoth the *Physician*) many proper Remedies in our Art, to make dumb Women speak, but there are none, that ever I could learn therein, to make them silent. The only Cure which I have found out, is their Husband's *Deafness*. The Wretch became within few Weeks thereafter, by Vertue of some Drugs, Charms or Enchantments, which the *Physician* had prescribed unto him, so *deaf*, that he could not have heard the Thundring of Nineteen hundred Canons at a *Salvo*. His Wife perceiving, that indeed he was as *deaf* as a Door-nail, and that her Scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad.

Some time after, the Doctor asked for his Fee of the Husband; who answered, That truly he was *deaf*, and so was not able to understand what the tenure of his Demand might be. Whereupon the Leech bedusted him with a little, I know not what, sort of Powder; which rendered him a Fool immediately: so great was the stultifying Vertue of that strange kind of pulverized Dose. Then did this  
Fool



Fool of a Husband, and his mad Wife joyn together, falling on the Doctor and the Surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the place, so furious were the Blows which they received: I never in my Life-time laughed so much, as at the acting of that Buffoonry.

Let us come to where we left off, quoth Panurge) your Words being translated from the Clapper-dudgions to plain English, do signifie, that it is not very inexpedient that I marry, and that I should not care for being a Cuckold. You have there hit the Nail on the Head. I believe, Master Doctor, that on the Day of my Marriage you will be so much taken up with your Patients, or otherways so seriously employed, that we shall not enjoy your Company: Sir, I will heartily excuse your absence.

*Stercus & urina medici sunt prandia prima.  
Ex aliis paleas ex istis collige grana.*

You are mistaken (quoth Rondibilis) in the Second Verse of our Distich; for it ought to run thus:

*Nobis sunt signa vobis sunt prandia digna.*



If my Wife at any time prove to be unwell, and ill at ease, I will look upon the Water which she shall have made in an Urinal-glass, (quoth *Rondibilis*) grope her Pulse, and see the disposition of her *Hypogaster*, together with her Umbilicary Parts. According to the Prescript Rule of *Hippocrates*, 2. *Aph.* 35. before I proceed any further in the Cure of her Distemper. No, no, (quoth *Panurge*) that will be but to little purpose; such a Feat is for the Practice of us that are Lawyers, who have the Rubrick, *De Ventre inspicendo*: Do not therefore trouble your self about it, (Master Doctor) I will provide for her a Plaister of warm Guts. Do not neglect your more urgent occasions other-where, for coming to my Wedding, I will send you some supply of Victuals to your own House, without putting you to the trouble of coming abroad, and you shall always be my special Friend. With this approaching somewhat nearer to him, he clapp'd into his Hand, without the speaking of so much as one word, four *Rose Nobles*. *Rondibilis* did shut his Fist upon them right kindly; yet as if it had displeased him to make acceptance of such Golden Presents; he in a start, as if he had been wroth, said, He, he, he, he, he, there was no need of any thing, I thank you never-

nevertheless ; *From wicked Folks, I never get enough ; and I from honest People refuse nothing.* I shall be always, Sir, at your Command. Provided that I pay you well, quoth *Panurge*. That (quoth *Rondibilis*) is understood.

## CHAP. XXXV.

*How the Philosopher Trouillogan handleth the difficulty of Marriage.*

AS this Discourse was ended, *Pantagruel* said to the Philosopher *Trouillogan*, Our loyal, honest, true and trusty Friend, the Lamp from hand to hand is come to you ; it falleth to your turn to give an Answer, Should *Panurge*, pray you, marry, yea or no ? He should do both, quoth *Trouillogan*. What say you, asked *Panurge* ? That which you have heard, answered *Trouillogan*. What have I heard ? replied *Panurge*. That which I have said, replied *Trouillogan*. Ha, ha, ha, are we come to that pass, quoth *Panurge* ? Let it go nevertheless, I do not value it at a rush, seeing we can make no

better of the Game. But howsoever tell me, Should I marry or no? Neither the one nor the other, answered *Trouillogan*. The Devil take me, quoth *Panurge*, if these odd Answers do not make me dore, and may be snatch me presently away, if I do understand you. Stay awhile until I fasten these Spectacles of mine on this left Ear, that I may hear you better. With this *Pantagruel* perceived at the Door of the great Hall, (which was that day their Dining Room) *Gargantua's* little Dog, whose Name was *Kyne*; for so was *Toby's* Dog called, as is Recorded. Then did he say to these who were there present, Our King is not far off, let us all rise. That word was scarcely sooner uttered, than that *Gargantua* with his Royal Presence graced that banqueting and stately Hall. Each of their Guests arose to do their King that Reverence and Duty which became them. After that *Gargantua* had most affably saluted all the Gentlemen there present, he said, Good Friends, I beg this Favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the places where you sate, nor quit the Discourse you were upon.

Let a Chair be brought hither unto this end of the Table, and reach me a Cup full of the strongest and best Wine you have, that I may drink to all the Company. You are in Faith, all welcome, Gentlemen. Now let me know what Talk you were about. To this *Panurge* answered, That at the beginning of the Second Service *Panurge* had proposed a Problematick Theme, to wit, *Whether he should marry, or not marry?* That Father *Hippothadee*, and Doctor *Rondibilis* had already dispatched their Resolutions thereupon; and that just as his Majesty was coming in, the faithful *Trouillogon*, in the delivery of his Opinion, hath thus far proceeded, that when *Panurge* asked, whether he ought to *marry, yea or no*. At first he made this Answer, *Both together*. When this same Question was again propounded, his second Answer was, *Not the one nor the other*. *Panurge* exclaimeth, that those Answers are full of Repugnancies and Contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them. If I be not mistaken, quoth *Gargantua*, I understand it very well: The Answer is not unlike to that which was once made by a Philosopher in ancient times, who being interrogated, if he had a Woman,

whom they named him, to his Wife; *I have her*, quoth he, but *she hath not me*; possessing her, by her I am not possessed. Such another Answer, quoth *Pantagruel*, was once made by a certain bouncing Wench of *Sparta*, who being asked, if at any time she had had to do with a Man? No, (quoth she) *but sometimes Men have to do with me*. Well then (quoth *Rondibilis*) let it be a *Neuter* in Physick; as when we say a body is *Neuter*, when it is neither sick nor healthful; and a *Mean* in Philosophy; *that* by an Abnegation of both Extreames, and *this* by the Participation of the one and of the other: Even as when lukewarm Water is said to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when Time makes the Partition, and equally divides betwixt the two, a while in the one, another while, as long, in the other opposite extremity. The holy Apostle, (quoth *Hippothadee*) seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this Point, when he said, *Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married*; and those that have Wives, let them be as if they had no Wives at all. I thus interpret (quoth *Pantagruel*) the having and not having of a Wife. To have a Wife, is to have the use of her in such a way as Nature hath ordained, which is for the  
Aid,

Aid, Society and Solace of Man, and propagating of his Race : To have no Wife is not to be uxorious, play the Coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her sake to distain the Lustre of that Affection which Man owes to God ; or yet for her to leave those Offices and Duties which he owes unto his Country, unto his Friends and Kindred ; or for her to abandon and forsake his precious Studies, and other businesses of Account, to wait still on her Will, her Beck, and her Buttocks. If we be pleased in this Sense to take having and not having of a Wife, we shall indeed find no Repugnancy nor Contradiction in the Terms at all.



## C H A P. XXXVI.

*A Continuation of the Answer of the  
Ephectick and Pyrronian Philosopher  
Trouillogan.*

**Y**OU speak wisely, quoth *Panurge*, if the Moon were green Cheese; such a Tale once piss'd my Goose: I do not think but that I am let down into that dark Pit, in the lowermost bottom where of the truth was hid, according to the saying of *Heraclitus*. I see no whit at all, I hear nothing, understand as little, my Senses are altogether dull'd and blunted; truly I do very shrewdly suspect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former style of my Discourse, and talk to him in another Strain. Our trusty Friend, stir not, nor imburse any; but let us vary the Chance, and speak without Disjunctives: I see already that these loose and ill-joined Members of an Eunuciation do vex, trouble and perplex you.

Now

Now go on, in the Name of God,  
Should I marry?

*Trouillogan.* There is some likelyhood  
therein.

*Panurge.* But if I do not marry?

*Trouil.* I see in that no Inconveni-  
ence.

*Pan.* You do not?

*Trouil.* None, truly, if my Eyes deceive  
me not.

*Pan.* Yea, but I find more than Five  
Hundred.

*Trouil.* Reckon them.

*Pan.* This is an Impropriety of Speech,  
I confess; for I do no more thereby, but  
take a certain for an uncertain Number,  
and posit the determinate Term for what  
is indeterminate. When I say therefore  
Five Hundred, my meaning is, many.

*Trouil.* I hear you.

*Pan.* Is it possible for me to live with-  
out a Wife, in the Name of all the Sub-  
terranean Devils?

*Trouil.* Away with these filthy Beasts.

*Pan.* Let it be then in the Name of  
God; for my *Salmigondin* People use to  
say, *To lie alone without a Wife, is certainly  
a brutish Life.* And such a Life also was  
it assevered to be by *Dido* in her Lamen-  
tations.

*Trouil.* At your Command.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* By the Pody Cody, I have fished fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

*Trouil.* Perhaps.

*Pan.* Shall I thrive or speed well with all?

*Trouil.* According to the Encounter.

*Pan.* But if in my Adventure I encounter aright, as I hope I will, shall I be fortunate?

*Trouil.* Enough.

*Pan.* Let us turn the clean contrary way, and brush our former Words against the Wool; what if I encounter ill?

*Trouil.* Then blame not me.

*Pan.* But, of Courtesie, be pleased to give me some Advice: I heartily beseech you, what must I do?

*Trouil.* Even what thou wilt.

*Pan.* Wisby, washy; Trolly, trolly.

*Trouil.* Do not Invoke the Name of any thing, I pray you.

*Pan.* In the Name of God, let it be so: my Actions shall be regulated by the Rule and Square of your Counsel: What is it that you advise and counsel me to do?

*Trouil.* Nothing.

*Pan.* Shall I mai.?

*Trouil.* I have no hand in it.

*Pan.* Then shall I not marry?

*Trouil.*

*Trouil.* I cannot help it.

*Pan.* If I never marry, I shall never be a Cuckold,

*Trouil.* I thought so.

*Pan.* But put the case that I be married.

*Trouil.* Where shall we put it?

*Pan.* Admit it be so then, and take my meaning in that sence.

*Trouil.* I am otherways employed.

*Pan.* By the Death of a Hog, and Mother of a Toad, O Lord, if I durst hazard upon a little Fling at the swearing Game, though privily and under Thumb, it would lighten the Burthen of my Heart, and ease my Lights and Reins exceedingly; a little Patience nevertheless is requisite. Well then, if I marry, I shall be a Cuckold.

*Trouil.* One would say so.

*Pan.* Yet if my Wife prove a vertuous, wise, discreet and chaste Woman, I shall never be Cuckolded.

*Trouil.* I think you speak congruously.

*Pan.* Hearken.

*Trouil.* As much as you will.

*Pan.* Will she be discreet and chaste? This is the only Point I would be resolved in?

*Trouil.* I question it.

*Pan.* You never saw her?

*Trouil.* Not that I know of.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* Why do you then doubt of that which you know not?

*Trouil.* For a Cause.

*Pan.* And if you should know her.

*Trouil.* Yet more.

*Pan.* Page, my pretty little Darling, take here my Cap, I give it thee: Have a care you do not break the Spectacles that are in it; go down to the lower Court: Sweat there half an hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that Favour swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But who shall Cuckold me?

*Trouil.* Some body.

*Pan.* By the Belly of the wooden Horse at Troy, Master Somebody, I shall bang, belam thee, and claw thee well for thy labour.

*Trouil.* You say so.

*Pan.* Nay, nay, that Nick in the dark Celler, who hath no White in his Eye, carry me quite away with him, if, in that case, whensoever I go abroad from the Palace of my Domestick Residence, I do not with as much Circumspection, as they use to ring Mares in our Country to keep them from being fallied by Stoned Horses, clap a *Bergamascò* Lock upon my Wife.

*Trouil.*

*Trouillogan.* Talk better.

*Panurge.* It is *Bien chien chié chanté*, well cacked, and cackled; shitten, and sung in matter of Talk: Let us resolve on somewhat.

*Trouillogan.* I do not gainsay it.

*Panurge.* Have a little patience, seeing I cannot on this side draw any Blood of you. I will try, if with the Launcet of my Judgment, I be able to bleed you in another Vein. Are you married, or are you not?

*Trouillogan.* Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

*Panurge.* O the good God help us; by the Death of a Buffle-ox, I sweat with the toyl and travel that I am put to, and find my Digestion broke off, disturbed, and interrupted for all my *Phrenes*, *Metaphrenes*, and *Diaphragmes*, Back, Belly, Midriff, Muscles, Veins, and Sinews are held in a suspense, and for a while discharged from their proper Offices, to stretch forth their several Powers and Abilities, for *Incorruptibulating*, and laying up into the Hammer of my Understanding, your various Sayings and Answers.

*Trouillogan.* I shall be no hinderer thereof.

*Panurge.* Tush, for shame: our faithful Friend, speak, Are you married?

*Trou-*



*Trouillogan.* I think so.

*Panurge.* You were also married before you had this Wife.

*Trouillogan.* It is possible.

*Panurge.* Had you good Luck in your First Marriage?

*Trouillogan.* It is not impossible.

*Panurge.* How thrive you with this Second Wife of yours?

*Trouillogan.* Even as it pleaseth my Fatal Destiny.

*Panurge.* But what in good earnest? tell me: Do you prosper well with her?

*Trouillogan.* It is likely.

*Panurge.* Come on, in the Name of God: I vow, by the Burthen of Saint Christopher, that I had rather undertake the fetching of a Fart forth of the Belly of a dead Ass, then to draw out of you a positive and determinate Resolution: yet shall I be sure at this time to have a snatch at you, and get my Claws over you. Our rusty Friends, let us shame the Devil of Hell, and confess the verity: Were you ever a Cuckold? I say, you who are here, and not that other you who playeth below in the Tennis-Court?

*Trouillogan.* No, if it was not predestinated.

*Panurge.*

*Panurge.* By the Flesh, Blood, and Body, I swear, reswear, forswear, abjure, and renounce, he evades and avoids, shifts, and escapes me, and quite slips and winds himself out of my Gripes and Clutches.

At these words *Gargantua* arose, and said, Praised be the good God in all things, but especially for bringing the World into that height of Refinedness, beyond what it was when I first came to be acquainted therewith, that now the Learnedst and most Prudent Philosophers are not ashamed to be seen entring in at the Porches and Frontispieces of the Schools of the *Pyrronian*, *Aporetick*, *Sceptick*, and *Ephectick* Sects: Blessed be the Holy Name of God, veritably, it is like henceforth to be found an Enterprize of much more easie undertaking, to catch Lyons by the Neck, Horses by the Main, Oxen by the Horns, Bulls by the Muzzle, Wolves by the Tail, Goats by the Beard, and flying Birds by the Feet, then to intrap such Philosophers in their words. Farewel, my worthy, dear, and honest Friends.

When he had done thus speaking, he withdrew himself from the Company; *Panagruel*, and others with him would have followed and accompanied him, but he would not permit them so to do. No sooner was *Gargantua* departed out of the

Ban-

Banquetting-Hall, then that *Pantagruel* said to the invited Guests: *Plato's Times*, at the *Beginning* always of a solemn Festival Convention, was wont to count those that were called thereto; we on the contrary, shall at the *Closure* and *End* of this Treatment, reckon up our Number, One, Two, Three; Where is the Fourth? I miss my Friend *Bridlegoose*: Was not he sent for? *Epistemon* answered, That he had been at his House to bid and invite him; but could not meet with him: for that a Messenger from the Parliament of *Mirlingois*, in *Mirlingues*, was come from him, with a Writ of Summons, to cite and warn him personally to appear before the Reverend *Senators* of the High Court there, to vindicate and justify himself at the Bar, of the Crime of *Prevarication* laid to his charge, and to be peremptorily instanced against him in a certain Decree, Judgment, or Sentence lately awarded, given and pronounced by him: and that therefore he had taken Horse, and departed in great hast from his own House; to the end, that without peril or danger of falling into a default, or contumacy, he might be the better able to keep the prefixed and appointed time.

I will (quoth *Pantagruel*) understand how that matter goeth; it is now above

Forty Years, that he hath been constantly the Judge of *Fonsbeton*: during which space of time, he hath given Four thousand Definitive Sentences: of Two thousand three hundred and nine whereof, although Appeal was made by the Parties whom he had judicially condemned from his inferiour Judicatory, to the Supream Court of the Parliament of *Mirlingois*, in *Mirlingues*, they were all of them nevertheless confirmed, ratified and approved of by an Order, Decree, and final Sentence of the said Sovereign Court, to the casting of the *Appellants*, and utter overthrow of the Suits wherein they had been foiled at Law, for ever and a day: that now in his Old Age he should be personally summoned, who in all the foregoing time of his Life, hath demeaned himself so unblamably in the Discharge of the Office and Vocation he had been called unto; it cannot assuredly be, that such a change hath happened without some notorious Misfortune and Disaster: I am resolved to help and assist him in Equity and Justice to the uttermost extent of my power and ability. I know the Malice, Despight, and Wickedness of the World to be so much more now-a-days exaspered, increased, and aggravated by what it was not long since, that the best Cause that is, how  
just

just and equitable soever it be, standeth in great need to be succoured, aided and supported. Therefore presently, from this very instant forth, do I purpose, till I see the event and closure thereof, most heedfully to attend and wait upon it, for fear of some under-hand tricky Surprizal, Cavilling, Pettifoggery, or tallacious Quirks in Law, to his detriment, hurt, or disadvantage.

Then Dinner being done, and the Tables drawn and removed, when *Pantagruel* had very cordially and affectionately thanked his invited Guests, for the Favour which he had enjoyed of their Company, he presented them with several rich and costly Gifts, such as Jewels, Rings set with precious Stones, Gold and Silver Vessels, with a great deal of other sort of Plate besides; and lastly, taking of them all his Leave, retired himself into an inner Chamber.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XXXVII.

*How Pantagruel perswaded Panurge to  
take Counsel of a Fool.*

**W**Hen Pantagruel had withdrawn himself, he by a little sloping Window in one of the Galleries, perceived Panurge in a Lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the Gesture, Carriage, and Garb of a fond Dotard, raving, wagging, and shaking his Hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his Head, like a Cow bellowing for her Calf; and having then called him nearer, spoke unto him thus: You are at this present (as I think) not unlike to a Mouse intangled in a snare, who the more that she goeth about to rid and unwind herself out of the Gin wherein she is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her feet from the Pitch whereto they stick, the foulier she is bewrayed with it, and the more strongly pestered therein; even so is it with you: for the more that you labour, strive, and inforce your self to disincumber



incumber, and extricate your Thoughts out of the implicating Involutions and Fetterings of the grievous and lamentable Gins and Springs of Anguish and Perplexity; the greater difficulty there is in the relieving of you, and you remain faster bound then ever: nor do I know for the removal of this Inconveniency, any Remedy but one.

Take heed; I have often heard it said in a Vulgar Proverb, *The Wise may be instructed by a Fool*. Seeing the Answers and Responses of sage and judicious Men, have in no manner of way satisfied you, take Advice of some Fool; and possibly by so doing, you may come to get that Councel which will be agreeable to your own Heart's desire and contentment. You know how by the Advice and Councel and Prediction of *Fools*, many Kings, Princes, States, and Commonwealths have been preserved, several Battels gained, and divers doubts of a most perplexed Intricacy resolved: I am not so diffident of your Memory, as to hold it needful to refresh it with a Quotation of Examples; nor do I so far undervalue your Judgment, but that I think it will acquiesce in the Reason of this my subsequent Discourse.

As he who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dextrous Management of his private Affairs, domestick Businesses, and those Ado's which are confined within the freight-lac'd compass of one Family: who is attentive, vigilant, and active in the œconomick Rule of his own House; whose frugal Spirit never strays from home; who loseth no occasion, whereby he may purchase to himself more Riches, and build up new Heaps of Treasure on his former Wealth; and who knows wily how to prevent the Inconveniencies of Poverty, is called a worldly Wise Man, though perhaps in the Second Judgment of the Intelligences which are above, he be esteemed a *Fool*. So on the contrary, is he most like (even in the thoughts of all Celestial Spirits) to be not only *sage*, but to *presage* Events to come by Divine Inspiration, who laying quite aside those Cares which are conducible to his Body, or his Fortunes, and as it were departing from himself, rids all his Senses of Terrene Affections, and clears his Fancies of those plodding Studies, which harbour in the Minds of Thriving Men: all which Neglects of Sublunary Things are vulgarly imputed *Folly*.

After this manner, the Son of *Picus*, King of the *Lapins*, that great Southsayer  
*Faunus*,

*Faunus*, was called *Fatuns*, by the wileſſe Rabble of the common People. The like we daily ſee practiſed amongſt the Comick Players, whole Drammatick Rolls, in diſtribution of the Perſonages, appoint the acting of the *Fool* to him who is the wiſeſt of the Troop. In approbation alſo of this faſhion, the *Mathematicians* allow the very ſame *Horoscope* to Princes, and to Sots. Whereof a right pregnant inſtance by them is given in the Nativities of *Aeneas* and *Choræbus*; the latter of which two is by *Euphorion* ſaid to have been a *Fool*: and yet had with the former the ſame *Affects*, and heavenly *Generblick* Influences.

I ſhall not, I ſuppoſe, ſwerve much from the purpoſe in hand, if I relate unto you, what *Ihon Andrew* ſaid upon the Return of a *Papal Writ*, which was directed to the Mayor of *Rochel*; and Burgeſſes after him by *Panorm*, upon the ſame Pontifical Canon; *Barbatia*, on the *Pandecks*, and recently by *Faſon*, in his Councils, concerning *Seyny Ihon* the noted *Fool* of *Paris*, and *Caillets*, fore-great Grandfather. The Caſe is this:

At *Paris*, in the Roaſt-meat Cookery of the *Petit Châtelet*, before the Cook-Shop of one of the Roaſt-meat Sellers of that Lane, a certain hungry Porter was eating

eating his Bread, after he had by Parcels kept it a while above the Reek and Steam of a fat Goose on the Spit, turning at a great Fire, and found it so besmoaked with the Vapour, to be savoury; which the Cook observing, took no notice, till after having ravined his Penny Loaf, whereof no Morsel had been unsmoakified, he was about discamping and going away; but by your leave, as the Fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the Master-Cook laid hold upon him by the Gorget, demanded payment for the Smoak of his Roast-meat. The Porter answered, that he had sustained no loss at all; that by what he had done there was no Diminution made of the Flesh, that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in any thing: As for the Smoak in question, that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: besides that, before that time it had never been seen nor heard, that Roast-meat Smoak was sold upon the Streets of *Paris*. The Cook hereto replied, That he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a Porter whom he had never seen before with the Smoak of his Roast-meat; and thereupon swore, that if he

O

would

would not forthwith content and satisfie him with present Payment for the Repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked Staves from off his Back; which instead of having Loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for Fuel to his Kitchen Fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom Rungs, which he had caught in his Hand, the sturdy Porter got out of his Grips, drew forth the knotty Cudgel, and stood to his own Defence. The Altercation waxed hot in Words, which moved the gaping Hoydons of the sottish *Parisians* to run from all parts thereabouts to see what the issue would be of that babling Strife and Contention. In the interim of this Dispute, to very good purpose *Seiny Ibon* the Fool and Citizen of *Paris*, hapned to be there, whom the Cook perceiving, said to the Porter, Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble *Seiny Ibon*, the Decision of the Difference and Controversie which is betwixt us? Yes, by the Blood of a Goose, answered the Porter, I am content. *Seiny Ibon* the Fool, finding that the Cook and Porter had compromised the Determination of their Variance and Debate to the Discretion of his Award and Arbitriment; after that the Reasons on either side were



whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling Jar had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the Porter to draw out of the Fab of his Belt a piece of Money, if he had it. Whereupon the Porter immediately without delay, in Reverence to the Authority of such a Judicious Umpire, put the tenth part of a Silver *Phillip* into his hand. This little *Phillip Sciny Ibon* took, then set it on his Left Shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight; after that, laying it on the palm of his hand he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the Ear if it was of a good Alloy in the Metal whereof it was composed: Thereafter he put it to the Ball or Apple of his Left Eye, to explore by the sight if it was well stamped and marked; all which being done, in a profound Silence of the whole doltish People, who were there Spectators of this Pageantry, to the great Hope of the Cooks, and Despair of the Porters Prevalency in the Suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the Porter to make it sound several times upon the Stall of the Cooks Shop. Then with a *Presidential Majesty* holding his Bable (Scepter-like) in his Hand, muffling his Head with a Hood of Martern Skins, each side where-



of had the resemblance of an Apes Face, spruced up with Ears of pasted Paper, and having about his Neck a bucked Ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with Ponting Sticks of the shape and fashion of small Organ Pipes; he first with all the force of his Lungs Coughed two or three times, and then with an audible Voice pronounced this following Sentence, The Court declareth, that *the Porter, who ate his Bread at the Smoak of the roast, hath civilly paid the Cook with the sound of his Money*: And the said Court Ordaineth, that every one return to his own home, and attend his proper business, without Cost and Charges, and for a Cause. This Verdict, Award and Arbitriment of the *Parisian Fool*, did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid *Doctors*, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the *Sessions for Justice* of the said place, or that the Judges of the *Rota* at *Rome* had been Umpires therein; or yet that the *Areopagites* themselves had been the Deciders thereof, if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded. Therefore advise if you will be counselled by a *Fool*.

## C H A P. XXXVIII.

*How Triboulet is set forth and blazed  
by Pantagruel and Panurge.*

**B**Y my Soul, quoth *Panurge*, that *Overture* pleaseth me exceedingly well; I will therefore lay hold thereon, and embrace it. At the very motioning thereof my very *Right Entral* seemeth to be widened and enlarged, which was but just now hard bound, contracted and costive: but as we have hitherto made choice of the purest and most refined Cream of Wisdom and Sapience for our Counsel, so would I now have to preside and bear the prime Sway in our Consultation, as were a *Fool* in the supream degree. *Triboulet* (quoth *Pantagruel*) is compleatly foolish, as I conceive. Yes truly (answered *Panurge*) he is properly and totally a *Fool*, a

*Pantagruel.*

*Panurge.*

Fatal f.  
Natural f.  
Celestial f.

Jovial f.  
Mercurial f.  
Lunatick f.  
O 3. Erratick

*Pantagruel.**Panurge.*

Erratick f.	Ducal f.
Excentrick f.	Common f.
Ætherial and Juno- nian f.	Lordly f.
Arctick f.	Palatin f.
Heroick f.	Principal f.
Gemial f.	Pretorian f.
Inconstant f.	Ellected f.
Earthly f.	Courtly f.
Solacious and spor- ting f.	Primipilary f.
Jocund and wan- ton f.	Triumphant f.
Pimpled f.	Vulgar f.
Freckled f.	Domestick f.
Bell-tinging f.	Exemplary f.
Laughing and lech- erous f.	Rare outlandish f.
Nimming and fil- ching f.	Satrapal f.
Unpressed f.	Civil f.
First broached f.	Popular f.
Augustal f.	Familiar f.
Cesarine f.	Notable f.
Imperial f.	Favourized f.
Royal f.	Latinized f.
Patriarchal f.	Ordinary f.
Original f.	Transcendent f.
Loyal f.	Rising f.
	Papal f.
	Consistorian f.
	Conclavist f.
	Bullist f.
	Synodal f.

Episco-

*Pantagruel.*

*Panurge.*

Episcopal f.  
 Doctoral f.  
 Monachal f.  
 Fiscal f.  
 Extravagant f.  
 Wretched f.  
 Canonical f.  
 Such another f.  
 Graduated f.  
 Commensal f.  
 Primolicensed f.  
 Trainbairing f.  
 Supererrogating f.  
 Collateral f.  
 Haunch and side f.  
 Nestling, ninny and  
 youngling f.  
 Flitting, giddy and  
 unsteddy f.  
 Brancher, novice  
 and Cockney f.  
 Hagard, cross and  
 froward f.  
 Gentle, mild and  
 tractable f.  
 Mail-coated f.  
 Pilfring and pur-  
 loining f.  
 Tail-grown f.  
 Gray-peckled f.

Doting and raving f.  
 Singular and sur-  
 passing f.  
 Special and excel-  
 ling f.  
 Metaphysical f.  
 Seatical f.  
 Predicamental and  
 Catagorick f.  
 Predicable and e-  
 nunciatory f.  
 Decumane and Su-  
 perlative f.  
 Dutiful and offici-  
 ous f.  
 Optical and perspe-  
 ctive f.  
 Algoristick f.  
 Algebraical f.  
 Cabalistical & Mas-  
 foretical f.  
 Talmudical f.  
 Algamalized f.  
 Compendious f.  
 Abbreviated f.  
 Hyperbolical f.  
 Anatomastical f.  
 Allegorical f.  
 Tropological f.

O 4

Pleonaf

*Pantagruel.**Panurge.*

Pleonasmical *f.*  
 Capital *f.*  
 Hair-brained *f.*  
 Cordial *f.*  
 Intimate *f.*  
 Hepatick *f.*  
 Cushotten and swil-  
 ling *f.*  
 Splenetick *f.*  
 Windy *f.*  
 Legitimate *f.*  
 Azymathal *f.*  
 Almicantarized *f.*  
 Proportioned *f.*  
 Chinnified *f.*  
 Swollen and puffed  
 up *f.*  
 Overcockrified lid  
 and lifed *f.*  
 Corallery *f.*  
 Eastern *f.*  
 Sublime *f.*  
 Crimson *f.*  
 Ingrained *f.*  
 City *f.*  
 Basely acoutred *f.*  
 Mast-headed *f.*  
 Modal *f.*  
 Second notial *f.*

Micher pincrust *f.*  
 Heteroclit *f.*  
 Summist *f.*  
 Abbridging *f.*  
 Morrish *f.*  
 Leaden-sealed *f.*  
 Mandatory *f.*  
 Compassionate *f.*  
 Titulary *f.*  
 Crooching, showk-  
 ing, ducking *f.*  
 Grim, stern, harsh,  
 and wayward *f.*  
 Well-hung & tim-  
 bred *f.*  
 Ill-clawed, pounced  
 and pawed *f.*  
 Well-stoned *f.*  
 Crabbed and un-  
 pleasing *f.*  
 Winded and tain-  
 ted *f.*  
 Kitchen-haunting *f.*  
 Lofty and stately *f.*  
 Spitrack *f.*  
 Architrave *f.*  
 Pedestal *f.*  
 Tetragonal *f.*  
 Renowned *f.*  
 Chearful

*Pantagruel.**Panurge.*Chearful and bux-  
om *f.*Solemn *f.*Annual *f.*Festival *f.*Recreative *f.*Boorish and coun-  
terfeit *f.*Pleasant *f.*Priviledged *f.*Rustical *f.*Proper and peculi-  
ar *f.*Ever ready *f.*Diapatonal *f.*Resolute *f.*Hieroglyphical *f.*Authentick *f.*Worty *f.*Precious *f.*Fanatick *f.*Fantastical *f.*Symphatick *f.*Panick *f.*Limbecked and di-  
stilled *f.*Comportable *f.*Wretched & heart-  
less *f.*Reumatick *f.*Flaunting and brag-  
gadochio *f.*Egregious *f.*Humorous and ca-  
pricious *f.*Rude, gross and ab-  
surd *f.*Large measured *f.*Bable *f.*Down-right *f.*Broad-listed *f.*Downfical-bear-  
ing *f.*Stale and over-  
worn *f.*Sawcy and swagger-  
ing *f.*Full bulked *f.*Gallant and vain-  
glorious *f.*Gorgeous and gaw-  
dy *f.*Continual and in-  
termitting *f.*Rebasing & round-  
ling *f.*Prototypal and pre-  
cedenting *f.*

O 5

Food-



*Pantagruel.**Panurge.*

Fooded <i>f.</i>	Prating <i>f.</i>
Thick and three- fold <i>f.</i>	Catechetick <i>f.</i>
Damasked <i>f.</i>	Cacodoxical <i>f.</i>
Fearny <i>f.</i>	Meridional <i>f.</i>
Unleavened <i>f.</i>	Nocturnal <i>f.</i>
Barytonant <i>f.</i>	Occidental <i>f.</i>
Pink and spot-pou- dered <i>f.</i>	Trifling <i>f.</i>
Musket-proof <i>f.</i>	Astrological and Fi- gure-flinging <i>f.</i>
Pedantick <i>f.</i>	Genethliack & Ho- roscopal <i>f.</i>
Strouting <i>f.</i>	Knaveish <i>f.</i>
Wood <i>f.</i>	Idiot <i>f.</i>
Greedy <i>f.</i>	Blockish <i>f.</i>
Senseless <i>f.</i>	Beetle-headed <i>f.</i>
Godderlich <i>f.</i>	Grotesk <i>f.</i>
Obstinate <i>f.</i>	Impertinent <i>f.</i>
Contradictory <i>f.</i>	Quarrelsome <i>f.</i>
Pedagogical <i>f.</i>	Unmannerly <i>f.</i>
Dast <i>f.</i>	Captious and Sophi- stical <i>f.</i>
Drunken <i>f.</i>	Soritick <i>f.</i>
Peevish <i>f.</i>	Catholoproton <i>f.</i>
Prodigal <i>f.</i>	Hoti and Diots <i>f.</i>
Rash <i>f.</i>	Aplos and Catati <i>f.</i>
Plodding <i>f.</i>	

*Pantagruel.* If there was any reason why  
at Rome the *Quirinal* Holiday, of old, was  
called the Feast of *Pools*; I know not  
why

## Ch. XXXVIII. WORKS. 321

why me may not for the like cause institute in *France* the *Tribouletick* Festivals, to be Celebrated and Selemnized over all the Land.

*Panurge*. If all *Fools* carried Cruppers.

*Pantagruel*. If he were the God *Fatulus*, of whom we have already made mention, the Husband of the Goddess *Fatua*, his Father would be *Good Day*, and his Grand-mother *Good Even*.

*Panurge*. If all *Fools* paced, albeit he be somewhat wry-legged, he would overlay at least a Fathom at every Rake. Let us go toward him without any further lingering or delay, we shall have no doubt some fine Resolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the issue of our Progress impatiently. I must needs (quoth *Pantagruel*) according to my former Resolution of him, be present at *Bridlegoose's* Tryal: Nevertheless, whilst I shall be upon my Journey towards *Miralingues*, which is on the other side of the River of *Loire*, I will dispatch *Carpalin* to bring along with him from *Blois* the *Fool Triboulet*. Then was *Carpalin* instantly sent away, and *Pantagruel* at the same time attended by his *Domesticks*, *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Ponocrates*, *Friar Ibon*, *Gymnast*, *Rysotome*, and others, marched forward on the the High Road to *Marlingues*.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXIX.

*How Pantagruel was present at the Tryal of Judge Bridlegoose, who decided Causes and Controversies in Law, by the Chance and Fortune of the Dice.*

ON the Day following, precisely at the Hour appointed, Pantagruel came to Merlingues: At his Arrival the Presidents, Senators, and Counsellors prayed him to do them the Honour to enter in with them, to hear the Decision of all the Causes, Arguments, and Reasons, which Bridlegoose in his own Defence would produce, why he had pronounced a certain Sentence against the Subsidy Assessor, Toucheronde, which did not seem very equitable to that Centumviral Court. Pantagruel very willingly condescended to their desire, and accordingly entering in, found Bridlegoose sitting within the middle of the Inclosure of the said Court of Justice; who immediately upon the coming of Pantagruel, accompanied with the Senatorian Members of that worshipful Judicatory, arose, went

to

to the Bar, had his Indictment read, and for all his Reasons, Defences, and Excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become Old, and that his Sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer then it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many Miseries and Calamities, which Old Age bringeth along with it, and are concomitant to wrinkled Elders; which not, *par Archi d' lxxv. R. C. tanta*: by reason of which Infirmary he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the *Points* and *Blots* of the *Dice*, as formerly he had been accustomed to do: whence it might very well have happened, said he, as old dim-sighted *Isaac* took *Jacob* for *Esau*, that I after the same manner, at the Decision of Causes and Controversies in Law, should have been mistaken in taking a *Quatre* for a *Cinque*, or *Tre* for a *Deux*: This, I beseech your Worship (quoth he) to take into your serious Consideration, and to have the more favourable Opinion of my Uprightness, (notwithstanding the *Prevocation* whereof I am accused, in the matter of *Touchebony's* Sentence) that at the time of that Decrees pronouncing, I only had made use of my small *Dice*; and your Worships (said he) knew very well, how by the most Authentick Rules of the Law, it is provided, That the Imperfecti-

ons of Nature should never be imputed unto any for Crimes and Transgressions; as appeareth, *F. de re Mil. L. qui cum uno F. de Reg. Jur. L. fere F. de aedit. edict. per totum, F. de term. Mo. L. Divus Adriannus*, resolved by *LU. RO. ML. Si Vero. F. Sol. Mar.* And who would offer to do otherways, should not thereby accuse the Man, but Nature, and the All-seeing Providence of God, as is evident in *L. Maximum Vitium C. de Liber prater.*

What kind of Dice (quoth *Trinquamelle*, grand President of the said Court) do you mean, my Friend *Bridle-goose*? The Dice (quoth *Bridlegoose*) of Sentences at Law, Decrees, and peremptory Judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct. 26. qu. 2. Ca. Sors L. nec emptio F. de contrahen. empt. L. quod debetur. F. de pecu. & ibi Bart.* And which your Worships do as well as I, use, in this glorious Sovereign Court of yours: so do all other righteous Judges in their Decision of Processes, and Final Determination of Legal Differences, observing that which hath been said thereof, by *D. Henri Ferrandus*. & not *Gl. MC. si de sort. il & L. sed cum ambo F. de nud. sub. Dos.* Where mark, that Chance and Fortune, are good, honest, profitable and necessary for ending of, and putting a final closure to Dissensions and Debates in Suits

Suits at Law. The same hath more clearly been declared by *Bal. Barto. & Alex. C. communia de L. Si duo.* But how is it that you do these things? (asked *Tirquemel.*) I very briefly (quoth *Bridlegoose*) shall answer you, according to the Doctrine and Instructions of *L. ampliores par in refutatoriis C. de Appell.* Which is conform to what is said in *ll. 1. L. 2. F. quod met. cau. gaudent. brevitare moderni.* My Practice is therein the same with that of your other Worship, and as the Custom of the Judicatory requires, unto which our Law commandeth us to have regard, and by the Rule thereof still to direct and regulate our Actions and Procedures. *Ut not. extra de consuet. C. ex literis, & ibi Fano:* for having well and exactly seen, surveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognised, read, and read over again, turned and tossed over, seriously perused and examined the Bills of Complaint, Accusations, Impeachments, Indictments, Warnings, Citations, Summonings, Comparitions, Appearances, Mandates, Commissions, Delegations, Instructions, Informations, Inquests, Preparatories, Productions, Evidences, Proofs, Allegations, Depositions, cross Speeches, Contradictions, Supplications, Requests, Petitions, Enquiries, Instruments of the Deposition of Witnesses, Rejoinders, Replies,



plies, Confirmations of former Assertions, Duplies, Triplies, Answers to Rejoinders, Writings, Deeds, Reproaches, disabling of Exceptions taken, Grievances, Salvation-Bills, Re-examination of Witnesses, Confronting of them together, Declarations, Denunciations, Libels, Certificates, Royal Missives, Letters of Appeal, Letters of Attorney, Instruments of Compulsion, Delinitories, Anticipatories, Evocations, Messages, Dimissions, Issues, Exceptions, dilatory Pleas, Demurs, Compositions, Injunctions, Reliefs, Reports, Returns, Confessions, Acknowledgments, Exploits, Executions, and other such-like Confects and Spiceries, both at the one and the other side, as a good Judge ought to do, conform to what hath been noted thereupon. *Sper de ordinario. Paragr. 3. Et Tit. de Officio in Paragr. fin. Et de prescriptis Present. a Paragon.* I deposit on the end of a Table, in my Closet, all the Poaks and Bags of the *Defendant*, and then allow unto him the first hazard of the Dice; according to the usual manner of your other Worship. And it is mentioned, *L. Favorabiliores F. de Reg. Jur. Et in d. cum sunt eq. Tit. Lib. 6.* which saith, *Quum sunt partium Jura obscura, res potius favendum est quam actori.* That being done, I thereafter lay down upon the other end of the same Table, the Bags and

and Sachels of the Plaintiff, (as your other Worships are accustomed to do) *Visum Visu*, just over-against one another: for, *Opposita juxta se potest clarius elucescunt: ut not. in L. Parag. Videamus F. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris, & in L. Munerum. Mixta F. de mun. & bon.* Then do I likewise, and semblably throw the *Dice* for him, and forthwith *livre* him his chance. But (quoth *Trigamelle*) my Friend, how come you to know, understand, and resolve the obscurity of these various and seeming contrary Passages in Law, which are laid claim to by the Suitors, and pleading Parties? Even just (quoth *Bridlegoose*) after the fashion of your other Worships: to wit, when there are many Bags on the one side, and on the other, I then use my little small *Dice* (after the customary manner of your other Worships) in obedience to the Law.. *Semper in stipulationibus F. de Reg. Jur.* The Law verified, verifieth that, *Eo tit. semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur: Canonized in C. in obscuris cod. Tit. Lib. 6.* I have other large great *Dice*, fair, and goodly ones, which I employ in the fashion that your other Worships use to do, when the matter is more plain, clear, and liquid: that is to say, when there are fewer Bags. But when you have done all these fine things (quoth *Trigamel*)

*quamel*) how do you, my Friend, award your Decrees, and pronounce Judgment? Even as your other Worshipps (*answered Bridlegoose*) for I give out Sentence in his favour, unto whom hath befallen the *best Chance by Dice*; Judiciary, Tribunian, Pretorial, what comes first: So our Lawe command. *F. qui pot. in Pig. L. Potior. E. Creditor. C. de Conf. L. 1. & de Reg. Jur. on U. Qui prior est jure.*

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## CHAP. XL.

*How Bridlegoose giveth Reasons, why he looked upon those Law-Actions which he decided by the Chance of the Dice.*

**Y**Ea, but (quoth *Trinquamel*) my Friend, seeing it is by the Lot, Chance, and Throw of the Dice that you award your Judgments and Sentences, why do not you live up these fair Throws and Chances the very same Day and Hour, without any further procrastination or delay; that the controverting Party-pleaders appear before you? To what use can those Writings

tings serve you, those Papers, and other Procedures contained in the Bags and Poaks of the Law-Suitors? To the very same use (quoth *Bridle-goose*) that they serve your other Worship. They are behooful unto me, and serve my turn in three things very exquisite, requisite, and authentical. *First*, For *Formality* sake, the omission whereof, that it maketh all whatever is done, to be of no force nor value, is excellently well proved, by *Spec. tit. de inst. edi. & tit. de rescript. present.* Besides, that it is not unknown to you, who have had many more Experiments thereof then I, how oftentimes in Judicial Proceedings, the *Formalities* utterly destroy the *Materialities* and Substances of the Causes and Matters agitated; for *Forma mutata, mutatur substantia* F. ad exh. L. *Julianus* F. ad. leg. Pals. si is qui *Quadraginta.* Et extra de deci. C. ad audientiam. Et de Cel. Miss. C. in quadam.

*Secondly*, They are useful and steadable to me, (even as unto your other Worship) in lieu of some other honest and healthful Exercise. The late Master *Orthoman Vadat*, a prime Physician, as you would say, Cod. de Comit. & Archi. Lib. 12. hath frequently told me, That the lack and default of Bodily Exercise, is the chief, if not the sole and only cause of the little Health, and short

short Lives of all Officers of Justice, such as your Worships and I am. Which Observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by *Bartholus in Lib. 1. C. de Sent. quæ pro eo quod*: therefore is it, that the Practice of such-like Exercitations is appointed to be laid hold on by your other Worships, and consequently not to be denied unto me, who am of the same Profession: *Quia accessarum naturam sequitur principalis, de Reg. Jur. L. 7. & L. cum principalis, & L. nihil dolo E. eo tit. F. de fide juss. L. fide Juss. & extra de Officio de L. Cap. 1.* Let certain honest, and recreative Sports and Plays of Corporeal Exercises be allowed and approved of; and so far, *Ut omnes obed. in prim. Coll. 7. & F. de præscript. ver. L. gratuitatem & L. 1. Cod. de Sp. L. 11.* Such also is the Opinion of *D. Thom. in Secunda, Secunda Q. 168.* Quoted in very good purpose, by *D. ar. de Rosa*; who, *Fuit magnus Practicus*, and a solemn Doctor, as *Barbaria* attesteth in *Principius Consil.* Wherefore the Reason is evidently and clearly deduced, and set down before us, in *Gloss. in præmio F. par ne autem tertii. Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.* In very deed, one, in the Year a Thousand four hundred fourscore and sixth, having a Business concerning the Portion and Inheritance of a younger Brother, depending in the

the Court and Chamber of the Four High Treasurers of *France*, whereinto as soon as ever I got leave to enter by a Pecuniary Permission of the *Usher* thereof, as your other *Worships* know very well, that *Pecunia obediunt omnia*; and there says, *Baldus*, in *L. Singularia. F. si cert. pet. & lol. in L. receptitia. Cod. de constit. pecuni. & card. in cler. i. de Baptism.* I found them all recreating and diverting themselves at the Play called *Musse*, either before or after Dinner; to me, truly, it is a thing altogether indifferent, whether of the two it was, provided that *Hic not.* that the Game of the *Musse* is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful: *A Muscho inventore, de quo Cod. de perbere L. si post motam: & Muscarii.* Such as play and sport it at the *Musse*, are excusable in and by Law, *Lib. i. C. de excus. artific. lib. 10.* And at the very same time was Master *Tielman Picquet*, one of the Players of that Game of *Musse*: there is nothing that I do better remember; for he laughed heartily, when his Fellow-Members of the aforesaid Judicial Chamber, spoiled their Caps in swinging of his Shoulders; he, nevertheless, did even then say unto them, that the banging and flapping of him to the waist, and havock of their Caps, should not at their return from the Palace to their own Houses, excuse



cuse them from their Wives: *Part 1. extra de præssum. & ibi glos.* Now resolutory loquendo, I should say, according to the stile and phrase of your other Worships, that there is no Exercise, Sport, Game, Play, nor Recreation in all this Palatine, Palacial, or Parliamentary World, more ariomatizing and fragrant, then to empty and void Bags and Purses: turn over Papers and Writings: quote Margins and Backs of Scrolls and Rolls; fill Panniers, and take inspection of Causes: *Ex Bart. & Joan. de prad. in L. falsa de condit. & Demost. F.*

Thirdly, I consider as your own Worships use to do, that *Time* ripeneth and bringeth all things to maturity, that by *Time* every thing cometh to be made manifest and patent, and that *Time* is the Father of Truth and Vertue. *Gloss. in f. cod. de Servit. authent. de restit. & ea quæ pa. & spe in. de requis. cons.* Therefore is it, that after the manner and fashion of your other Worships, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, wyre-draw, and shift off the *Time* of giving a Definitive Sentence, to the end that the Suit or Process, being well vanned and winnowed, toft and canvassed to and fro; narrowly, precisely, and nearly garbelled, sifted,

sifted, searched and examined : and on all Hands exactly argued, disputed and debated, may, by success of *Time* come at last to its full ripeness and maturity : by means whereof, when the fatal hazard of the *Dice* ensueth thereupon, the Parties cast or condemned by the said *Aleatory Chance*, will with much greater patience, and more mildly and gently endure, and bear up the disastrous Load of their Misfortune, then if they had been sentenced at their first arrival unto the Court : as, *Not. gl. F. de excus. tut. L. tria onera. Portatur leviter quod portas quisq; libenter.* On the other part, to pass a Decree or Sentence, when the action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared as at the beginning, a danger would ensue of a no less inconvenience, then that which the Physicians have been wont to say, befalleth to him in whom an *Imposthume* is pierced before it be ripe ; or unto any other whose Body is purged of a strong predominating Humor, before its digestion : for as it is written, *In Authent. hæc consist. in nos. de constit. princip.* So is the same repeated, *In gloss. in C. cæterum extr. quod medicamenta morbis exhibent. hoc jura negotiis.* Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us, to gather and reap, eat and feed on Fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *In*  
*stit.*

*stit. de re di paragr. is ad quem & F. de acti-  
on. empt. L. Julianus.* To marry likewise  
our Daughters when they are ripe, and  
no sooner. *F. de donation. inter vir. & ux-  
or. L. cum his status paragr. si quia sponsa &  
21 q. C. sic ut dicit. gl.*

*Fam matura thoro plenis adoleverat annis.  
Virginitas.*

And in a word, she instructeth us to do  
nothing of any considerable Importance,  
but in a full maturity and ripeness. 23 q.  
2 paragr. ult. & 23. de C. ultimo.

### C H A P. XLI.

*How Bridlegoose relateth the History  
of the Reconcilers of Parties at va-  
riance in matters of Law.*

**I** Remember to the same purpose (quoth  
Bridlegoose, in continuing his Discourse)  
that in the time when at Poitiers I was a  
Student of Law under *Crociadium Furii*,  
there was at *Smarva* one Peter Dandin,  
a very honest Man, careful Labourer of  
the

the Ground, fine Singer in a Church-Desk, of good Repute and Credit, and older than the most aged of all your Worships; who was wont to say, that he had seen the great and goodly Good Man the *Council of Lateran*, with his wide and broad brimmed Red Hat: As also, that he had beheld and looked upon the fair and beautiful *Pragmatical Sanction*, his Wife, with her huge Rosary or Pater-nostrian Chapelet of Jeat-beads, hanging at a large Sky-coloured Ribbond. This honest Man compounded, attoned and agreed more Differences, Controversies and Variances at Law than had been determined, voided and finished during his time in the whole Palace of *Poitiers*, in the Auditory of *Montmorillon*, and in the Town-house of the old *Partenay*. This amicable Disposition of his rendred him Venerable, and of great Estimation, Sway, Power and Authority throughout all the neighbouring places of *Chauvinie*, *Nouaille*, *Vivonne*, *Mexeaux*, *Estables*, and other bordering and circumjacent Towns, Villages, and Hamlets: All their Debates were pacified by him; he put an end to their brabbling Suits at Law, and wrangling Differences. By his Advice and Counsels were Accords and Reconcilements no less firmly made, than if the

P

Verdict

Verdict of a Sovereign Judge had been interposed therein, although, in very deed, he was no Judge at all, but a right honest Man, as you may well conceive.

*Arg. in L. si Anus F. de Jure jur. & de verbis obligatorii sit continuus.*

There was not a Hog killed within three Parishes of him, whereof he had not some part of the Hasset and Puddings. He was almost every day invited either to a Marriage, Banket, Chrifning Feast, an uprising or Women Churching Treatment, a Birth-day's Anniversary Solemnity, a merry Frollick Gossiping, or otherways to some delicious Entertainment in a Tavern, to make some Accord and Agreement between Persons at odds, and in debate with one another. Remark what I say; for he never yet settled and compounded a Difference betwixt any two at variance, but he streight made the Parties agreed and pacified, to drink together as a sure and intallible Token and Symbol of a perfect and compleatly well cemen-  
 ted Reconciliation, sign of a sound and sincere Amity and proper Mark of a new Joy and Gladness to follow thereupon.  
*Ut Not. per F. de Peri & com. ret. ven. L. 1.*  
 He had a Son whose Name was *Tenot Dandin*, a lusty young sturdy frisking Royster, so help me God, who likewise (in imita-  
 tion

tion of his Peace-making Father, would have undertaken and medled with the taking up of Variances, and deciding of Controversies betwixt disagreeing and contentious Parties, Pleadors as you know.

*Sæpe solet similis filius esse patri.*

*Et sequitur leviter filia matris iter.*

Ut ait gloss. vi. quæst. I. C. si quis g. de conf. disc. v. C. 2. fin. & est. int. per dict. cod. de impu. & aliis substit. L. vir. & L. Legitimæ. F. de stat. hom. gloss. in L. quod si nolit. de adi. L. quisquis C. ad leg. Jure Majest. excipio filius à moniali susceptus ex Monacho per gloss. in C. impudicas 27 quæstione. And such was his Confidence to have no worse Success than his Father, he assumed unto himself the Title of *Law-strife-setler*. He was likewise in these pacificatory Negotiations so active and vigilant; for *Vigilantibus Furæ subveniunt* ex L. pupillus F. quæ in fraud. red. & ibi L. non enim & instit. m. proæm. That when he had smelt, heard, and fully understood; ut F. si quando paufec. L. Agaso q. in verbo offecit, id est nasum ad quædam posuit. That there was any where in the Country a debatable matter at Law, he would incontinently thrust in his Advice, and so forwardly intrude his Opinion in the business, that he made no Bones



of making offer, and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult soever it might happen to be, to the full Contentment and Satisfaction of both Parties; It is written, *Qui non laborat non manducat.* And the said Gl. F. de damn. infect. L. si quamvis: And *Currere plus que te pas vetulam compellit egestas.* Gloss. F. de lib. agnosco. L. si quis pro quo facit. L. si plures C. de Codd. inter. But so huge great was his Misfortune in this his Undertaking, that he never composed any difference, how little soever you may imagine it might have been, but that instead of reconciling the Parties at odds, he did incense, irritate and exasperate them to a higher point of Dissention and Enmity than ever they were at before. Your Worships know I doubt not that,

*Sermo datur cunctis animi sapientia paucis.*

Gl. F. de alien. in mun. caus. fa. lib. 2. This administered unto the Tavern-keepers, Wine-drawers and Vintners of *Smerve* an occasion to say, that under him they had not in the space of a whole year so much *Reconciliation-Wine* (for so were they pleased to call the good Wine of *Leguge*) as under his Father they had done in one half hours time. It hapned a little while thereafter, that he

he made a most heavy regret thereof to his Father, attributing the Causes of his bad Success in pacificatory Enterprizes to the Perversity, Stubbornness, froward, cross and backward Inclinations of the People of his time, roundly, boldly and irreverently upbraiding, that if but a score of Years before the World had been so wayward, obstinate, pervicacious, implacable, and out of all Square, Frame and Order as it was then, his Father had never attained to, and acquired the Honour and Title of *Strife-appeaser*, so irrefragably, inviolably and irrevocably as he hath done; in doing whereof *Tenot* did heinously transgress against the Law which prohibiteth Children to reproach the Actions of their Parents. *Per gl. & Bart. l. 3, par agr. si quis F. de cond. ob caus. & authent. de Nupt. par sed quod sancitum Col. 3. Item.* To this the honest old Father answered thus: My Son *Dandin*, when *Don* reports taketh place, this is the course which we must trace, *Gl. C. de Appel. l. eos etiam*: For the Road that you went upon was not the way to the Fullers Mill, nor in any part thereof was the Form to be found wherein the Hare did sit. Thou hast not the skill and dexterity of settling and composing Differences. Why? Because thou takest them at the beginning, in the

very Infancy and Bud as it were, when they are green, raw, and indigestible; yet I know handsomly and featly how to compose and settle them all. Why? Because I take them at their Decadence, in their Weaning, and when they are pretty well digested. So saith *Gl. dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ductus*. *L. non moriturus*. *C. de contrabend. & comit. stip.* Didst thou ever hear the vulgar Proverb, *Happy is the Physician whose coming is desired at the declension of a Disease*? For the Sicknes being come to a Crisis, is then upon the decreasing hand, and drawing towards an end, although the Physician should not repair thither for the Cure thereof; whereby though Nature wholly do the Work, he bears away the Palm and Praise thereof. My Pleaders after the same manner, before I did interpose my Judgment in the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their Contestations, their Altercation Heat was much abated, and in declining from their former Strife, they of themselves inclined to a firm Accommodation of their Differences; because they wanted Fuel to that Fire of burning Rancour and despightful Wrangling, whereof the lower sort of Lawyers were the Kindlers: That is to say, their Purfes were emptied of Coin, they had no

a Win in their Fab, nor Penny in their Bag, wherewith to sollicit and present their Actions.

*Deficiente pecu deficit omne, nia.*

There wanted then nothing but some Brother to supply the place of a Paru-  
nymph, Brail broker, Proxenate or Me-  
diator; who acting his part dextrously,  
should be the first Broacher of the Moti-  
on of an Agreement, for saving both the  
one and the other Party from that hurt-  
ful and pernicious Shame, whereof he  
could not have avoided the Imputation,  
when it should have been said, that he was  
the first who yielded and spoke of a Re-  
concilement; and that therefore his Cause  
not being good, and being sensible where  
his Shoe did pinch him, was willing to  
break the Ice, and make the greater haste  
to prepare the way for a Condescend-  
ment to an amicable and friendly Treaty.  
Then was it that I came in pudding time,  
(Dandin my Son) nor is the fat of Bacon  
more relishing to boiled Pease, than was  
my Verdict then agreeable to them: This  
was my Luck, my Profit and good For-  
tune. I tell thee, my Jolly Son Dandin,  
that by this Rule and Method I could set-  
tle a firm Peace, or at least clap up a Ces-

lation of Arms and Truce for many years to come betwixt the Great King and the Venetian State; the Emperor and the Cantons of Swisserland; the English and the Scots; and betwixt the Pope and the Ferrarians. Shall I go yet further: Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the Turk and the Saphy, the Tartars and the Muscoviters. Remark well what I am to say unto thee, I would take them at that very instant nick of time, when both those of the one and the other side should be weary and tired of making War, when they had voided and emptied their own Cashes and Coffers of all Treasure and Coin, drained and exhausted the Purles and Bags of their Subjects, sold and mortgaged their Domains and proper Inheritances, and totally wasted, spent and consumed the Munition, Furniture, Provision and Victuals that were necessary for the continuance of a Military Expedition. There I am sure, by God, or by his Mother, that would they, would they, in spite of all their Teeth, they should be forced to take a little Respit and Breathing time, to moderate the Fury and cruel Rage of their ambitious Aims. This is the Doctrine in *Gl. 37. d. c. si quando.*

*Odero, si potero, si non inuitus amabo.*



## C H A P. XLII.

*How Suits at Law are bred at first, and how they come afterwards to their perfect growth.*

FOR this Cause (quoth *Bridlegoose*) going on in his Discourse, I temporise and apply my self to the Times, as your other Worships use to do, waiting patiently for the Maturity of the Process, full Growth and Perfection thereof in all its Members; to wit, the Writings and the Bags. *Arg. in L. fin. Major. C. commodus, & de cons. de r. c. solemnitates, & ibi gl.* A Suit in Law at its Production, Birth and first beginning, seemeth to me as unto your other Worships, shapeless, without Form or Fashion, incompleat, ugly and imperfect, even as a *Bare*, at his first coming into the World, hath neither Hands, Skin, Hair nor Head, but is meerly an inform, rude and ill-favoured peice and lump of Flesh; and would remain still so, if his Dam out of the abundance of her Affection to her hopeful Cub, did not with



much liking put his Members into that Figure and shape which Nature had provided for those of an *Arctick* and *Urſinal* kind. *Ut Not. Doct. F. ad L. aliqua 2. in fi.* Just so when I see, as your other Worships do, Processes and Suits in Law at their first bringing forth, to be numberless, without shape, deformed and disfigured; for that then they consist only of one or two Writings, or Copies of Instruments, through which Defect they appear unto me as to your other Worships, foul, loathsom, filthy and misshapen Beasts. But when there are Heaps of these Legiformal Papers packed, piled, laid up together, impoaked, infacheled, and put up in Bags, then is it that with a good reason we may term that Suit to which, as pieces, parcels, parts, portions and members thereof, they do pertain and belong, well-formed and fashioned, big limmed, strong set, and in all and each of its Dimensions most compleatly membred; Because *forma dat. esse. rei L. si u. qui F. ad leg. falcid. in C. cum delicta extra de rescript. Barbaria consil. Lib. 2.* And before him, *Balsus in C. ult. extra de cons. & L. Julianus exhib. & F. ad L. questum F. de leg. 3.* The manner is such as is set down in *gl. p. quest. i C. Paulus.*

*Debile principiam melior fortuna sequetur.*

Like your other Worships, also the Sergeants, Catchpoles, Purse-vants, Messengers, Summoners, Apparitors, Ushers, Door-keepers, Pettifoggers, Attorneys, Proctors, Commissioners, Justices of the Peace, Judge Delegates, Arbitrators, Overseers, Sequestrators, Advocates, Inquisitors, Jurors, Searchers, Examiners, Notaries, Tabellions, Scribes, Scriveners, Clerks, Pregnatories, Secondaries, and *Expedaneam* Judges, *de quibus tit. est L. 3. C.* by sucking very much, and that exceeding forcibly, and licking at the Purse of the pleading Parties, they, to the Suits already begot and engendred, form, fashion and frame Head, Feet, Claws, Talons, Beaks, Bills, Teeth, Hands, Veins, Sinews, Arteries, Muscles, Humours, and so forth, through all the Simulary and Dissimilary Parts of the whole; which Parts, Particles, Pendants and Appurtenances, are the Law-pocks and Bags, *Gl. de Conf. d. 3. C. accepisti qualis vestis erit, talia cornua gerit. Hic notandum est.* That in this respect the Pleaders, Litigants and Law-Suiters are happier than the Officers, Ministers and Administrators of Justice: For *beatus est dare quam accipere. F. Com. L. 3. extra de celeb*

celcb. Miss. cum Matthæ & 24. Quæst. I. Cap.  
Od. Gl.

*Affectum dantis pensat censura tonantis.*

Thus becometh the Action or Procel, by  
their care and industry, to be of a com-  
pleat and goodly bulk, well shaped, fra-  
med, formed, and fashioned according to  
the Canonical Gloss.

*Accipe, sume, cape, sunt verba placencia  
Papa.*

Which Speech hath been more clearly  
explained by Alb. de Res. in verbo Roma.

*Roma manus rodit, quas rodere non valet,  
odit.*

*Dantes custodit, non dantes spernit, & odit.*

The Reason whereof is thought to be  
this:

*Ad præsens ova, eras pullis sunt meliora.*

Ut est Gl. in L. quum H.F. de Transact. Nor  
is this all, for the inconvenience of the  
contrary is set down in H. C. de Allu-  
L. F.

*Quum*

*Quum labor in diuinio est, crescit mortalit  
egetur.*

In confirmation whereof we find, that the true Etymology and Exposition of the word Process is Purchase, viz. of good store of Money to the Lawyers, and of many Peaks, *id est*, Pron-Sacks, to the Pleaders, upon which Subject we have most Celestial Quips, Gybes, and Girds.

*Litigando jura crescunt, litigando jus acquiritur.*

*Item Gl. in Cap. illud extrem. de præsumpt. & C. de prob. L. intrans. L. non Epistolis L. non nudis.*

*Et si non profunt singula, multa iuvant.*

Yea, but (asked Trinquamelle) how do you proceed, (my Friend) in Criminal Causes, the culpable and guilty Party being taken and seized upon, *Flagrante Crimine*? Even as your other Worships use to do (answered Bridlegoose): First, I permit the Plaintiff to depart from the Court, enjoining him not to presume to return thither, till he preallably, should have taken a good sound and profound Sleep, which is to serve

serve for the prime Entry and Introduction to the Legal carrying on of the Business. In the next place, a formal Report is to be made to me of his having slept. *Thirdly*, I issue forth a Warrant to convent him before me. *Fourthly*, He is to produce a sufficient and authentick Attestation, of his having thoroughly and entirely slept, conform to the *Gloss. 22. Quest. 7. Si quis cum*.

*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

Being thus far advanced in the Formality of the Process, I find that this Conspiciating Act engendresh another Act, whence ariseth the articulating of a Member; that again produceth a Third Act, fashionative of another Member; which Third bringing forth a Fourth, Procreative of another Act: New Members in a no fewer Number, are shapen and framed, one still breeding, and begetting another (as Link after Link, the Coat of Mail at length is made) till thus Piece after Piece, by little and little, like Information upon Information, the Process be compleatly well formed, and perfect in all his Members. Finally, having proceeded thus length, I have recourse to my *Dire*, nor is it to be thought, that this interruption, *Te ipse*,



spit, or interpellation, is by me occasioned without very good reason inducing me thereunto, and a notable Experience of a most convincing and irrefragable force.

I remember, on a time, that in the Camp at *Stockholm*, there was a certain *Gascon* named *Gratianauld*, Native of the Town of *Saint Sever*, who having lost all his Money at Play, and consecutively being very angry thereat, as you know, *Pecunia est alius sanguis ut ait Anto. de Burtio, MC. accedens 2. extra ut lit. non contest & Bald. in L. si tuis C. de op. Lib. per not. & L. advocati. C. de advo. diu. Jud. pecunia est vita hominis & optimus fide jusser in necessitatibus*: Did, at his coming forth of the Gaming-House, in the presence of the whole Company that was there, with a very loud Voice, speak in his own Language these following words: *Pap. cap. de bious nillots que maux depipes rous tresire: aresque de pergudes sont les mires bingt, & quovatre bagnelles, ta pla donne rien pier cruz & Patactz, Sey de Gum de bons aulx, qui hoille trequar ambe Fou à Belsambiz*. Finding that none would make him any Answer, he passed from thence to that part of the Leaguer, where the huff, snuff, honder-sponder, swash-buckling *High Germans* were, to whom he renewed these very Terms, provoking them to fight with him;



him; but all the Return he had from them to his stout Challenge, was only, *Der Gasconner that schick, usz. mitt. em. redem zesclage aberer ist geneger an stachen darum lieben frum ve bend ferg au in dem hausrant.* Finding also, that none of that Band of Teutonic Soldiers offered himself to the Combat; he passed to that Quarter of the Leaguer where the French Free-booting Adventures were cheamped, and reiterating unto them, what he had before repeated to the Dutch Warriours, challenged them likewise to fight with him, and therewithal made some pretty little Gasconade frisking Gambals, to oblige them the more cheerfully and gallantly to cope with him in the Lists of a Duellizing Engagement; but no Answer at all was made unto him. Whereupon the Gascon despairing of meeting with any Antagonists, departed from thence, and laying himself down, not far from the Pavilions of the grand Christian Cavalier, *Crispe* fell fast asleep. When he had thoroughly slept an hour or two, another adventurous and all-hazarding Blade of the Forlorn Hope of the lavishly wasting Gamesters, having also lost all his Moneys, sallied forth with a Sword in his Hand, of a firm Resolution to fight with the aforesaid Gascon, seeing he had lost as well as he.

; mid

Ploratur

*Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris.*

Saith the Gl. de penitent. distinct. 2. C. sunt plures. To this effect having made enquiry and search for him throughout the whole Camp, and in sequel thereof found him asleep, he said unto him, Up, ho, good Fellow, in Name of all the Devils of Hell rise up, rise up, get up; I have lost my Money as well as thou hast done, let us therefore go fight lustily together, grapple and scuffle it to some purpose: Thou may'st see that; and look, my Tuck is no longer then thy Rapier. The Gascon altogether astonished at his unexpected provocation, without altering his former Dialect, spoke thus: *Cap de Saint Arnault, qu'au jesi tu qui me reveilles? Que mande taberne te pare: Ho Saint Stode Cab. de Gascoigne tapla do my Fou, quand à quest ta quam me bringu est a.* The ventrous Royster inviteth him again to the Duel; but the Gascon, without condescending to his desire, said only this: *Hepauvres J'esquisierie ares que son plat reposat: vene impaur que te pansat comme fou peusse tranquete.* Thus in forgetting his loss, he forgot the eagerness which he had to fight. In conclusion, after that the other had likewise slept a little, they instead of fighting, and

and possibly killing one another, went jointly to a Sutler's Tent, where they drank together very amicably, each upon the pawn of his Sword. Thus by a little Sleep was pacified the ardent fury of two warlike Champions. There, Gossip, comes the Golden Word of *Ihon Ande in Capitulo de Sent. & rejudicio. Li. Sexto.* *Sedendo, & dormiendo fit anima prudens.*

### C H A P. XLIII.

*How Pantagruel excuseth Bridlegoose, in the matter of Sentencing Actions at Law, by the Chance of the Dice.*

**W**ITH this *Bridlegoose* held his peace. Whereupon *Trinquarnelle* bid them withdraw from the Court; which accordingly was done: and then directed his Discourse to *Pantagruel*, after this manner. It is fitting (most illustrious Prince) not only by reason of the deep Obligations, wherein this present Parliament, together with the whole Marquisate of *Merlinguet* stand

stand bound to your Royal Highness, for the innumerable Benefits, which as effects of *meer Grace*, they have received from your Incomperable Bounty ; but for that excellent Wit also, prime Judgment, and admirable Learning wherewith Almighty God, the Giver of all Good Things, hath most richly qualified and endowed you, we tender and present unto you the Decision of this new, strange, and Paradoxical Case of *Bridlegoose* ; who in your presence, to your both hearing and seeing, hath plainly confessed his final judging and determining of Suits of Law, by the *meer Chance and Fortune of the Dice* : therefore do we beseech you, that you may be pleased to give Sentence therein, as unto you shall seem most just and equitable. To this *Pantagruel* answered ; *Gentlemen*, It is not unknown to you, how my Condition is somewhat remote from the Profession of deciding Law-Controversies ; yet seeing you are pleased to do me the Honour to put that Task upon me, instead of undergoing the Office of a *Judge*, I will become your humble *Suppliant* : I observe, *Gentlemen*, in this *Bridlegoose*, several things, which induce me to represent before you, that it is my Opinion he should be pardoned. In the *First place*, his *Old Age*. *Secondly*, His *Simplicity* : To both which

which Qualities our Statute and Common Laws, Civil and Municipal together, allow many excuses for any slips or escapes, which through the invincible Imperfection of either, have been inconsiderately stumbled upon by a Person so qualified. *Thirdly, Gentlemen,* I must needs display before you another Case, which in Equity and Justice maketh much for the advantage of *Bridlegoose*: to wit, that this one, sole, and single fault of his, ought to be quite forgotten, abolished, and swallowed up, by that immense and vast Ocean of Just Dooms and Sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced: his Demeanours for these Forty Years and upwards, that he hath been a Judge, having been so evenly ballanced in the Scales of Uprightness, that Envy itself, till now, could not have been so impudent as to accuse and twit him with any Act worthy of a Check or Reprehension: As if a Drop of the Sea were thrown into the *Loire*, none could perceive, or say, that by this single Drop, the whole River should be salt and brackish.

Truly, it seemeth unto me, that in the whole Series of *Bridlegoose's* Juridical Decrees, there hath been, I know not what, of extraordinary favouring of the unspeakable Benignity of God, that all those his preceding



ceding Sentences, Awards, and Judgements, have been confirmed and approved of by your selves, in this your own Venerable and *Sovereign Court*: for it is usual (as you know well) with him whose ways are inscrutable, to manifest his own ineffable Glory, in blunting the perspicacy of the Eyes of the Wise, in weakning the Strength of potent Oppressors, in depressing the Pride of rich Extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, supporting, upholding, and shoaring up the poor, feeble, humble, silly, and foolish Ones of the Earth. But waving all these matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the Obligations which you pretend to owe to my Family, for which I thank you; but for that constant and unfeigned Love and Affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of *Laire*, for the Maintenance and Establishment of your Places, Offices, and Dignities, that for this one time, you would pardon and forgive him, upon these two Conditions: *First*, That he satisfy, or put a sufficient Surety for the Satisfaction of the Party wronged by the Injustice of the Sentence in question: for the fulfilment of this Article, I will provide sufficiently. And *Secondly*, That for his subsidiary Aid in the weighty Charge  
of



of Administrating Justice, you would be pleased to appoint, and assign unto him some pretty, little, vertuous Counsellor, younger, learned, and wiser then he, by the Square and Rule of whose Advice he may regulate, guide, temper and moderate in times coming all his Judiciary Procedures, or otherways, if you intend totally to depose him from his Office, and to deprive him altogether of the State and Dignity of a Judge, I shall cordially intreat you to make a Present and free Gift of him to me, who shall find in my Kingdoms Charges and Employments enough wherewith to imbusie him, for the bettering of his own Fortunes, and furtherance of my Service. In the meantime, I implore the Creator, Saviour and Sanctifyer of all good things, in their Grace, Mercy and Kindness to preserve you all now and evermore, World without end.

These Words thus spoken, *Pantagruel* vaying his Cap, and making a Leg with such a Majestick Garb as became a Person of his paramount Degree and Eminency, farewell'd *Trinquamelle* the President, and Master Speaker of that *Merlinguesian* Parliament, took his leave of the whole Court, and went out of the Chamber; at the Door whereof finding *Panurge*, *Epistemon*,  
 10 Friar

Friar *Ibon*, and others, he forthwith attended by them, walked to the utter Gate, where all them immediately took Horse to return towards *Gargantua*. *Pantagruel* by the way related to them from point to point, the manner of *Bridlegoose's* Sententiating Differences at Law. Friar *Ibon* said, that he had seen *Peter Dandin*, and was acquainted with him at that time when he sojourned in the Monastery of *Fontaine le Conte*, under the Noble Abbot *Ardillon*. *Gymnast* likewise affirmed, that he was in the Tent of the Grand *Christian Cavalier de Cressie*, when the *Gascon*, after his Sleep, made answer to the Adventurer. *Panurge* was somewhat incredulous in the matter of believing, that it was morally possible. *Bridlegoose* should have been for such a long space of time so continually fortunate in that *Aleatory* way of deciding Law Debates. *Epistemon* said to *Pantagruel*, Such another Story, not much unlike to that, in all the Circumstances thereof, is vulgarly reported of the *Procost* of *Montlebery*. In good sooth, such a Perpetuity of good Luck is to be wondred at. To have hit right twice or thrice in a Judgment so given by Hap-hazard, might have fallen out well enough, especially in Controversies that were ambiguous, intricate, abstruse, perplexed and obscure.

## CHAP. XLIV.

*How Pantagruel relateth a strange History of the Perplexity of Humane Judgment.*

SEeing you talk (quoth *Pantagruel*) of dark, difficult, hard and knotty Debates, I will tell you of one controverted before *Cneius Dolabella*, Proconsul in *Asia*. The Case was this.

A Wife in *Smyrna* had of her first Husband a Child named *Abeco*; he dying, she after the expiring of a Year and Day, married again, and to her Second Husband bore a Boy called *Edege*: A pretty long time thereafter it happened (as you know the Affection of Step-fathers and Step-dams is very rare, towards the Children of the first Fathers and Mothers deceased) that this Husband, with the help of his Son *Edege*, secretly, wittingly, willingly and treacherously murdered *Abeco*. The Woman came no sooner to get Information of the Fact, that it might not go unpunished, she caused kill them both.

to revenge the Death of her first Son. She was Apprehended and carried before *Cneius Dolabella*, in whose Presence, she, without dissembling any thing, confessed all that was laid to her Charge; yet alledged that she had both Right and Reason on her side for the killing of them. Thus was the state of the Question. He found the business so dubious and intricate, that he knew not what to determin therein, nor which of the Parties to incline to. On the one hand, it was an execrable Crime to cut off at once both her Second Husband and her Son. On the other hand, the Cause of the Murther seemed to be so natural, as to be grounded upon the Law of Nations, and the rational Instinct of all the People of the World; seeing they two together had feloniously and murderously destroyed her first Son. Not that they had been in any manner of way wronged, outraged or injured by him, but out of an avaricious Intent to possess his Inheritance. In this doubtful Quandary and Uncertainty what to pitch upon, he sent to the *Areopagites* then sitting at *Athens*, to learn and obtain their Advice and Judgment. That Judicious Senate very sagely perpending the Reasons of his Perplexity, sent him word, to summon her personally to compear before

Q. And then he

him, a precise Hundred Years thereafter, to answer to some Interrogatories touching certain Points, which were not contained in the Verbal Defence: Which Resolution of theirs did import, that it was in their Opinion a so difficult and inextricable a matter, that they knew not what to say or judge therein. Who had decided that Plea by the Chance and Fortune of the *Dice*, could not have erred nor awarded amiss on which side soever he had past his casting and condemnatory Sentence: If against the Woman, she deserved Punishment for usurping Sovereign Authority, by taking that Vengeance at her own hand, the inflicting whereof was only competent to the Supream Power, to administer Justice in Criminal Cases: If for her, the just Resentment of a so atrocious Injury done unto her, in murdering her innocent Son, did fully excuse and vindicate her of any Trespas or Offence about that particular committed by her. But this continuation of *Bridlegom* for so many years, still hitting the Nail on the Head, never missing the Mark, and always judging aright, by the meer throwing of the *Dice*, and the Chance thereof, is that which most astonisheth and amazeth me.

To answer (quoth *Epistemon*) categorically to that which you wonder at, I must ingenuously confess and avow that I cannot; yet



conjecturally to guess at the reason of it, I would refer the Cause of that marvelously long continued happy Success in the Judiciary Results of his Definitive Sentences to the favourable *Aspect* of the Heavens, and Benignity of the *Intelligences*; who, out of their love to Goodness, after having contemplated the pure Simplicity and sincere Unfeignedness of Judge *Bridgrose* in the acknowledgment of his Inabilities, did regulate that for him by Chance, which by the profoundest Act of his maturest Deliberation he was not able to reach unto. That likeways which possibly made him to diffide in his own Skill and Capacity, notwithstanding his being an expert and understanding Lawyer, for any thing that I know to the contrary, was the Knowledge and Experience which he had of the Antinomies, Contrarieties, Antilogies, Contradictions, Traversings and Thwartings of Laws, Customs, Edicts, Statutes, Orders and Ordinances, in which dangerous Opposition, Equity and Justice being structured and founded on either of the opposite Terms, and a Gap being thereby opened for the ushering in of Injustice and Iniquity, through the various Interpretations of Self ended Lawyers, being assuredly perswaded that the Infernal Calumniator,

Q 2

who



who frequently transformeth himself into the likeness of a Messenger or Angel of Light, maketh use of these cross Glosses and Expositions in the Mouths and Pens of his Ministers and Servants, the perverse Advocates, bribing Judges, Law-monging Attorneys, prevaricating Counsellors, and other such like Law-wrestling Members of a Court of Justice, to turn by those means Black to White, Green to Grey, and what is Straight to a Crooked ply ; for the more expedient doing whereof these *Diabolical* Ministers make both the Pleading Parties believe that their Cause is just and righteous ; for it is well known that there is no Cause how bad soever, which doth not find an Advocate to patrocinate and defend it, else would there be no Process in the World, no Suits at Law, nor Pleadings at the Bar. He did in these Extremities, as I conceive, most humbly recommend the Direction of his Judicial Proceedings to the upright Judge of Judges, God Almighty ; did submit himself to the Conduct and Guideship of the blessed Spirit, in the Hazard and Perplexity of the Definitive Sentence ; and by this *Allegory* Lot, did as it were implore and explore the Divine Decree of his *Good Will* and Pleasure, in stead of that which we call the *Final Judgment of a Court*. To this

this effect, to the better attaining to his purpose, which was to judge righteously; he did in my Opinion throw and turn the *Dice*, to the end, that by the Providence aforesaid, the best *Chance* might fall to him whose Action was uprightest, and backed with greatest Reason; in doing whereof he did not stray from the Sense of *Talmudists*, who say that there is so little harm in that manner of searching the Truth, that in the Anxiety and Perplexedness of Humane Wits, God oftentimes manifesteth the Secret Pleasure of his Divine Will.

Furthermore, I will neither think nor say, nor can I believe, that the unstraightness is so irregular, or the Corruption so evident, of those of the Parliament of *Mirlingois* in *Mirlingues*, before whom *Bridlegoose* was Arraigned for Prevarication, that they will maintain it to be a worse Practice to have the Decision of a Suit at Law referred to the Chance and Hazard of a Throw of the *Dice*, hab nab, or luck as it will, than to have it remitted to, and past by the Determination of those whose *Hands* are full of *Blood*, and Hearts of wry Affections. Besides that, their principal Direction in all Law-matters comes to their Hands from one *Tribonian*, a wicked, miscreant, barbarous, faithless

and perfidious Knave, so pernicious, unjust, avaricious and perverse in his ways, that it was his ordinary custom to sell Laws, Edicts, Declarations, Constitutions and Ordinances, as at an Outroop or Putsale, to him who offered most for them. Thus did he shape Measures for the Pleaders, and cut their Morsels to them by and out of these little Parcels, Fragments, Bits, Scandlings and Shreds of the Law now in use, altogether concealing, suppressing, disannulling and abolishing the remainder, which did make for the total Law; fearing that if the whole Law were made manifest and laid open to the knowledge of such as are interested in it, and the Learned Books of the Ancient *Doctors* of the Law, upon the Exposition of the *Twelve Tables* and *Pretorian* Edicts, his villanous Pranks, Naughtiness and vile Impiety should come to the publick notice of the World. Therefore were it better in my Conceit, that is to say, less inconvenient, that Parties at Variance in any Juridicial Case, should in the dark march upon Caltropes, then to submit the Determination of what is their Right to such unhallowed Sentences and horrible Decrees: As *Cato* in his time wished and advised, that every Judiciary Court should be payed with Caltropes.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XLV.

*How Panurge taketh Advice of Triboulet.*

ON the sixth Day thereafter *Pantagruel* was returned home, at the very same hour that *Triboulet* was by Water come from *Blois*. *Panurge* at his Arrival gave him a Hogs Bladder, puffed up with Wind, and relounding, because of the hard Pease that were within it: Moreover he did present him with a guilt Wooden Sword, a hollow Budget made of a Tortoise shell, an Osier Watled Wicker-Bottle full of *Bricon* Wine, and Five and Twenty Apples of the Orchard of *Blanduco*.

If he be such a Fool (quoth *Carpalin*) as to be won with Apples, there is no more Wit in his Pate than in the Head of an ordinary Cabbage. *Triboulet* girded the Sword and Scrip to his side, took the Bladder in his Hand, ate some few of the Apples, and drunk up all the Wine. *Panurge* very wistly and heedfully looking upon him, said, I never yet saw a Fool.

(and I have seen ten thousand Franks worth of that kind of Cattle) who did not love to drink heartily, and by good long Draughts. When *Triboulet* had done with his Drinking, *Panurge* laid out before him, and exposed the Sum of the business, wherein he was to require his Advice in eloquent and choicely-sorted Terms, adorned with Flourishes of Rhetorick. But before he had altogether done, *Triboulet* with his Fist gave him a bouncing Whirret between the Shoulders, rendred back into his Hand again the empty Bottle, flipped and flirled him on the Nose with the Hogs Bladder; and lastly, for a final resolution, shaking and wagging his Head strongly and disorderly, he answered nothing else but this, *By God, God; mad Fool, beware the Monk: Buzan-  
say, Hornepipe.* These Words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the Company, went aside, and ratling the Bladder, took a huge Delight in the Melody of the rickling, crackling noise of the Pease; after which time it lay not in the power of them all to draw out of his Chaps the Articulate Sound of one Syllable; in-  
much that when *Panurge* went about to interrogate him further, *Triboulet* drew his Wooden Sword, and would have stuck him therewith. I have fished fair now,  
(quoth



(quoth *Panurge*) and brought my Pigs to a fine Market. Have I not got a brave Determination of all my Doubts, and a Responce in all things agreeable to the Oracle that gave it? He is a great *Fool* that is not to be denied; yet is he a greater *Fool* who brought him hither to me. That Bolt, quoth *Carpalin*, levels point blank at me; but of the three I am the greatest *Fool*, who did impart the Secret of my Thoughts to such an Idiot Ass and Native Ninny.

Without putting our selves to any stir or trouble in the least, (quoth *Pantagruel*) let us maturely and seriously consider and perpend the Gestures and Speech which he hath made and uttered: In them veritably (quoth he) have I remarked and observed some excellent and notable Mysteries; yea, of such important and worth and weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished, nor think strange, why the *Turks* with a great deal of Worship and Reverence, Honour and Respect Natural Fools, equally with their Primeest Doctors, Muscies, Divines and Prophets. Did not you take heed (quoth he) a little before he opened his Mouth to speak, what a shogging, shaking and wagging his Head did keep? By the approved Doctrine of the ancient Philosophers, the customary Ceremonies

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remories of the most expert Magicians, and the received Opinions of the learnedest Lawyers, such a brangling Agitation and Moving should by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quickned and fuscitated by the coming and Inspiration of the Prophetizing and Fatielical Spirit, which entring briskly, and on a sudden, into a shallow Receptacle of a debil Substance (for as you know, and as the Proverb shews it, *a little Head containeth not much Brains*) was the cause of that Commotion. This is conform to what is avouched by the most skilful Physicians, when they affirm, that Shakings and Tremblings fall upon the Members of a Humane Body, partly because of the Heaviness and violent Impetuosity of the Burthen and Load that is carried, and other part, by reason of the Weakness and Imbecillity that is in the vertue of the bearing Organ: A manifest Example whereof appeareth in those, who fasting, are not able to carry to their Head a great Goblet full of Wine without a trembling and a shaking in the Hand that holds it. This of old was accounted a Preshfiguration and mystical pointing out of the *Pythian Diviners*, who used always before the uttering of a Responce from the Oracle, to shake a Branch of her Domestick Lawrel.

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*Lampridius* also testifieth, that the Emperor *Heliogabulus*, to acquire unto himself the Reputation of a *Sooth-sayer*, did, on several Holy Days of prime Solemnity, in the Presence of the Fanatick Rabble, make the Head of his *Idol*, by some slight within the Body thereof, publickly to shake. *Plautus*, in his *Asserie*, declareth likeways, that *Saurius*, whithersoever he walked like one quite distracted of his Wits, keepeth such a furious lolling and mad-like shaking of his Head, that he commonly affrighted those who casually met with him in his Way. The said Author in another place shewing a Reason why *Charmides* shook and brangled his Head, assevered that he was transported, and in an Extasie. *Catullus* after the same manner maketh mention in his *Berecynthia* and *Arys*, of the place wherein the *Menades*, *Bacchical Women*, She-Priests of the *Lycean God*, and demented Prophetesses, carrying Ivy Boughs in their hands, did shake their Heads. As in the like case amongst the *Gauls*, the guelded Priests of *Cybele* were wont to do in the celebrating of some Festivals, which according to the sense of the ancient Theologues, have from thence had their Denomination; for *xybeas* signifieth to turn round, whirl about

about, shake the Head, and play the part of one that is wry-necked.

Semblably *Titus Livius* writeth, that in the Solemnization time of the *Bacchanalian* Fobedayes at *Rome*, both Men and Women seemed to Propherize and Vaticinate, because of an affected kind of wagging of the Head, shrugging of the Shoulders, and Jectigation of the whole Body, which they used then most punctually. For the common Voice of the Philosophers, together with the Opinion of the People, asserteth for an irrefragable Truth, that Vaticination is seldom by the Heavens bestowed on any, without the Concomitancy of a little Phrensie, and a Head shaking, not only when the said presaging Vertue is infused, but when the Person also therewith inspired declareth and manifesteth it unto others. The Learned Lawyer *Julien*, being asked on a time, if that Slave might be truly esteemed to be healthful and in a good plight, who had not only convers'd with some furious, maniac and enraged People, but in their Company had also prophesied, yet without a Noddle-shaking Concussion, answered, That seeing there was no Head-wagging at the time of his Predictions, he might be held for sound and compotent enough. Is it not daily seen how School-masters,

masters, Teachers, Tutors and Instructors of Children, shake the Heads of their Disciples, (as one would do a Pot in holding it by the Lugs) that by this Erection, Vellication, stretching and pulling their Ears, (which according to the Doctrine of the sage *Egyptians*, is a Member consecrated to the *Memory*) they may stir them up to recollect their scatter'd Thoughts, bring home those Fancies of theirs, which perhaps have been extravagantly roaming abroad upon strange and uncouth Objects, and totally range their Judgments, which possibly by disordinate Affections have been made wild, to the Rule and Pattern of a wise, discreet, vertuous and Philosophical Discipline: All which *Virgil* acknowledgeth to be true, in the branglement of *Apollo Cymbius*.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XLVI.

*How Pantagruel and Panurge diversly interpret the Words of Triboulet.*

**H**E says you are a *Fool*; and what kind of *Fool*? A *mad Fool*, who in your old Age would enslave your self to the Bondage of Matrimony, and shut your Pleasures up within a Wedlock, whose Key some *Russian* carries in his Codpiece. He says furthermore, *beware of the Monk*. Upon mine Honour, it gives me in my mind, that you will be cuckolded by a *Monk*. Nay, I will engage mine Honour, which is the most precious Pawn I could have in my Possession, although I were sole and peaceable Dominator over all *Europe, Asia, and Africk*, that if you marry, you will surely be one of the Horned Brotherhood of *Vulcan*. Hereby may you perceive how much I do attribute to the wise *Foolery* of our Morosoph *Triboulet*. The other Oracles and Responses did in the general prognosticate you a Cuckold, without descending



so near to the point of a particular Determination, as to pitch upon what Vocation, amongst the several sorts of Men, he should profess who is to be the Copef-mate of your Wife, and Hornifyer of your proper self. Thus noble *Triboulet* tells it us plainly, from whose Words we may gather with all ease imaginary, that your Cuckoldry is to be infamous, and so much the more scandalous, that your Conjugal Bed will be incestuously contaminated with the Filthiness of a *Monkery* Lecher. Moreover he says, that you will be the *Hornepipe* of *Buzansay*. That is to say, well horned, hornified and cornuted: And as *Triboulet's* Unkle asked from *Lewis* the Twelfth, for a younger Brother of his own who lived at *Blois*, the *Hornepipes* of *Buzansay*, for the Organ Pipes, through the mistake of one Word for another: Even so, whilst you think to marry a wife, humble, calm, discreet and honest Wife, you shall unhappily stumble upon one witless, proud, lowd, obstreperous, bawling, clamourous, and more unpleasant than any *Buzansay-hornepipe*. Consider withal, how he flirred you on the Nose with the *Bladder*, and gave you a sound thumping Blow with his Fist upon the ridge of the Back. This denotates and prelageth, that you shall be banged, beaten  
and



and filipped by her ; and that also she will steal of your Goods from you, as you stole the Hogs Bladder from the little Boys of *Vaubreton*. Plat contrary (quoth *Panurge*) not that I would impudently exempt my self from being a Vassal in the Territory of *Felly* ; I hold of that Jurisdiction, and am subject thereto, I confess it ; and why should I not ? for the whole World is foolish. In the old *Lorrain* Language (*fou* for *ou*) *All* and *Fool* were the same thing. Besides it is avouched by *Solomon*, that infinite is the number of *Fools* : From an Infinity nothing can be deducted or abated ; nor yet by the Testimony of *Aristotle*, can any thing thereto be added or subjoyned. Therefore were I a mad *Fool*, if being a *Fool* I should not hold my self a *Fool*. After the same manner of speaking, we may averr the number of the mad and enraged Folks to be infinite. *Avicenne* maketh no Bones to assert, that the several kinds of *Madness* are infinite.

Though this much of *Triboulet's* words tend little to my Advantage, how be it the Prejudice which I sustain thereby be common with me to all other Men, yet the rest of his Talk and Gesture maketh altogether for me. He said to my Wife, *Be weary of the Monkey ; that is as much,*

as if he should be chery, and take as much delight in a Monky as ever did the *Lesbia* of *Catullus* in her Sparrow; who will for his Recreation pass his time no less joyfully at the exercise of snatching Flies, then heretofore did the merciless Fly-catcher *Domitian*. Withal he meant by another part of his Discourse, that she should be of a Jovial Country-like Humour, as gay and pleasing as a harmonious *Hornpipe* of *Saulian* or *Buzansy*. The veridical *Triboulet* did therein hint at what I liked well, as perfectly knowing the Inclinations and Propensions of my Mind, my natural Disposition, and the Bias of my Interior Passions and Affections: For you may be assured, that my Humour is much better satisfied and contented with the pretty frolick rural discheveled Shepherdessees, whose Bums through their course Canvas Smocks smell of the Claver-grass of the Field, than with those great Ladies in Magnifick Courts, with their Flandan, Top-knots and Sultana's, their Polvil, Postillo's and Cosmeticks. The homely sound likeways of a Rustical *Hornpipe*, is more agreeable to my Ears, than the curious Warbling and musical Quavering of Lutes, Teorbes, Viols, Rebeckes and Violins. He gave me a lusty rapping thwack on my Back. What then?

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Let it pass in the Name and for the Love of God, as an Abatement of, and Deduction from so much of my future Pains in *Purgatory*. He did it not out of any evil intent: He thought belike to have hit some of the Pages: He is an honest *Fool*, and an innocent Changeling. It is a Sin to harbour in the Heart any bad Conceit of him. As for my self, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the Nose: In that there is no harm; for it importeth nothing else, but that betwixt my *Wife* and me there will occur some toyish wanton Tricks, which usually happen to all new married Folks.

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### CHAP. XLVII.

*How Pantagruel and Panurge resolved to make a Visit to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.*

**T**Here is as yet another Point (quoth *Panurge*) which you have not at all considered on, although it be the chief and principal Head of the matter. He put the *Bottle* in my hand, and restored it  
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me again. How interpret you that Passage? What is the meaning of that? He possibly (quoth *Pantagruel*) signifieth thereby, that your *Wife* will be such a Drunkard, as shall daily take in her Liquor kindly, and ply the Pots and *Bottles* apace. Quite otherways (quoth *Panurge*) for the *Bottle* was empty. I swear to you, by the prickling brambly Thorn of St. *Flacre* in *Brie*, that our unique Morosoph, whom I formerly termed the Lunatick *Triboulet*, referreth me, for attaining to the final Resolution of my Scruple, to the Responsive *Bottle*: Therefore do I renew afresh the first Vow which I made, and here in your Presence protest and make Oath by *Styx* and *Acheron*, to carry still Spectacles in my Cap, and never to wear a Codpiece in my Breeches, until upon the Enterprize in hand of my Nuptial Undertaking, I shall have obtained an Answer from the *Holy Bottle*. I am acquainted with a prudent, understanding, and discreet Gentleman, and besides a very good Friend of mine, who knoweth the Land, Country, and Place where its *Temple* and *Oracle* is built and posited: He will guide and conduct us thither sure and safely. Let us go thither, I beseech you: Deny me not, and say not, Nay; reject not the Suit I make unto you, I intreat you. I will

will be to you an *Achates*, a *Damis*, and heartily accompany you all along in the whole Voyage, both in your going forth and coming back. I have of a long time known you to be a great Lover of Peregrination, desirous still to learn new things, and still to see what you had never seen before.

Very willingly (quoth *Pantagruel*) I condescend to your Request. But before we enter in upon our Progress towards the Accomplishment of so far a Journey, replenished and fraught with eminent Perils, full of innumerable Hazards, and every way stored with evident and manifest Dangers. What Dangers (quoth *Panurge*) interrupting him? Dangers fly back, run from, and shun me whither soever I go seven Leagues around: As in the Presence of the Sovereign a subordinate Magistracy is eclipsed; or as Clouds and Darkness quite vanish at the bright coming of a Radiant Sun; or as all Sores and Sickneses did suddenly depart, at the approach of the Body of *St. Martin Aquande*: Nevertheless (quoth *Pantagruel*) before we adventure to set forwards on the Road of our projected and intended Voyage, some few Points are to be discussed, expedited and dispatched. First, Let us send back *Triboulet* to Blois, (which was instantly done,



done, after that *Pantagruel* had given him a Frize Coat.) *Secondly*, Our Design must be backed with the Advice and Counsel of the King my Father. And *Lastly*, It is most needful and expedient for us, that we search for, and find out some *Sybille* to serve us for a Guide, Truchman and Interpreter. To this *Panurge* made answer, That his Friend *Xenomanes* would abundantly suffice for the plenary Discharge and Performance of the *Sybil's* Office; and that furthermore, in passing through the *Lanternatory* Revelling Country, they should take along with them a Learned and profitable *Lanterne*, which would be no less useful to them in their Voyage, than was that of the *Sybil* to *Aeneas* in his Descent to the *Elysian* Fields. *Carpalin* in the interim, as he was upon the conducting away of *Triboulet*, in his passing by, hearkened a little to the Discourse they were upon, then spoke out, saying, Ho, *Panurge*, Master Freeman, take my Lord *Debitis* at *Calais* alongst with you, for he is *Gond-fallot*, a good Fellow: He will not forget those who have been *Debitors*: These are *Lanternes*: Thus shall you not lack for both *Fallot* and *Lanterne*. I may safely with the little Skill I have (quoth *Pantagruel*) prognosticate, that by the way we shall engender no Melancholy;

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I clearly perceive it already : The only thing that vexeth me is, that I cannot speak the *Lanternatorie* Language. I shall (answered *Panurge*) speak for you all ; I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own Maternal Tongue, I have been no less used to it than to the *Vulgar French*.

*Brizmara dalgotbrick nubstzenos*  
*Isqufex prufq; alboriz crings zabac*  
*Mixbe dilbarlhz mory nipp skanch bac*  
*Srombtz, Paurg, walmap quoft grufz bac.*

Now guess, Friend *Epistemon*, what this is. They are (quoth *Epistemon*) Names of errand Devils, paissant Devils, and rampant Devils. These words of thine, dear friend of mine, are true (quoth *Panurge*) yet are they Terms used in the Language of the Court of the *Lanternish* People. By the way as we go upon our Journey I will make to thee a pretty little Dictionary, which notwithstanding shall not last you much longer than a Pair of new Shooes ; thou shalt have learned it sooner than thou canst perceive the Dawning of the next subsequent Morning. What I have said in the foregoing *Tetrastick* is thus translated out of the *Lanternish* Tongue into our *Vulgar Dialect*.

*All Miseries attended me, whilst I  
A Lover was, and had no good thereby:  
Of better Luck the married People tell,  
Panurge is one of those, and knows it  
well.*

There is little more then (quoth *Pantagruel*) to be done, but that we understand what the Will of the King my Father will be therein, and purchase his Consent.

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### C H A P. XLVIII.

*How Gargantua sheweth, that the Children ought not to marry without the special Knowledge and Advice of their Fathers and Mothers.*

**N**O sooner had *Pantagruel* entred in at the Door of the Great Hall of the Castle, than that he encountred full but with the good honest *Gargantua* coming forth from the Council Board, unto whom he made a succinct and summary Narrative

tive of what had pass'd and occurred worthy of his Observation in his Travels abroad, since their last Interview: Then, acquainting him with the Design he had in hand, besought him that it might stand with his good Will and Pleasure to grant him leave to prosecute and go thorough-stitch with the Enterprize which he had undertaken. The good Man *Gargantua* having in one hand two great Bundles of Petitions, indorsed and answered; and in the other some remembrancing Notes and Bills, to put him in mind of such other Requests of Supplicants, which albeit presented, had nevertheless been neither read nor heard, he gave both to *Ulrich Gallet*, his ancient and faithful Master of Requests; then drew aside *Panagruel*, and with a Countenance more serene and jovial than customary, spoke to him thus: I praise God, and have great reason so to do, my most dear Son, that he hath been pleased to entertain in you a constant Inclination to vertuous Actions. I am well content that the Voyage which you have motioned to me be by you accomplished, but withal, I could wish you would have a mind and desire to marry, for that I see you are of competent years. *Panurge* in the mean while was in a readiness of preparing and providing for Remedies

Remedies, Salves and Cures against all such Lets, Obstacles and Impediments as he could in the height of his Fancy conceive might by *Gargantua* be cast in the way of their Itinerary Design. Is it your Pleasure (most dear Father) that you speak? (answered *Pantagruel*) For my part I have not yet thought upon it. In all this Affair I wholly submit and rest in your good liking and Paternal Authority: For I shall rather pray unto God that he would throw me down stark dead at your Feet, in your Pleasure, then that against your pleasure I should be found married alive. I never yet heard that by any Law, whether Sacred or Profane, yea, amongst the rudest and most barbarous Nations in the World, it was allowed and approved of, that Children may be suffered and tolerated to marry at their own good Will and Pleasure, without the Knowledge, Advice or Consent asked and had thereto of their Fathers, Mothers, and nearest Kindred. All Legislators every where upon the Face of the whole Earth, have taken away and removed this Licentious Liberty from Children, and totally reserved it to the Discretion of the Parents.

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My dearly beloved Son (quoth *Gargantua*) I believe you, and from my Heart thank God for having endowed you with the Grace of having both a perfect notice of, and entire liking to laudable and praise-worthy things; and that through the Windows of your exterior Senses he hath vouchsafed to transmit unto the interior Faculties of your Mind, nothing but what is good and vertuous. For in my time there hath been found on the Continent a certain Country, wherein are I know not what kind of *Pastophorian* Mole-catching Priests, who albeit averse from engaging their proper Persons into a Matrimonial Duty, like the Pontifical Flamens of *Cibele* in *Pbrygia*, as if they were Capons and not Cocks; full of Lasciviousness, Salacity and Wantonness, who yet have nevertheless, in the matter of Conjugal Affairs, taken upon them to prescribe Laws and Ordinances to married Folks. I cannot goodly determine what I should most abhor, detest, loath and abominate, whether the Tyrannical Presumption of those dreaded Sacerdotal *Molecatchers*, who not being willing to contain and coop up themselves within the Grates and Treilices of their own mysterious Temples, do deal in, meddle with, obtrude upon, and thrust their Sickles into Harvests of Secu-  
lar



lar Businesſes quite contrary, and diametrically oppoſite to the Quality, State and Condition of their Callings, Profeſſions and Vocations; or the ſuperſtitious Stupidity and ſenceleſs Scrupuloſneſs of married Folks, who have yielded Obedience, and ſubmitted their Bodies, Fortunes and Eſtates to the Diſcretion and Authority of ſuch odious, perverſe, barbarous, and unreaſonable Laws. Nor do they ſee that which is clearer than the Light and Splendour of the Morning Star, how all theſe Nuptial and Connubial Sanctions, Statutes and Ordinances have been decreed, made and inſtituted, for the ſole Benefit, Profit and Advantage of the *Flaminal Miſts*, and myſterious *Flamens*, and nothing at all for the good Utility or Emolument of the ſilly hood-winked married People; which adminiſtreth unto others a ſufficient Cauſe for rendring theſe Church-men ſuſpicious of Iniquity, and of an unjuſt and fraudulent manner of dealing, no more to be connived at nor countenanced, after that it be well weighed in the Scales of Reaſon, than if with a reciprocal Temerity the *Laicks* by way of Compensation would impoſe Laws to be followed and obſerved by thoſe *Myſts* and *Flamens*; how they ſhould behave themſelves in the making and Performance of



their Rites and Ceremonies, and after what manner they ought to proceed in the offering up, and immolating of their various Oblations, Victims and Sacrifices; seeing that besides the Edecimation and Tith-haling of their Goods, they cut off and take Parings, Shreddings and Clippings of the Gain proceeding from the Labour of their Hands, and Sweat of their Brows, therewith to entertain themselves the better. Upon which Consideration in my Opinion, their Injunctions and Commands would not prove so pernicious and impertinent as those of the Ecclesiastick Power, unto which they had tendred their blind Obedience.

For as you have very well said, there is no place in the World where legally a Licence is granted to the Children to marry without the Advice and Consent of their Parents and Kindred. Nevertheless by those wicked Laws and *Mole-catching* Customs, whereat there is a little hinted in what I have already spoken to you, there is no scurvy, mezely, leprous or pocky Ruffian, Pander, Knave, Rogue, Skelm, Robber or Thief, pilloried, whipped and burn-marked in his own Country for his Crimes and Felonies, who may not violently snatch away and ravish what Maid soever he had a mind to pitch upon,

on, how noble, how fair, how rich, honest and chaste soever she be, and that out of the House of her own Father, in his own Presence, from the Bosom of her Mother, and in the sight and despight of her Friends and Kindred looking on a so woful Spectacle, provided that the Rascal Villain be so cunning as to associate unto himself some *Mystical Flamen*, who according to the Covenant made betwixt them two, shall be in hope some day to participate of the Prey.

Could the *Goths*, the *Scyths*, or *Messagers* do a worse or more cruel Act to any of the Inhabitants of a Hostile City, when after the loss of many of their most considerable Commanders, the expence of a great deal of Money, and a long Siege, they shall have stormed and taken it by a violent and impetuous Assault? May not these Fathers and Mothers (think you) be sorrowful and heavy-hearted, when they see an unknown Fellow, a Vagabond Stranger, a barbarous Lowt, a rude Curr, rotten, fleshless, putrified, scraggy, boily, botchy, poor, a forlorn Caitif and miserable Snake, by an open Rapt, snatcht away before their own Eyes their so fair, delicate, neat, well-behaviour'd, richly provided for, and healthful Daughters, on whose Breeding and Education they had

spared no Cost nor Charges, by bringing them up in an honest Discipline to all the honourable and vertuous Employments becoming one of their Sex, descended of a noble Parentage, hoping by those commendable and industrious means in an opportune and convenient time to bestow them on the worthy Sons of their well-deserving Neighbours and ancient Friends, who had nourished, entertained, taught, instructed and schooled their Children with the same Care and Sollicitude, to make them Matches fit to attain to the Felicity of a so happy Marriage; that from them might issue an Off-spring and Progeny no less Heirs to the laudable Endowments and exquisite Qualifications of their Parents whom they every way resemble, than to their Personal and Real Estates, Moveables and Inheritances? How doleful, trist and plangorous would such a Sight and Pageantry prove unto them? You shall not need to think that the Col-lachrymation of the *Romans*, and their Confederates, at the Decease of *Germanicus Drusus*, was comparable to this Lamentation of theirs? Neither would I have you to believe, that the Discomfort and Anxiety of the *Lacedemonians*, when the *Greek Helen*, by the Perfidiousness of the Adul-

Adulterous *Trojan Paris* was privily stolen away out of their Country, was greater or more pitiful than this ruthless and deplorable Collugency of theirs? You may very well imagine that *Ceres*, at the Ravishment of her Daughter *Proserpina*, was not more attrited, sad, nor mournful than they. Trust me, and your own Reason, that the loss of *Osyris* was not so regreatale to *Isis*; nor did *Venus* so deplore the Death of *Adonis*; nor yet did *Hercules* so bewail the straying of *Hylas*; nor was the Rapt of *Polyxena* more throbbingly resented and condoled by *Pryamus* and *Hecuba*, than this aforesaid Accident would be sympathetically bemoaned, grievous, ruthless and anxious to the wofully desolate and disconsolate Parents.

Notwithstanding all this, the greater part of so vilely abused Parents, are so timorous and afraid of Devils and Hobgoblins, and so deeply plunged in Superstition, that they dare not gainsay nor contradict, much less oppose and resist those unnatural and impious Actions, when the *Mole-catcher* hath been present at the perpetrating of the Fact, and a Party Contracter and Covenantor in that detestable Bargain. What do they do then? They wretchedly stay at their own mis-

rable Homes, destitute of their well-beloved Daughters; the Fathers cursing the days and the hours wherein they were married; and the Mothers howling and crying that it was not their fortune to have brought forth Abortive Issues, when they hapned to be delivered of such unfortunate Girls; and in this pitiful plight spend at best the remainder of their Time with Tears and Weeping for those their Children of, and from whom they expected (and with good reason should have obtained and reaped) in these latter days of theirs, Joy and Comfort. Other Parents there have been, so impatient of that Affront and Indignity put upon them and their Families, that, transported with the Extremity of Passion, in a mad and frantick mood, through the Vehemency of a grievous Fury and raging Sorrow, have drowned, hanged, killed, and otherways put violent hands on themselves. Others again of that Parental Relation, have upon the reception of the like Injury, been of a more magnanimous and heroick Spirit, who (in imitation, and at the Example of the Children of *Jacob*, revenging upon the *Sichemites* the Rapt of their Sister *Dina*) having found the Rascally Russian in the Association of his mystical *Mole-catcher* closely and in hugger-mugger, conferring, parlying,

parlying, and coming with their Daughters, for the suborning, corrupting, depraving, perverting and enticing these innocent, unexperienced Maids unto filthy Lewdnesses, have, without any further Advise ment on the matter, cut them instantly into pieces, and thereupon forthwith thrown out upon the Fields their so dismembred Bodies, to serve for Food unto the Wolves and Ravens. Upon the chivalrous, bold and couragious Atchievement of a so valiant, stout and man-like Act, the other *Mole catching Symmists* have been so highly incensed, and have so chaffed, fretted and fumed thereat, that Bills of Complaint and Accusations having been in a most odious and detestible manner put in before the competent Judges, the *Arm of Secular Authority* hath with much Importunity and Impetuosity been by them implored and required, they proudly contending, that the *Servants of God* would become contemptible, if exemplary Punishment were not speedily taken upon the Persons of the Perpetrators of such an enormous, horrid, sacrilegious, crying, heinous, and execrable Crime.

Yet neither by Natural Equity, by the Law of Nations, nor by any Imperial Law whatsoever, hath there been found



so much as one Rubrick, Paragraph, Point or Tittle, by the which any kind of Chastisement or Correction hath been adjudged due to be inflicted upon any for their Delinquency in that kind. Reason opposeth, and Nature is repugnant : For there is no vertuous Man in the World, who, both naturally and with good reason, will not be more hugely troubled in Mind, hearing of the News of the Rapt, Disgrace, Ignominy and Dishonour of his Daughter, than of her Death. Now any Man finding in hot Blood, one who with a fore-thought Felony hath murdered his Daughter, may, without tying himself to the Formalities and Circumstances of a Legal Proceeding, kill him on a sudden, and out of hand, without incurring any hazard of being attainted and apprehended by the Officers of Justice for so doing. What wonder is it then ? or how little strange should it appear to any rational Man, if a Lecherous Rogue, together with his *Mole catching* Abetter, be entrapped in the flagrant Act of suborning his Daughter, and stealing her out of his House, (though her self consent thereto) that the Father in such a case of Stain and Infamy by them brought upon his Family, should put them both to a shameful Death, and cast their Carcasses

casses upon Dunghils to be devoured and eaten up by Dogs and Swine, or otherwise fling them a little further off to the direption, tearing and rending asunder of their Joynts and Members by the Wild Beasts of the Field.

Dearly beloved Son, have an especial Care, that after my Decease none of these Laws be received in any of your Kingdoms; for whilst I breath, by the Grace and Assistance of God I shall give good Order.

Seeing therefore you have totally referred unto my Discretion the Disposure of you in Marriage, I am fully of an Opinion, that I shall provide sufficiently well for you in that Point. Make ready and prepare your self for *Panurge's* Voyage: Take along with you *Epistemon*, *Friar Ibon*, and such others as you will choose: Do with my Treasures what unto your self shall seem most expedient: None of your Actions, I promise you, can in any manner of way displease me. Take out of my Arcenal *Thalasse*, whatsoever Equipage, Furniture or Provision you please, together with such Pilots, Mariners and Truchmen, as you have a mind to; and with the first fair and favourable Wind set sail and make out to Sea in the Name of God our Saviour. In  
the

the mean while, during your Absence, I shall not be neglective of providing a *Wife* for you, nor of those Preparations, which are requisite to be made for the more sumptuous solemnizing of your Nuptials with a most splendid Feast, if ever there was any in the World, since the days of *Assuerus*.

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## CHAP. XLIX.

*How Pantagruel did put himself in a readines to go to Sea ; and of the Herb named Pantagruelion.*

**W**ithin very few days after that *Pantagruel* had taken his Leave of the good *Gargantua*, who devoutly prayed for his Sons happy Voyage, he arrived at the Sea-Port, near to *Sammalo*, accompanied with *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Friar Ibon* of the *Funnels*, *Abbot of Theleme*, and others of the Royal House, especially with *Xenomanes* the great Traveller, and Thwarter of dangerous ways, who was come at the bidding and appointment of *Panurge*, of whose *Castlewick* of *Salmigondin* he did hold

hold some petty Inheritance by the Tenure of a *Mesnefee*. *Pantagruel* being come thither, prepared and made ready for launching a Fleet of Ships, to the number of those which *Ajax* of *Salamine* had of old equipped, in Convoy of the *Græcian* Soldiery against the *Trojan* State. He likewise picked out for his use so many Mariners, Pilots, Sailors, Interpreters, Artificers, Officers and Soldiers, as he thought fitting; and therewithal made Provision of so much Victuals of all sorts, Artillery, Munition of divers kinds, Cloaths, Moneys, and other such Luggage, Stuff, Baggage, Chaffer and Furniture, as he deemed needful for carrying on the Design of a so tedious, long and perillous Voyage. Amongst other things, it was observed, how he caused some of his Vessels to be fraught and loaded with a great quantity of an Herb of his called *Pantagruelion*, not only of the green and raw sort of it, but of the confectioned also, and of that which was notably well befitted for present use after the fashion of Conserves. The Herb *Pantagruelion* hath a little Root somewhat hard and ruff, roundish, terminating in an obtuse and very blunt Point, and having some of its Veins, Strings or Filaments coloured with some spots of white, never  
fixeth

fixeth it self into the ground above the profoundness almost of a Cubit, or Foot and a half; from the Root thereof proceedeth the only Stalk, orbicular, cane-like, green without, whitish within, and hollow like the Stem of *Smyrgium*, *Olus Attrum*, Beans and Gentian, full of long Threds, streight, easie to be broken, jogged, snipped, nicked and notched a little after the manner of Pillars and Columns, slightly farrowed, chamfered, guttred and channel'd, and full of Fibres, or Hairs like Strings, in which consisteth the chief Value and Dignity of the Herb, especially in that part thereof which is termed *Messa*, as he would say the *Mean*; and in that other which hath got the Denomination of *Milasea*. Its Height is commonly of five or six Foot; yet sometimes it is of such a tall Growth, as doth surpass the length of a Lance, but that is only when it meeteth with a sweet, easie, warm, wet and well-soaked Soil, (as is the ground of the Territory of *Olone*, and that of *Rasea*, near to *Preneste* in *Sabinia*) and that it want not for Rain enough about the Season of the *Fishers Holydays*, and the *Estival Solstice*. There are many Trees whose Height is by it very far exceeded, and you might call it *Dendromalache* by the Authority of *Theophrastus*. The Plant  
every

every year perisheth ; the Tree, neither in the Trunk, Root, Bark or Boughs, being durable.

From the Stalk of this *Pantagruelian* Plant there issue forth several large and great Branches, whose Leaves have thrice as much length as breadth, always green, roughish and rugged like the *Alcanet*, or *Spanish Buglose*, hardish, slit round about like unto a Sickle, or as the *Saxifragum*, *Betony*, and finally ending as it were in the Points of a *Macedonian* Spear, or of such a Lancet as Surgeons commonly make use of in their Phlebotomizing Tiltings. The Figure and shape of the Leaves thereof is not much different from that of those of the Ash-tree, or of *Egrimony* ; the Herb it self so being like the *Eupatorian* Plant, that many skilful *Herbalists* have called it the *Domestick Eupator*, and the *Eupator* the wild *Pantagruelion*. These Leaves are in equal and parallel Distances spread around the Stalk, by the number in every Rank either of Five or Seven, Nature having so highly favoured and cherish'd this Plant, that she hath richly adorned it with these two odd, divine and mysterious Numbers. The Smell thereof is somewhat strong, and not very pleasing to nice, tender and delicate Noses : The Seed inclosed therein mounteth up to the  
very



very top of its Stalk, and a little above it.

This is a numerous Herb; for there is no less abundance of it than of any other whatsoever. Some of these Plants are Spherical, some Romboid, and some of an oblong shape, and all of those either black, bright-coloured or tawny, rude to the touch, and mantled with a quickly-blasted-away Coat, yet such a one as is of a delicious Taste and Savour to all shrill and sweetly singing Birds, such as Linnets, Goldfinches, Larks, Canary Birds, Yellow-hammers, and others of that Airy chirping Quire; but it would quite extinguish the Natural Heat and Procreative Vertue of the Semence of any Man, who would eat much, and often of it. And although, that, of old, amongst the *Greeks* there was certain kinds of Fritters and Pancakes, Buns and Tarts made thereof, which commonly for a lickorish Daintiness were presented the Table after Supper, to delight the Palat, and make the Wine relish the better. Yet is it of a difficult Concoction, and offensive to the Stomach; for it engendreth bad and unwholsom Blood, and with its exorbitant Heat woundeth them with grievous, hurtful, finart and noysom Vapours. And as in divers Plants and Trees there are two Sexes,  
Male

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Male and Female, which is perceptible in Lawrels, Palms, Cypresses, Oaks, Holmes, the Daffadil, Mandrake, Fearn, the Agarick, Mushrum, Birthwort, Turpentine, Penny-royal, Peony, Rose of the Mount, and many other such like. Even so, in this Herb there is a *Male* which beareth no Flower at all, yet it is very copious of, and abundant in Seed. There is likewise in it a *Female*, which hath great store and plenty of whitish Flowers, serviceable to little or no purpose; nor doth it carry in it Seed of any worth at all, at least comparable to that of the Male. It hath also a larger Leaf, and much softer than that of the Male; nor doth it altogether grow to so great a height. This *Pantagrue* is to be sown at the first coming of the Swallows, and is to be plucked out of the Ground when the Grashoppers begin to be a little hoarse.

CHAP.

## C H A P. L.

*How the famous Pantagruelion ought to be prepared and wrought.*

**T**HE Herb *Pantagruelion* in September, under the Autumnal Equinox, is dressed and prepared several ways, according to the various Fancies of the People, and Diversity of the Climates wherein it groweth. The first Instruction which *Pantagrue* gave concerning it, was, to divest and dispoil the Stalk and Stem thereof of all its Flowers and Seeds, to macerate and mortifie it in Pond, Pool, or Lake-water, which is to be made run a little for five days together, if the Season be dry, and the Water hot; or for full nine or twelve days, if the weather be cloudish, and the Water cold: Then must it be parched before the Sun, till it be drained of its Moisture: After this it is in the Shadow, where the Sun shines not, to be peeled, and its Rind pulled off: Then are the Fibres and Strings thereof to be parted, (wherein, as we have already said

faid, consisteth its prime Vertue, Price, and Efficacy) and severed from the woody part thereof, which is unprofitable, and serveth hardly to any other use, than to make a clear and glistering Blaze, to kindle the Fire, and for the Play, Pastime and Disport of little Children, to blow up Hogs Bladders, and make them rattle. Many times some use is made thereof by tipling, sweet-lipped Bibbers, who out of it frame Quills and Pipes, through which they with their Liquor-attractive Breath suck up the new dainty Wine from the Bung of the Barrel. Some modern *Pantagruelists*, to shun and avoid that manual Labour, which such a separating and partitionial Work would of necessity require, employ certain *Catarractick* Instruments, composed and formed after the same manner that the froward, pettish and angry *Juno* did hold the Fingers of both her hands interwovenly clenched together, when she would have hindred the Child-birth Delivery of *Alcmena*, at the Nativity of *Hercules*; and athwart those *Catarracts* they break and bruise to very Trash the woody parcels, thereby to preserve the better the Fibres, which are the precious and excellent parts. In, and with this sole Operation do these acquiesce and are contented, who, contrary to the received

ved Opinion of the whole Earth, and in in a manner paradoxical to all Philosophers, gain their Livelihoods backwards, and by recoiling. But those that love to hold it at a higher rate, and prize it according to its Value, for their own greater Profit, do the very same which is told us of the recreation of the three fatal Sister *Parques*, or of the nocturnal Exercise of the noble *Circe*; or yet of the Excuse which *Penelope* made to her fond wooing Youngsters and effeminate Courtiers, during the long Absence of her Husband *Ulysses*.

By these means is this Herb put into a way to display its inestimable Vertues, whereof I will discover a part: (for to relate all is a thing impossible to do) I have already interpreted and exposed before you the Denomination thereof. I find that Plants have their Names given and bestowed upon them after several ways: Some got the Name of him who first found them out, knew them, sowed them, improved them by Culture, qualified them to a tractability, and appropriated them to the uses and subserviencies they were fit for: As the *Mercuriale* from *Mercury*, *Panacee* from *Panace* the Daughter of *Esculapius*, in *Armois* from *Artemis*, who is *Diana*; *Eupatorie* from the King

*Eupator*;

*Eupator*; *Telephion* from *Telephus*; *Euphorbium* from *Euphorbus*, King *Juba's* Physician; *Clymenos* from *Clymenus*; *Alcibiadium* from *Alcibiades*; *Gentiane* from *Gentius* King of *Sclavonia*, and so forth, through a great many other Herbs or Plants. Truly, in ancient Times, this Prerogative of imposing the Inventors Name upon an Herb found out by him, was held in a so great account and estimation, that as a Controversie arose betwixt *Neptune* and *Pallas*, from which of them two that Land should receive its Denomination, which had been equally found out by them both together, though thereafter it was called and had the Apellation of *Athens*, from *Athene*, which is *Minerva*: Just so would *Lynceus* King of *Scythia* have treacherously slain the young *Trip-solemus*, whom *Ceres* had sent to shew unto Mankind the Invention of Corn, which until then had been utterly unknown, to the end, that after the murder of the Messenger (whose Death he made account to have kept secret) he might, by imposing with the less suspicion of false dealing, his own Name upon the said found out Seed, acquire unto himself an immortal Honour and Glory, for having been the Inventor of a Grain so profitable and necessary to, and for the use of  
Humane



Humane Life. For the wickedness of which Treasonable Attempt he was by *Ceres* transformed into that wild Beast, which by some is called a *Lynx*, and by others an *Oince*. Such also was the Ambition of others upon the like occasion, as appeareth by that, very sharp Wars, and of a long continuance, have been made of old betwixt some Residentary Kings in *Capadocia*, upon this only Debate, of whose Name a certain Herb should have the Appellation; by reason of which difference, so troublesom and expensive to them all, it was by them called *Polemonion*, and by us for the same Cause termed *Make-bate*.

Other Herbs and Plants there are, which retain the Names of the Countries from whence they were transported: As the *Median Apples* from *Media*, where they first grew; *Punick Apples* from *Punicia*, (that is to say, *Carthage*;) *Ligusticum* (which we call *Louage*) from *Liguria* the Coast of *Genoua*; *Rubarb* from a Flood in *Barbary* (as *Ammianus* attesteth) called *Ru*; *Sautonica* from a Region of that Name; *Fenugreek* from *Greece*; *Gastanes* from a Country so called; *Persicarie* from *Persia*; *Sabine* from a Territory of that Appellation; *Stæchas* from the *Stæchad* Islands; *Spica Celtica* from the Land of

of the *Celtick Gauls*; and so throughout a great many other, which were tedious to enumerate. Some others again have obtained their Denominations by way of Antiphrasis, or Contrariety; as, *Absinth*, because it is contrary to *Wine*; for it is bitter to the taste in drinking; *Holosteon*, as if it were all Bones, whilst on the contrary, there is no frailer, tenderer nor brittler Herb in the whole Production of Nature than it.

There are some other sorts of Herbs, which have got their Names from their Vertues and Operations; as *Aristolochie*, because it helpeth Women in Child-birth; *Lichen*, for that it cureth the Disease of that name; *Mallow*, because it mollifieth; *Callithricum*, because it maketh the Hair of a bright Colour; *Alyssum*, *Ephe-merum*, *Bechium*, *Nasturtium*, *Aneban*, and so forth through many more.

Other some there are which have obtained their Names from the admirable Qualities that are found to be in them; as *Heliotropium* (which is the Marigold) because it followeth the Sun; so that at the Sun rising it displayeth and spreads it self out, at his ascending it mounteth, at his declining it waineth; and when he is set it is close shut; *Adianton*, because although it grow near unto watry places,  
and

and albeit you should let it lie in Water a long time, it will nevertheless retain no Moisture nor Humidity; *Hieracbia*, *Erin-gium*, and so throughout a great many more. There are also a great many Herbs, and Plants, which have retained the very same Names of the Men and Women who have been metamorphosed and transformed in them; as from *Daphne* the Laurel is called also *Daphne*; *Myrrhe* from *Myrrha* the Daughter of *Cinarus*; *Pythis* from *Pythis*; *Cinara* (which is the Artichock) from one of that name; *Narcissus*, with *Saffran*, *Similax*, and divers others.

Many Herbs likewise have got their Names of those things which they seem to have some Resemblance; as *Hippuris*, because it hath the likeness of a Horse's Tail; *Alopecuris*, because it representeth in similitude the Tail of a Fox; *Psyllion*, from a Flea which it resembleth; *Delphinium*, for that it is like a Dolphin Fish; *Buglosse* is so called, because it is an Herb like an Oxes Tongue; *Iris*, so called, because in its Flowers it hath some resemblance of the Rainbow; *Myosata*, because it is like the Ear of a Mouse; *Coronopus*, for that it is of the likeness of a Crows Foot: A great many other such there are, which here to recite were needless. Furthermore,

thermore, as there are Herbs and Plants which have had their Names from those of Men, so by a reciprocal Denomination have the Surnames of many Families taken their Origin from them ; as the *Fabii*, à *fabis*, Beans ; the *Pisani*, à *pis*, Pease ; the *Lentuli* from *Lentils* ; the *Ciceroni*, à *Ciceribus*, vel *Ciceris*, a sort of Pulse called *Cichepeason*, and so forth. In some Plants and Herbs the resemblance or likeness hath been taken from a higher Mark or Object, as when we say *Venus Navil*, *Venus Hair*, *Venus Tub*, *Jupiter's Beard*, *Jupiter's Eye*, *Mars's Blood*, the *Hermodactyl* or *Mercury's Fingers*, which are all of them Names of Herbs, as there are a great many more of the like Appellation. Others again have received their Denomination from their Forms ; such as the *Trefoil*, because it is three-leaved ; *Pentaphylon*, for having five Leaves ; *Serpolet*, because it creepeth along the ground ; *Helixine*, *Petaſt*, *Myrobalon*, which the *Arabians* call *Been*, as if you would say an *Ackorne* ; for it hath a kind of resemblance thereto, and withal is very oily.

## C H A P. LI.

*Why is it called Pantagruelion, and of the admirable Vertues thereof.*

**B**Y such like means of attaining to a Denomination (the fabulous ways being only from thence excepted; for the Lord forbid that we should make use of any Fables in this a so venerable History) is this *Herb* called *Pantagruelion*; for *Pantagrue* was the Inventor thereof: I do not say of the Plant it self, but of a certain use which it serves for, exceeding odious and hateful to Thieves and Robbers, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the *Strangle-weed*, *Chook-sitch* is to the Flax, the *Cats-tail* to the Brakes, the *Sheavgrass* to the Mowers of Hay, the *Fitches* to the Chickney Pease, the *Darnel* to Barley, the *Hatchet Fitch* to the Lentil Pulse, the *Antramium* to the Beans, Tares to Wheat, Ivy to Walls, the *Water Lilly* to lecherous Monks, the *Birchen Rod* to the Scholars of the Colledge of *Navarre* in *Paris*, Colewort to the

the Vine-tree, Garlick to the Load-stone, Onyons to the sight, Fearn-seed to Women with Child, Willow Grain to vicious Nuns, the Yew-tree shade to those that sleep under it, Wolfsbane to Wolves and Libbards, the Smell of Fig-tree to mad Bulls, Hemlock to Goslings, Purslane to the Teeth, or Oil to Trees: For we have seen many of those Rogues by vertue and right application of this Herb finish their Lives, short and long, after the manner of *Phyllis* Queen of *Thracia*, of *Benofus* Emperor of *Rome*, of *Amata* King *Latinus's* Wife, of *Iphus*, *Autolienus*, *Lycambe*, *Arachne*, *Phædra*, *Leda*, *Achius* King of *Lydia*, and many thousands more; who were chiefly angry and vexed at this Disaster therein, that without being otherways sick, evil disposed in their Bodies, by a touch only of the *Pantagruelian*, they came on a suddain to have the passage obstructed, and their Pipes (through which were wont to bolt so many jolly Sayings, and to enter so many luscious Morfels) stopped, more cleaverly, than ever could have done the Squinancy.

Others have been heard most wofully to lament, at the very instant when *Atropos* was about to cut the thred of their Life, that *Pantagruel* held them by the Gorge.



But (well-a-day) it was not *Pantagruel*; he never was an Executioner: It was the *Pantagruelian*, manufactured and fashioned into an Halter, and serving in the place and Office of a Cravat. In that verily they *solacized*, and spoke improperly, unless you would excuse them by a *Trope*, which alloweth us to posit the *Inventor* in the place of the thing *invented*; as when *Ceres* is taken for *Bread*, and *Bacchus* put instead of *Wine*. I swear to you here, by the good and frolick Words which are to issue out of that Wine-bottle which is a cooling below in the Copper Vessel full of Fountain Water, that the noble *Pantagruel* never snatch'd any Man by the Throat, unless it was such a one as was altogether careless and neglective of those obviating Remedies, which were preventive of the Thirst to come.

It is also termed *Pantagruelian* by a Similitude: For *Pantagruel*, at the very first minute of his Birth, was no less tall than this Herb is long, whereof I speak unto you, his measure having been then taken the more easie, that he was born in the Season of the great Drowth, when they were busiest in the gathering of the said Herb, to wit, at that time when *Leander's* Dog, with his fiery bawling and barking at the Sun, maketh the whole World

World *Trogodytick*, and enforceth People every where to hide themselves in Dens and subterranean Caves. It is likeways called *Pantagruelion*, because of the notable and singular Qualities, Vertues and Properties thereof: For as *Pantagrue* hath been the *Idea*, Pattern, Prototype and Exemplary of all *Jovial* Perfection and Accomplishment (in the truth whereof I believe there is none of you, Gentlemen, Drinkers, that putteth any Question) so in this *Pantagruelion* have I found so much Efficacy and Energy, so much Compleatness and Excellency, so much Exquisteness and Rarity, and so many admirable Effects and Operations of a transcendent Nature, that if the Worth and Vertue thereof had been known, when those *Trees*, by the relation of the *Prophet*, made Election of a wooden *King*, to rule and govern over them, it without all doubt would have carried away from all the rest the Plurality of Votes and Suffrages.

Shall I yet say more? If *Oxilus* the Son of *Orius* had begotten this Plant upon his Sister *Hamadryas*, he had taken more delight in the Value and Perfection of it alone, then in all his Eight Children, so highly renowned by our ablest *Mythologists*, that they have sedulously recommen-

ded their Names to the never-failing Tuition of an eternal Remembrance. The eldest Child was a Daughter, whose Name was *Vine*; the next born was a Boy, and his Name was *Fig-tree*; the third was called *Walnut-tree*; the fourth *Oak*; the fifth *Sorbapple-tree*; the sixth *Ash*; the seventh *Poplar*; and the last had the Name of *Elm*, who was the greatest *Surgeon* in his time. I shall forbear to tell you, how the Juyce or Sap thereof, being poured and distilled within the Ears, killeth every kind of Vermin, that by any manner of Putrefaction cometh to be bred and engendred there; and destroyeth also any whatsoever other Animal that shall have entred in thereat. If likewise you put a little of the said Juyce within a Pale or Bucket full of Water, you shall see the Water instantly turn and grow thick therewith, as if it were Milk-Curds, whereof the Vertue is so great, that the Water thus curded is a present Remedy for Horses subject to the Cholick, and such as strike at their own Flanks. The Root thereof well boiled, mollifieth the Joynts, softneth the hardnes of shrunk in Sinews, is every way comfortable to the Nerves, and good against all Cramps and Convulsions, as likeways all cold and knotty Gouts. If you would speedily heal a  
Burning,

Burning, whether occasioned by Water or Fire, apply thereto a little raw *Pantagruelion*, that is to say, take it so as it cometh out of the Ground, without bestowing any other Preparation or Composition upon it; but have a special Care to change it for some fresher, in lieu thereof, as soon as you shall find it waxing dry upon the Sore.

Without this *Herb* Kitchens would be detested, the Tables of Dining-Rooms abhorred, although there were great Plenty and Variety of most dainty and sumptuous Dishes of Meat set down upon them; and the choicest Beds also, how richly soever adorned with Gold, Silver, Amber, Ivory, Porphyry, and the mixture of most precious Metals, would without it yield no Delight or Pleasure to the Reposers in them: Without it Millers could neither carry Wheat, nor any other kind of Corn, to the Mill; nor would they be able to bring back from thence Flour, or any other sort of Meal whatsoever. Without it, how could the Papers and Writs of Lawyers Clients be brought to the Bar? Seldom is the Mortar, Lime or Plaister brought to the Workhouse without it. Without it how should the Water be got out of a Draw-Well? In what case would Tabellions, Notaries,

S. 4. Copists,

Copists, Makers of Counterpanes, Writers, Clerks, Secretaries, Scriveners, and such like Persons be without it? Were it not for it, what would become of the Toll-rates and Rent-rolls? Would not the noble Art of Printing perish without it? Whereof could the Chassis or Paper-Windows be made? How should the Bells be rung? The Altars of *Isis* are adorned therewith; the *Pastophorian* Priests are therewith clad and accoutred; and whole Humane Nature covered and wrapped therein, at its first position and production in, and into this World: All the Luni-fick Trees of *Seres*, the Bumbast and Cotton Bushes in the Territories near the *Persian* Sea and Gulph of *Bengala*; the *Arabian* Swans, together with the Plants of *Maltba*, do not all of them cloath, attire, and apparel so many Persons as this one *Herb* alone. Soldiers are now-a-days much better sheltered under it, than they were in former times, when they lay in Tents covered with Skins. It overshadows the Theaters and Amphitheaters from the heat of a scorching Sun: It begirdeth and encompasseth Forests, Chases, Parks, Coppes and Groves, for the pleasure of Hunters: It descendeth into the Salt and Fresh of both Sea and River-Waters, for the profit of Fishers: By it are Boots of  
all

all sizes, Buskins, Gamashes, Brodskins, Gambados, Shooes, Pumps, Slippers, and every cobled Ware wrought and made fteddable for the use of Man: By it the Butt and Rover-bows are strong, the Cross-bows bended, and the Slings made fixed: And, as if it were an *Herb* every whit as *holy* as the *Verveine*, and revered by Ghosts, Spirits, Hobgoblins, Fiends and Phantoms, the Bodies of deceased Men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet further, by the means of this fine *Herb*, the invisible Substances are visibly stopped, arrested, taken, detained, and Prisoner-like committed to their receptive Goals. Heavy and ponderous Weights are by it heaved, lifted up, turned, veered, drawn, carried, and every way moved quickly, nimbly and easily, to the great Profit and Emolument of Humane Kind. When I perpend with my self these and such like marvellous Effects of this wonderful *Herb*, it seemeth strange unto me, how the Invention of so useful a Practice did escape, through so many by-past Ages, the Knowledge of the Ancient *Philosophers*, considering the inestimable Utility which from thence proceeded; and the immense Labour, which without it, they did undergo in their private Elucubrations. By vertue thereof,

S 5      through



through the retention of some Aerial Gusts, are the huge Rambarges, mighty Gallioons, the large Floyts, the *Cbiliander*, the *Myriander* Ships launched from their Stations, and set a going at the Pleasure and Arbitriment of their Rulers, Commanders and Steersmen. By the help thereof those remote Nations, whom Nature seemed so unwilling to have discovered to us, and so desirous to have kept them still in *absccondito*, and hidden from us, that the ways through which their Countries were to be reached unto, were not only totally unknown, but judged also to be altogether impermeable and inaccessible, are now arrived to us, and we to them.

Those Voyages outreached Flights of Birds, and far surpass'd the Scope of Feather'd Fowls, how swift soever they had been on the Wing, and notwithstanding that advantage which they have of us in swimming through the Air. *Taproban* hath seen the Heaths of *Lapland*, and both the *Java's* the *Riphaean* Mountains, wide distant *Phebol* shall see *Tbeleme*, and the *Islanders* drink of the Flood *Euphrates*: By it the chill-mouthed *Boreas* hath surveyed the parched Mansions of the torrid *Auster*, and *Eurus* visited the Regions which *Zephirus* hath under his Command; yea, in such sort have Interviews been made,

made, by the assistance of this *Sacred Herb*; that maugre Longitudes and Latitudes, and all the Variations of the Zones. The *Periecean* People, and *Antoecian*, *Amphiscian*, *Heteroscan*, and *Periscian* had oft tendred and received mutual Visits to, and from other, upon all the Climates. These strange Exploits bred such Astonishment to the Celestial Intelligences, to all the *Marine* and *Terrestrial* Gods, that they were on a sudden all afraid: From which Amazement, when they saw how, by means of this blest *Pantagrue*, the *Arctic* People lookt upon the *Antarctic*, scowred the *Atlantick* Ocean, passed the *Tropicks*, pushed through the *Torrid Zone*, measured all the *Zodiac*, sported under the *Equinoctial*, having both *Poles* level with their *Horizon*; they judged it high time to call a Council, for their own Safety and Preservation.

The *Olympick* Gods being all and each of them affrighted at the sight of such Achievements, said, *Pantagruel* hath shapen Work enough for us, and put us more to a plunge, and nearer our Wits end, by this sole *Herb* of his, then did of old the *Aloids*, by overturning Mountains. He very speedily is to be married, and shall have many Children by his Wife: It lies not in our Power to oppose this Destiny; for it hath passed through the Hands and Spindles

Spindles of the *Fatal Sisters*, Necessities inexorable Daughters. Who knows but by his Sons may be found out an *Herb* of such another Vertue and prodigious Energy, as that by the Aid thereof, in using it aright according to their Fathers Skill, they may contrive a way for Humane Kind to pierce into the high Aerial Clouds, get up unto the Spring-head of the Hail, take an Inspection of the snowy Sources, and shut and open as they please the Sluces from whence proceed the Flood-gates of the Rain; then prosecuting their *Ethereal Voyage*, they may step in unto the Lightning Work-house and Shop, where all the Thunderbolts are forged, where seizing on the Magazin of Heaven, and Store-house of our Warlike Fire Munition, they may discharge a bouncing Peal or two of thundering Ordinance, for Joy of their Arrival to these new subterranean places; and charging those *Tonitruous Guns* afresh, turn the whole force of that Artillery against our selves, wherein we most confided: Then is it like they will set forward to invade the Territories of the *Moon*, whence passing through both *Mercury* and *Venus*, the *Sun* will serve them for a *Torch*, to shew the way from *Mars* to *Jupiter* and *Saturn*: We shall not then be able to resist the Impetuosity of their

their Intrusion, nor put a stoppage to their entring in at all whatever Regions, Domicils or Mansions of the Spangled Firmament they shall have any mind to see, to stay in, to travel through for their Recreation : All the Celestial Signs together, with the Constellations of the Fixed Stars, will joyntly be at their Devotion then : Some will take up their Lodging at the *Ram*, some at the *Bull*, and others at the *Twins* ; some at the *Crab*, some at the *Lion* Inn, and others at the Sign of the *Virgin* ; some at the *Balance*, others at the *Scorpion*, and others will be quartered at the *Archer* ; some will be harboured at the *Goat*, some at the *Water-pourer's* Sign, some at the *Fishes* ; some will lie at the *Crown*, some at the *Harp*, some at the *Golden Eagle* and the *Dolphin* ; some at the *Flying Horse*, some at the *Ship*, some at the great, some at the little *Bear* ; and so throughout the glistning Hostories of the whole twinkling Asteristick Welkin : There will be Sojourners come from the Earth, who longing after the taste of the sweet Cream, of their own scumming off, from the best Milk of all the Dairy of the *Galaxy*, will set themselves at Table down with us, drink of our *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, and take to their own Beds

at



## C H A P. LII.

*How a certain kind of Pantagruelion is of that nature, that the Fire is not able to consume it.*

I Have already related to you great and admirable things; but if you might be induced to adventure upon the hazard of believing some other Divinity of this Sacred *Pantagruelion*, I very willingly would tell it you. Believe it if you will, or otherways believe it not, I care not which of them you do, they are both alike to me, it shall be sufficient for my purpose to have told you the Truth, and the Truth I will tell you: But to enter in thereat, because it is of a knaggy, difficult and rugged access, this is the Question which I ask of you, If I had put within this Bottle two Pints, the one of Wine and the other of Water, throughly and exactly mingled together, how would you unmix them? After what manner would you go about to sever them, and separate the one Liquor from the



the other, in such sort, that you render me the Water apart, free from the Wine, and the Wine also pure, without the Intermixture of one drop of Water ; and both of them in the same measure, quantity and taste that I had embottled them ? Or to state the Question otherways, If your Carr-men and Mariners, entrusted for the Provision of your Houses, with the bringing of a certain considerable number of Tuns, Punchions, Pipes, Barrels and Hogsheads of *Gnaves* Wine, or of the Wine of *Orleans*, *Beanne* and *Mirevaux*, should drink out the half, and afterwards with Water fill up the other empty halves of the Vessels as full as before ; as the *Limosins* use to do in their Carriages by Wains and Carts of the Wines of *Argenton* and *Sangaultier*. After that, how would you part the Water from the Wine, and purifie them both in such a case. I understand you well enough ; your meaning is, that I must do it with an *Ivy Funnel* : That is written, it is true, and the Verity thereof explored by a thousand Experiments ; you have learned to do this Feat before I see it ; But those that have never known it, nor at any time have seen the like, would hardly believe that it were possible. Let us nevertheless proceed.

But

But put the case we were now living in the Age of *Silla*, *Marinus*, *Cæsar*, and other such *Roman* Emperors ; or that we were in the time of our ancient *Druids*, whose custom was to burn and calcine the dead Bodies of their Parents and Lords, and that you had a mind to drink the Ashes or Cinders of your Wives or Fathers in the infused Liquor of some good White-wine, as *Artemisia* drunk the Dust and Ashes of her Husband *Manfalus* ; or otherways, that you did determine to have them reserved in some fine Urn or Reliquary Pot, how would you save the Ashes apart, and separate them from those other Cinders and Ashes into which the Fuel of the Funeral and bustuary Fire hath been converted ? Answer if you can ; by my Figgins, I believe it will trouble you so to do.

Well, I will dispatch, and tell you, that if you take of this Celestial *Pantagruelion* so much as is needful to cover the Body of the Defunct, and after that you shall have inwrapped and bound therein as hard and closely as you can the Corps of the said deceased Persons, and sowed up the Folding-sheet with thred of the same stuff, throw it into the Fire, how great or ardent soever it be it matters not a Straw, the Fire through this *Pantagruelion* will

will burn the Body, and reduce to Ashes the Bones thereof, and the *Pantagruelion* shall be not only not consumed nor burnt, but also shall neither lose one Atom of the Ashes inclos'd within it, nor receive one Atom of the huge buſtuary heap of Ashes resulting from the blazing Conflagration of things combuſtible laid round about it, but shall at laſt, when taken out of the Fire, be fairer, whiter, and much cleaner than when you did put it in at firſt: Therefore it is called *Asbeſton*, which is as much to ſay as *incombustible*. Great plenty is to be found thereof in *Carpasia*, as likeways in the Climate *Diaſienes*, at very eaſie rates. O how rare and admirable a thing it is, that the Fire which devourerh, conſumeth and deſtroyeth all ſuch things elſe, ſhould cleanſe, purge and whiten this ſole *Pantagruelion Carpaſian Asbeſton*! If you miſtruſt the Verity of this Relation, and demand for further Confirmation of my Aſſertion a Viſible Sign, as the *Jews*, and ſuch incredulous Infidels uſe to do; take a freſh Egg, and orbicularly (or rather ovally) infold it within this Divine *Pantagruelion*; when it is ſo wrapped up, put it in the hot Embers of a Fire, how great or ardent ſoever it be, and having left it there as long as you will, you ſhall at laſt, at your taking it  
out

out of the Fire, find the Egg roasted hard, and as it were burnt, without any Alteration, Change, Mutation, or so much as a Calefaction of the Sacred *Pantagruelion*: For less than a Million of Pounds *Sterling*, modified, taken down and amoderated to the twelfth part of one Four Pence Half-penny Farthing, you are able to put it to a trial, and make Proof thereof.

Do not think to overmatch me here, by *paragoning* with it, in the way of a more eminent Comparifon, the *Salamander*. That is a Fib; for albeit a little ordinary Fire, such as is used in Dining-Rooms and Chambers, gladden, chear up, exhilarate and quicken it, yet may I warrantably enough assure, that in the flaming Fire of a Furnace, it will, like any other animated Creature, be quickly suffocated, choaked, consumed and destroyed. We have seen the Experiment thereof, and *Galen* many ages ago hath clearly demonstrated and confirmed it, *Lib. 3. De temporamentis*. And *Dioscorides* maintaineth the same Doctrine, *Lib. 2*. Do not here instance in competition with this Sacred Herb the Feather *Allum*, or the wooden Tower of *Pyrce*, which *Lucius Sylla* was never able to get burnt; for that *Arche-laüs*, Governour of the Town for *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, had plaistered it all over

over on the out-side with the said *Allum*. Nor would I have you to compare therewith the *Herb*, which *Alexander Cornelius* called *Fonem*, and said that it had some resemblance with that *Oak* which bears the *Misselto*; and that it could neither be consumed, nor receive any manner of prejudice by Fire, nor by Water, no more than the *Misselto*, of which was built (said he) the so renowned Ship *Argos*. Search where you please for those that will believe it, I in that Point desire to be excused. Neither would I wish you to parallel therewith (although I cannot deny but that it is of a very marvellous Nature) that sort of Tree which groweth amongst the Mountains of *Briançon* and *Ambrun*, which produceth out of his *Root* the good *Agarick*; from its *Body* it yieldeth unto us a so excellent *Rosin*, that *Galen* hath been bold to equal it to the *Turpentine*: Upon the delicate Leaves thereof it retaineth for our use that sweet Heavenly Honey, which is called the *Manna*: And although it be of a gummy, oily, fat and greasie Substance, it is notwithstanding unconsumable by any Fire. It is in Greek and Latin called *Larix*. The *Alpineſi* name it *Melzo*. The *Antenotides* and *Venetians* term it *Larege*; which gave occasion to that Castle in *Piedmont* to receive the Denomination of

of *Larignum*, by putting *Julius Cæsar* to a stand at his return from amongst the *Gauls*.

*Julius Cæsar* commanded all the Yeomans, Boors, Hinds, and other Inhabitants in, near unto, and about the *Alps* and *Piedmont*, to bring all manner of Victuals and Provision for an Army to those places, which on the Military Road he had appointed to receive them for the use of his marching Soldiery; to which Ordinance all of them were obedient, save only those as were within the Garrison of *Larignum*; who, trusting in the natural Strength of the place, would not pay their Contribution. The Emperor purposing to chastise them for their refusal, caused his whole Army to march streight towards that Castle, before the Gate whereof was erected a *Tower*, built of huge big Sparrs and Rafters of the *Larch* Tree, fast bound together with Pins and Pegs of the same Wood, and interchangeably laid on one another, after the fashion of a Pile or Stack of Timber, set up in the Fabrick thereof to such an apt and convenient heighth, that from the Parapet above the Portcullis they thought with Stones and Leavers to beat off and drive away such as should approach thereto.

When



When *Cæsar* had understood that the chief Defence of those within the Castle did consist in Stones and Clubs, and that it was not an easie matter to sling, hurl, dart, throw, or cast them so far as to hinder the Approaches, he forthwith commanded his Men to throw great store of Bayns, Faggots and Fascines round about the Castle; and when they had made the Heap of a competent height to put them all in a fair Fire, which was thereupon incontinently done; the Fire put amidst the Faggots was so great and so high, that it covered the whole Castle, that they might well imagine the Tower would thereby be altogether burnt to Dust, and demolished. Nevertheless, contrary to all their Hopes and Expectations, when the Flame ceased, and that the Faggots were quire burnt and consumed, the Tower appeared as whole, sound and entire as ever. *Cæsar*, after a serious Consideration had thereof, commanded a Compass to be taken, without the distance of a Stone Cast from the Castle round about it there, with Ditches and Entrenchments to form a Blockade; which when the *Loringians* understood, they rendered themselves upon Terms: And then, by a Relation from them it was that *Cæsar* learned the admirable Nature and Vertue of this Wood; which,

which, of it self, produceth neither Fire, Flame nor Coal; and would therefore in regard of that rare Quality of *Incombustibility*, have been admitted into this Rank and Degree of a true *Pantagruelional* Plant; and that so much the rather, for that *Pantagrue* directed that all the Gates, Doors, Angiports, Windows, Gutters, frettized and embowed Seelings, Cans, and other whatsoever wooden Furniture in the Abby of *Tbeleme* should be all materiated of this kind of Timber. He likeways caused to cover therewith the Sterns, Stems, Cook-rooms or Laps, Hatches, Decks, Coursies, Bends and Walls of his Carricks, Ships, Gallions, Galays, Brigantins, Foyfts, Frigates, Crears, Barks, Floyts, Pinks, Pinnaces, Huys, Catches, Capers, and other Vessels of his *Thalassian* Arcenal; were it not that the Wood or Timber of the *Larch-tree*, being put within a large and ample Furnace full of huge vehemently flaming Fire, proceeding from the Fuel of other sorts and kinds of Wood, cometh at last to be corrupted, consumed, dissipated and destroyed, as are Stones in a Lime-kill: But this *Pantagruelion Asbestin* is rather by the Fire renewed and cleansed, than by the Flames thereof consumed or changed. Therefore,

Arabians, Indians, Sabæans,  
Sing not in Hymns and Io Pæans;  
Your Incense, Myrrh, or Ebony:  
Come, here, a nobler Plant to see;  
And carry home, at any rate,  
Some Seed, that you may propagate.  
If in your Soil it takes, to Heaven  
A thousand thousand Thanks be given;  
And say with France, it goodly goes  
Where the Pantagrueion grows.

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**The End of the Third Book.**

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